



MAD

OUR PRICE
\$1.25
SUPER
CHEAP

SUPER SPECIAL

SPRING 1980

THE MOVIES



CLOSE UPS OF THE
SOUND TRACKS FOR
"THE THIN MAN"
"KING KONG"—AND
0 1
70989134080
0

A 100-PAGE MAD LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD OVER THE YEARS

SATIRES OF HIT MOVIES ★ PARODIES OF MOVIE MUSICALS ★ SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE
DON MARTIN INSANITY ★ SERGIO ARAGONES FUN ★ AND OTHER TRASH FROM PAST ISSUES

Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



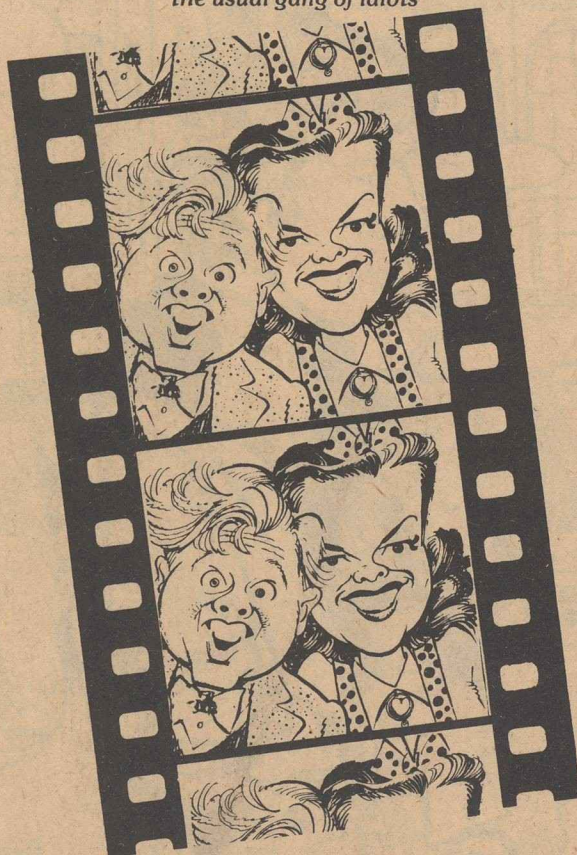
MAD SPRING 1980 SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER THIRTY

"I never saw a movie I didn't like ... for free!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

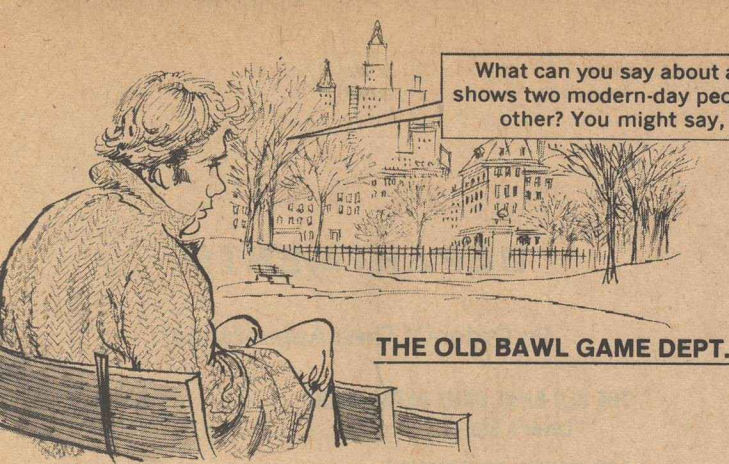


DEPARTMENTS

(In Order Of Their Appearance)

THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPARTMENT	
"Lover's Story"	2
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT	
At A Matinee	9
On The "Tarzan" Set	21
One Day While Filming A W.W.II Movie	31
One Dark Night In A Laboratory	53
On The "Hunchback Of Notre Dame" Set	61
At The Movies	83
One Day On Location	95
LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUCTION DEPARTMENT	
Hollywood Surplus Sale	10
COFFEE, TEA AND MILKED DEPARTMENT	
"Airport"	14
SCREEN-PLOY DEPARTMENT	
The Anatomy Of A Movie Ad Campaign	22
BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPARTMENT	
"The Sound Of Money"	24
WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPARTMENT	
"Balmy & Clod"	32
HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT	
Scenes We'd Like To See	38
CAR WATCH DEPARTMENT	
The MAD Drive-In Movie Primer	39
TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPARTMENT	
"The Poopsidedown Adventure"	42
MEDI-SCARE DEPARTMENT	
Movie Monsters From The Medical World	50
GREAT SCOTT! DEPARTMENT	
"Put*On"	54
SLIME PICKINGS DEPARTMENT	
MAD's "Do-It-Yourself" Modern Movie Ads	62
INSIDE DOPE DEPARTMENT	
"What's The Connection?"	64
FOCUS-POCUS DEPARTMENT	
A Guide To "TV Late Show" Movie Props	72
SHOOTING FROM THE "HIP" DEPARTMENT	
"Botch Casually And The Somedunce Kid"	76
CORN ON THE MACABRE DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Look At Movie Monsters	84
SLAB-SCHTICK COMEDY DEPARTMENT	
"201 Min. Of A Space Idiocy"	88
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragonés	**

**Various Places Around The Magazine



What can you say about a movie that actually shows two modern-day people involved with each other? You might say, "That's strange!"

What can you say about a movie that not only shows two people involved with each other, but also in love? You might say, "That's unusual!"

THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPT.

LOVE

Hi! I'm Oscar Wallet IV!
I'm incredibly rich,
fantastically handsome,
a superb hockey player,
and perhaps the best
kisser in Harvard ...
give or take a lip!

Get lost, Pee-Pee!!

No ... you mean
"PREPPIE!"
Pee-Pee is a
form of childish
vulgarity!

BULL\$#! Now,
get lost, you
¢%\$#* @#\$%¢&*!

Hmm! I guess
you DID mean
Pee-Pee!

Look, you're
annoying me!
Please ...
get the hell
out of here!!

Why should
I?! My
family
OWNS this
Library!

I'll call
the
Police!!

We own the
Police, too!
Also the
School ... and
the whole
State!!

The whole
STATE??

Yep! It's in my Mother's
name! Perhaps you've heard
of her ... the former Martha
Ann Massachusetts?! But,
that's nothing! Wait till I
tell you about my REALLY
RICH UNCLE!! You'll never
believe what HE owns! Ever
hear of Irving America ... ?



11/11/81
DRUCKER

Well, then what do you say about a movie that, in this day and age, not only shows two people involved with each other and in love, but also of different sexes? You might say, "That's sick!"

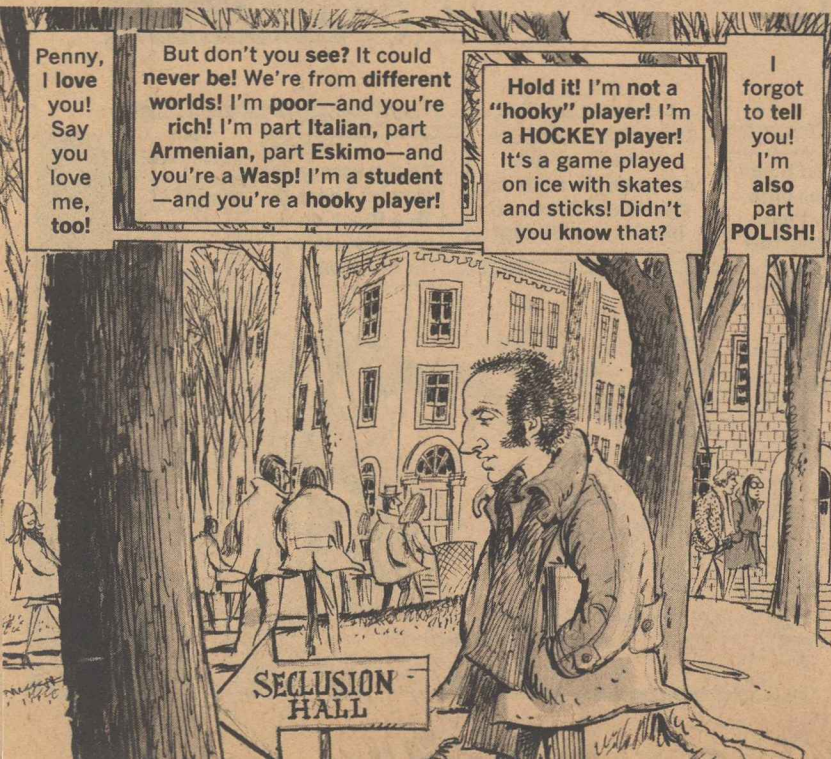
Okay, but please bear with me! Get out 25 boxes of Kleenex and be prepared to cry your eyes out! You see, this is a . . . sob . . . gulp . . . choke . . .

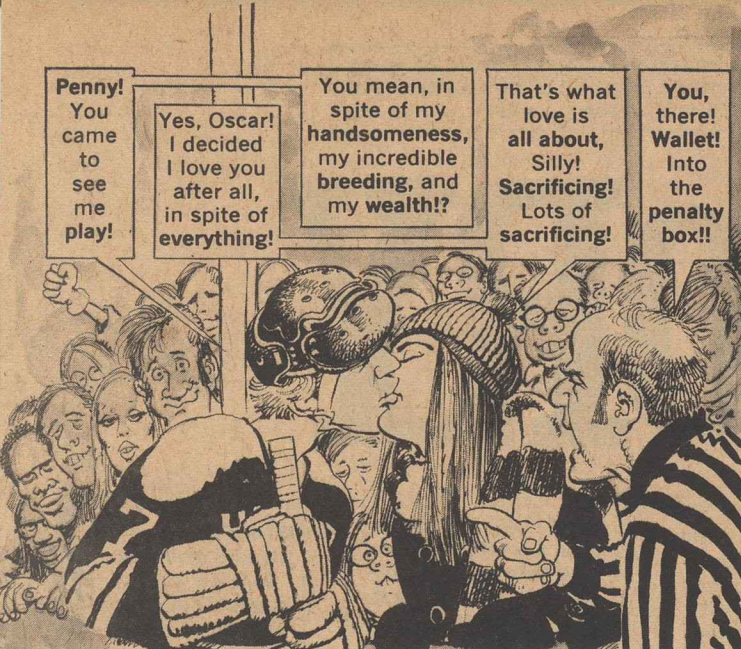
R'S STORY



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Penny!
You came to see me play!

Yes, Oscar!
I decided I love you after all, in spite of everything!

You mean, in spite of my handsomeness, my incredible breeding, and my wealth!?

That's what love is all about, Silly! Sacrificing! Lots of sacrificing!

You, there! Wallet! Into the penalty box!!



That dirty &%%\$#* referee! I'll kill him! Imagine... penalizing ME... Oscar Wallet IV... for THAT?!

What did he penalize you for? Roughing? Cross-checking?

You won't believe this... SLOPPY KISSING!!

I believe it! I believe it!

Darling! Our first fight!!



Penny, isn't it wonderful to be young and alive and American and in love...?

SPLAT



And part Polish!!



Darling, what do you say we romp and frolic in the snow like true young lovers?

Snow?! There's no snow! This is June!!

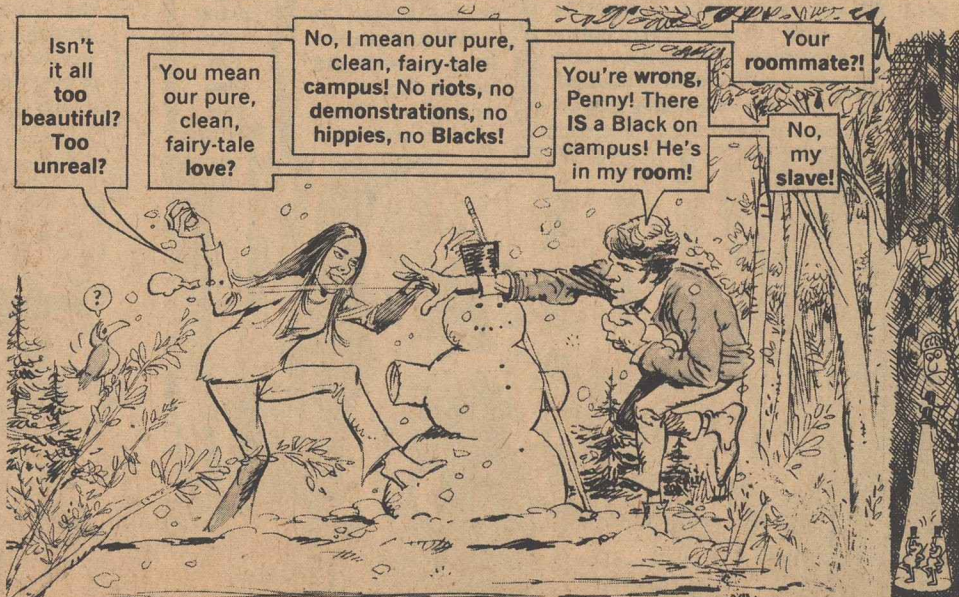
If I say snow—there will be snow!!



Wow!! Your family owns **EVERYTHING!!**

Dearest, let's call this **"OUR SNOW"!!**

Actually, I prefer to call it **"MY snow"**—but I'll share it with you!



Isn't it all too beautiful? Too unreal?

You mean our pure, clean, fairy-tale love?

No, I mean our pure, clean, fairy-tale campus! No riots, no demonstrations, no hippies, no Blacks!

You're wrong, Penny! There **IS** a Black on campus! He's in my room!

Your roommate?!

No, my slave!



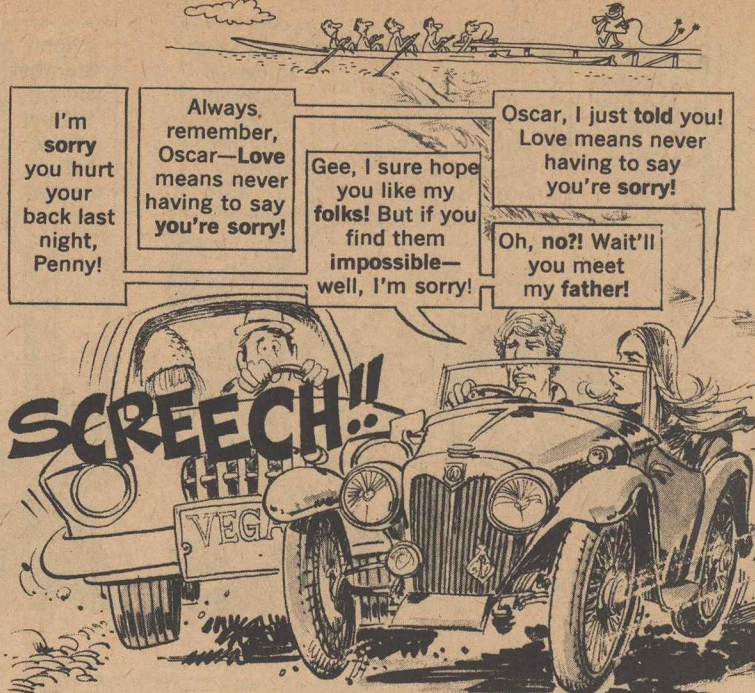
Who'd've thought I'd ever be on your bed, making love to you?! Oh, Oscar, I love you so much it hurts! Love can be so painful!

That's because you've got such a big soul —such a big heart!



No, it's because I've got such a big HOCKEY SKATE in my back!

I usually don't sleep with that, but my Teddy bear is at the cleaners!!



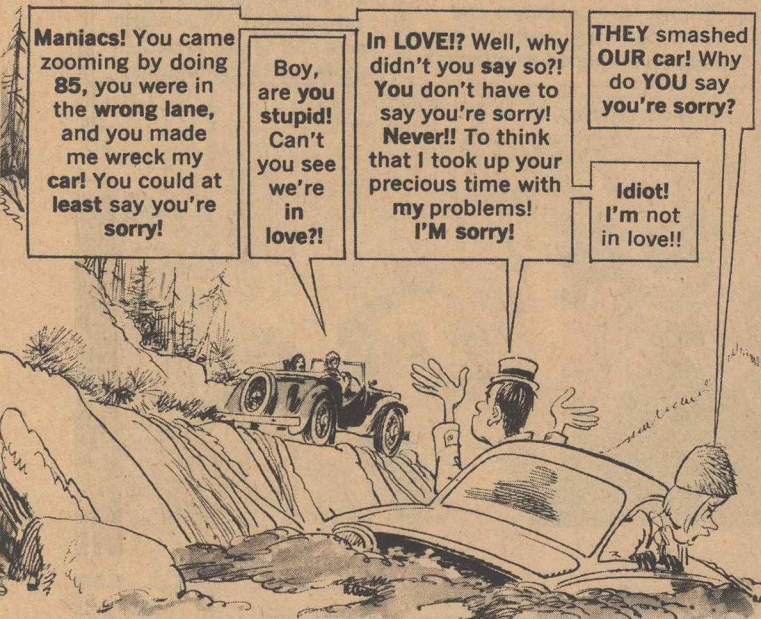
I'm sorry you hurt your back last night, Penny!

Always, remember, Oscar—Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Gee, I sure hope you like my folks! But if you find them impossible—well, I'm sorry!

Oscar, I just told you! Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Oh, no?! Wait'll you meet my father!



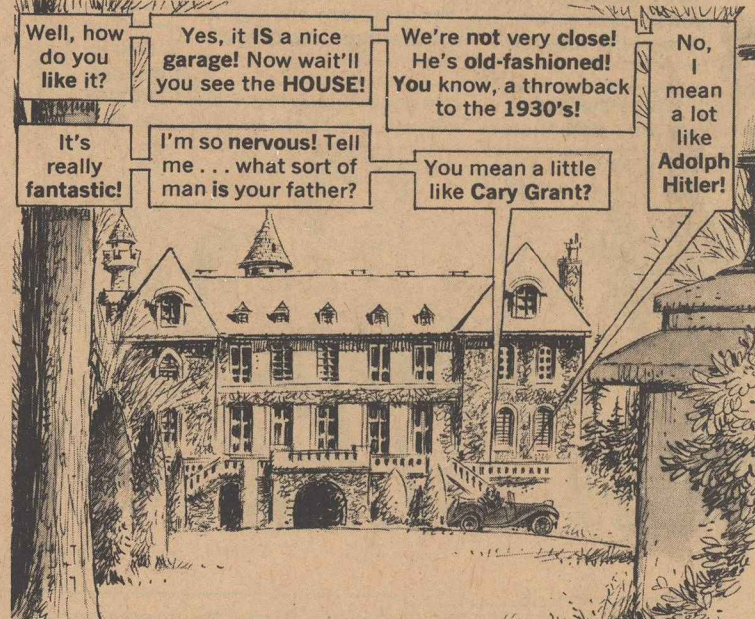
Maniacs! You came zooming by doing 85, you were in the wrong lane, and you made me wreck my car! You could at least say you're sorry!

Boy, are you stupid! Can't you see we're in love?!

In LOVE!? Well, why didn't you say so?! You don't have to say you're sorry! Never!! To think that I took up your precious time with my problems! I'M sorry!

THEY smashed OUR car! Why do YOU say you're sorry?

Idiot! I'm not in love!!



Well, how do you like it?

Yes, it IS a nice garage! Now wait'll you see the HOUSE!

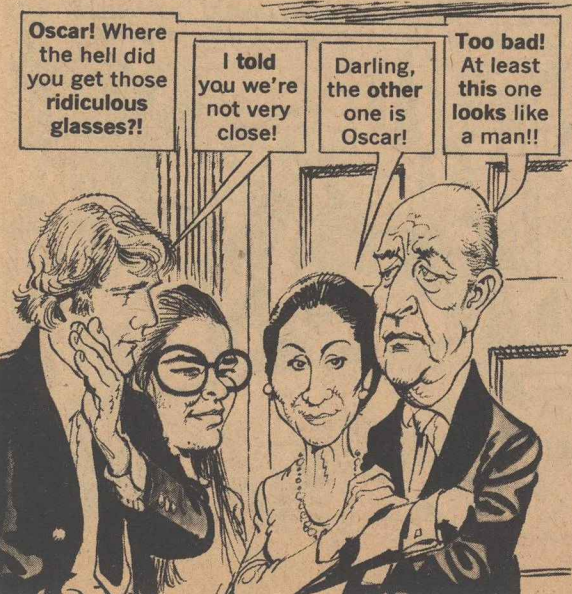
We're not very close! He's old-fashioned! You know, a throwback to the 1930's!

No, I mean a lot like Adolph Hitler!

It's really fantastic!

I'm so nervous! Tell me... what sort of man is your father?

You mean a little like Cary Grant?



Oscar! Where the hell did you get those ridiculous glasses?!

I told you we're not very close!

Darling, the other one is Oscar!

Too bad! At least this one looks like a man!!



Father, this is the girl I'm going to marry!

She doesn't look at all like High Society to me! What's your last name, girl...?

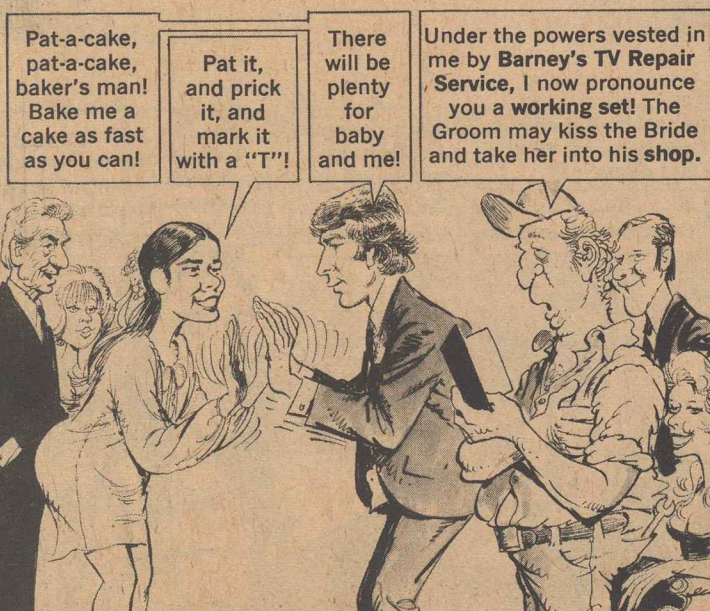
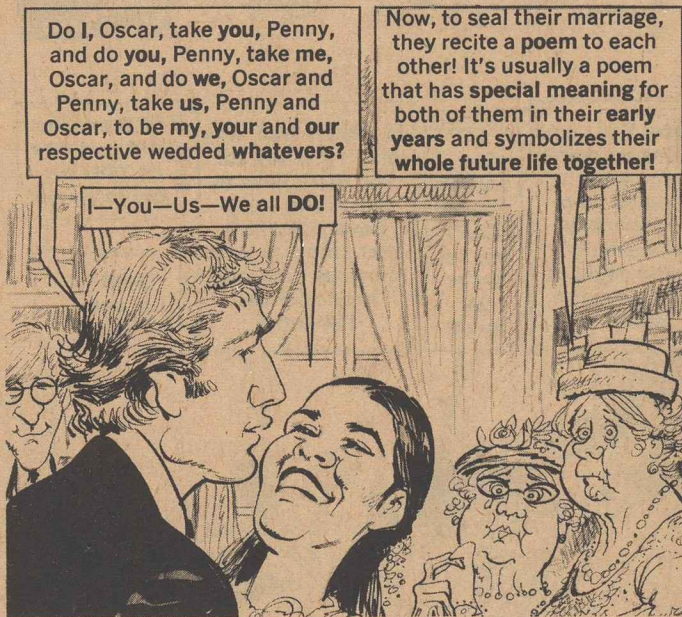
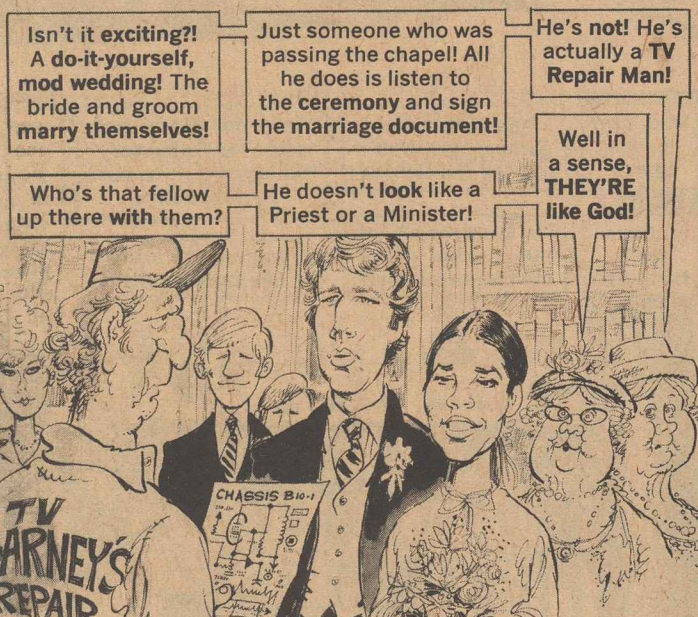
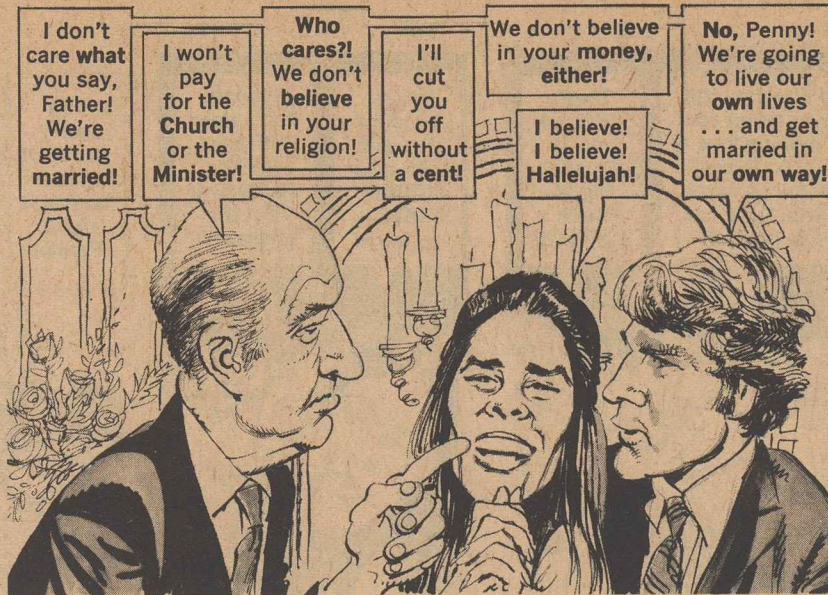
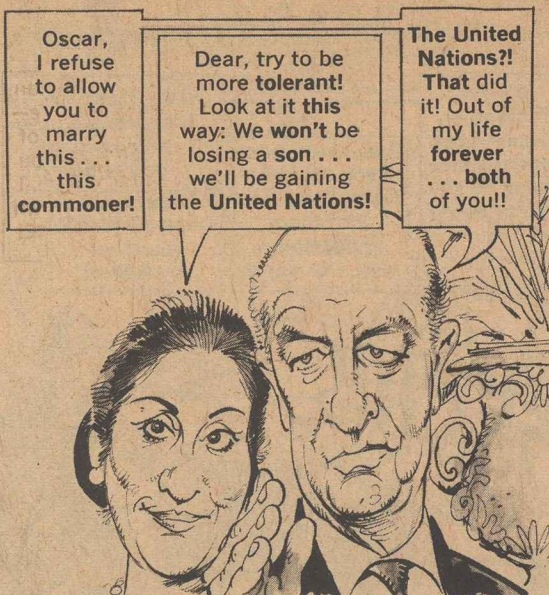
That's the most idiotic name I ever heard in—

I can't believe that's your real name!

It's not! You should have heard it before we shortened it!

Cowznofskibumstein

—pastafazoola!





Well, Darling, this is where we're going to live in New York—on the top floor of this building! Just think—our first home, our first apartment, our first love nest ...

Oscar, you'll have to carry me up the stairs and across the threshold!

Oh-oh! Our first hernia!

Darling, we've been married over a year, now, and we still love each other as much as ever! It's as if we were still honeymooners!

Carry me across the kitchen threshold and I'll make breakfast ...

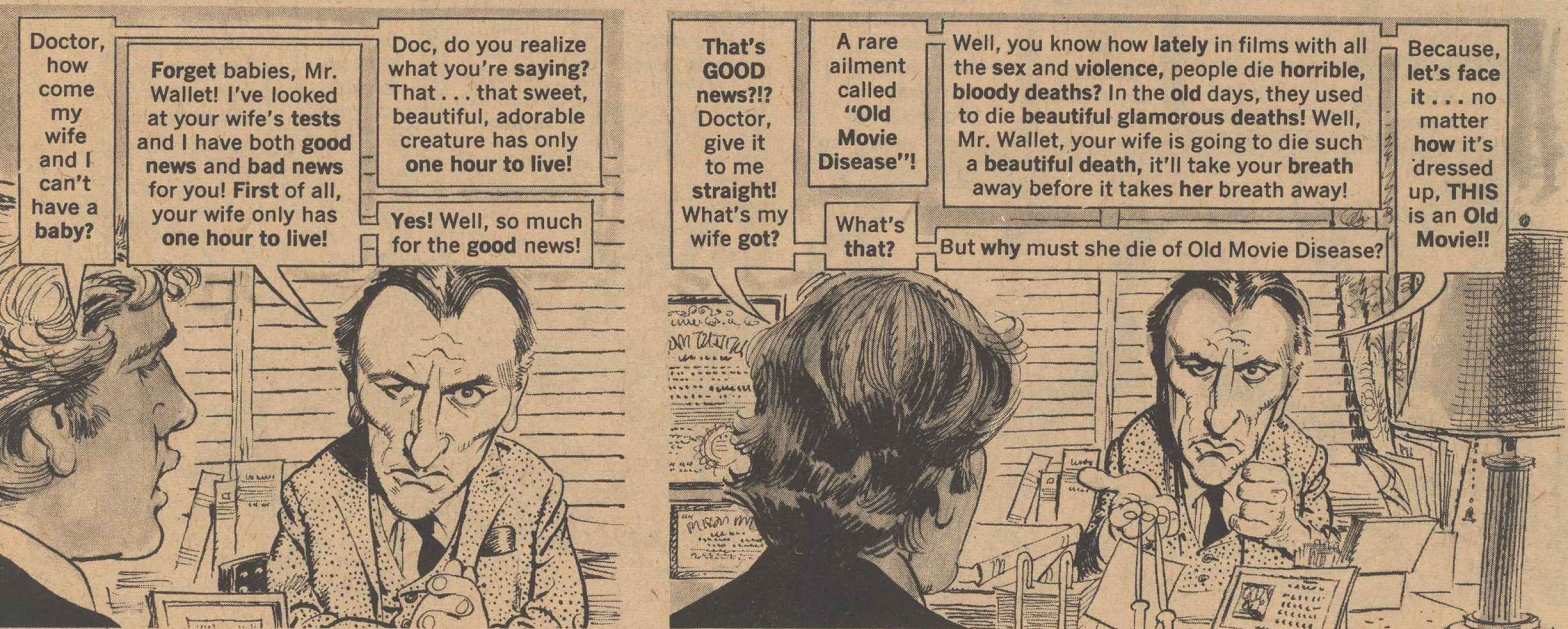
And yet, something troubles me ...

Then ... carry me across the bedroom threshold and I'll get dressed ...

I can't understand why you're **STILL** not pregnant!

But first, carry me across the bathroom threshold!

Hey, I got an idea! Maybe—if instead of carrying you all the time, I put you down **JUST ONCE!**



Doctor, how come my wife and I can't have a baby?

Forget babies, Mr. Wallet! I've looked at your wife's tests and I have both good news and bad news for you! First of all, your wife only has one hour to live!

Doc, do you realize what you're saying? That ... that sweet, beautiful, adorable creature has only one hour to live!

Yes! Well, so much for the good news!

That's **GOOD** news?!? Doctor, give it to me straight! What's my wife got?

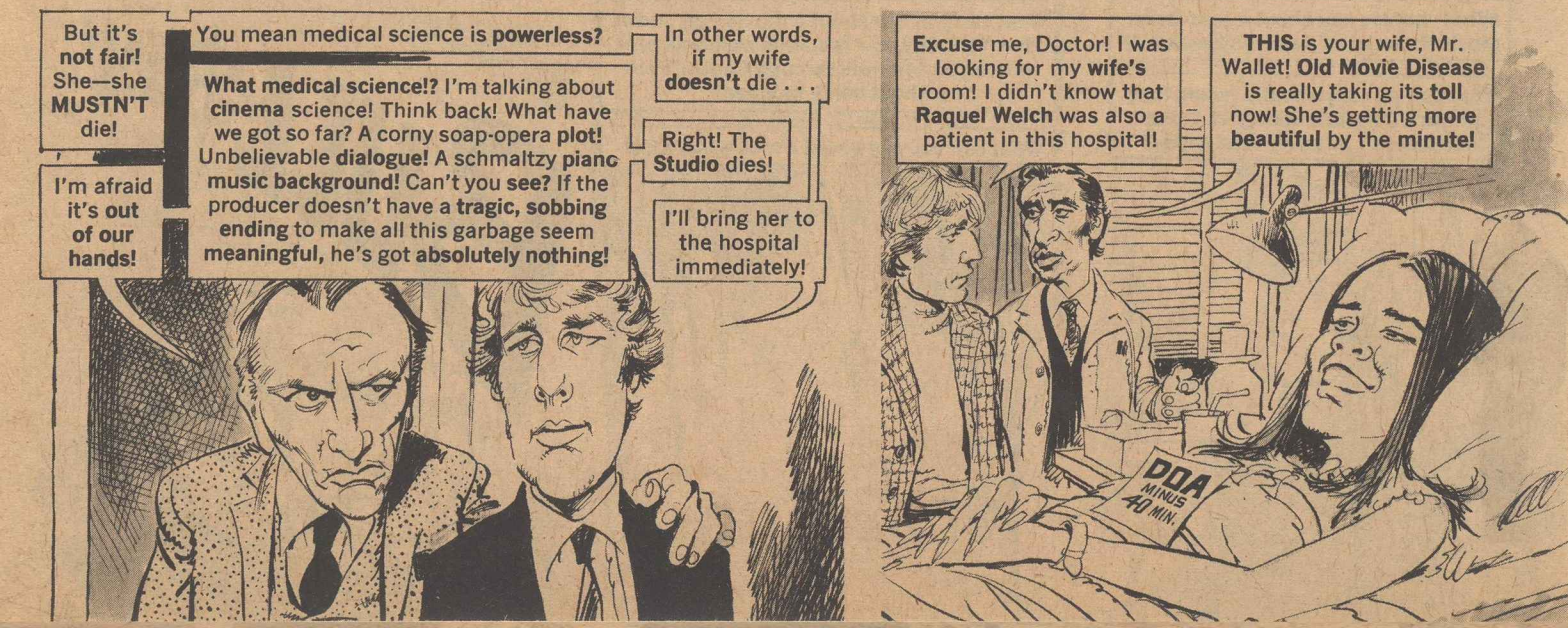
A rare ailment called "**Old Movie Disease**"!

What's that?

Well, you know how lately in films with all the sex and violence, people die horrible, bloody deaths? In the old days, they used to die beautiful glamorous deaths! Well, Mr. Wallet, your wife is going to die such a beautiful death, it'll take your breath away before it takes her breath away!

But why must she die of Old Movie Disease?

Because, let's face it ... no matter how it's dressed up, **THIS** is an Old Movie!!



But it's not fair! She—she **MUSTN'T** die!

I'm afraid it's out of our hands!

You mean medical science is **powerless**?

What medical science?!? I'm talking about cinema science! Think back! What have we got so far? A corny soap-opera plot! Unbelievable dialogue! A schmaltzy piano music background! Can't you see? If the producer doesn't have a tragic, sobbing ending to make all this garbage seem meaningful, he's got absolutely nothing!

In other words, if my wife **doesn't** die ...

Right! The Studio dies!

I'll bring her to the hospital immediately!

Excuse me, Doctor! I was looking for my wife's room! I didn't know that **Raquel Welch** was also a patient in this hospital!

THIS is your wife, Mr. Wallet! Old Movie Disease is really taking its toll now! She's getting more beautiful by the minute!

Can I speak to her!

Yes, but pretend there's nothing the matter! Above all, don't let her know she now has only a half hour to live!

The doctor says you're going to be—gulp—fine, honey! He says you're going to live a—choke—long, full life!

I'm glad! Darling, would you please put the TV set on for me?

Good idea! You can watch your favorite CBS program . . . "Thirty Minutes"!

No, silly! You have the title all wrong! I'm going to watch "Sixty Minutes"!

Trust me!

Look, Doc! The color is coming back to her cheeks, the mascara's coming back to her eyes, her bust-line has grown four inches, and all of her teeth are suddenly straight!

Poor kid! She's sinking fast!

Doctor! Doctor! Is she—?

I'm afraid she's gone!

But according to my watch, she should've lasted another ten minutes!

Medicine isn't perfect, Mr. Wallet! I'm sorry!

Hold it, Doc! Always remember, medicine is never having to say you're sorry!

This has GOT to be the most beautiful movie death EVER!!

This moment sort of makes me wonder!

About the mortality of Man here on Earth?

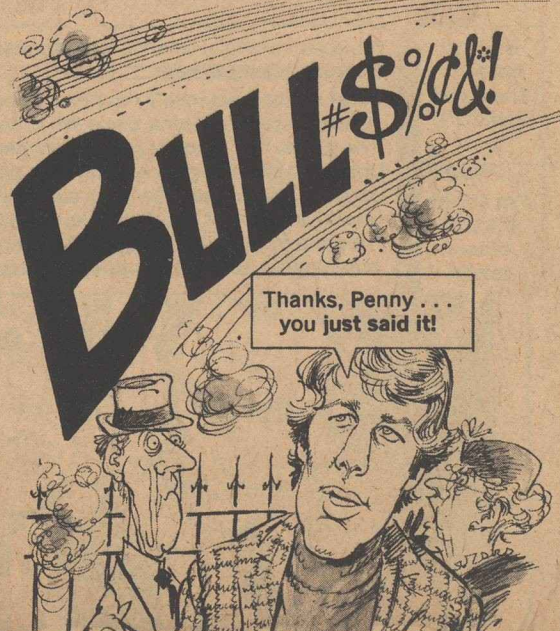
No . . . about whether those angels and cherubs are covered by my Blue Cross!

What can you say about a tear-jerker movie that makes death so beautiful?

What can you say about a movie that shows a fairy-tale college campus that couldn't possibly exist today?

What can you say about a movie that shows New York City as a fabulous wonderland—where you can walk through Central Park without being mugged?

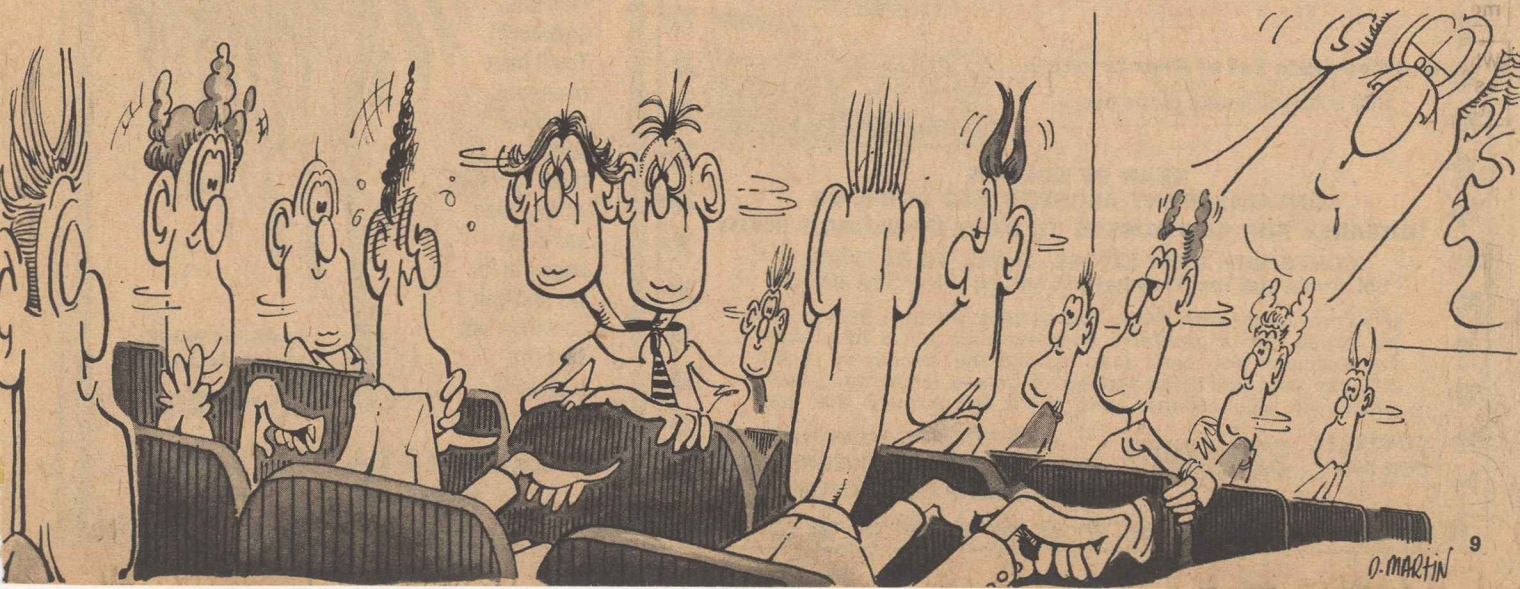
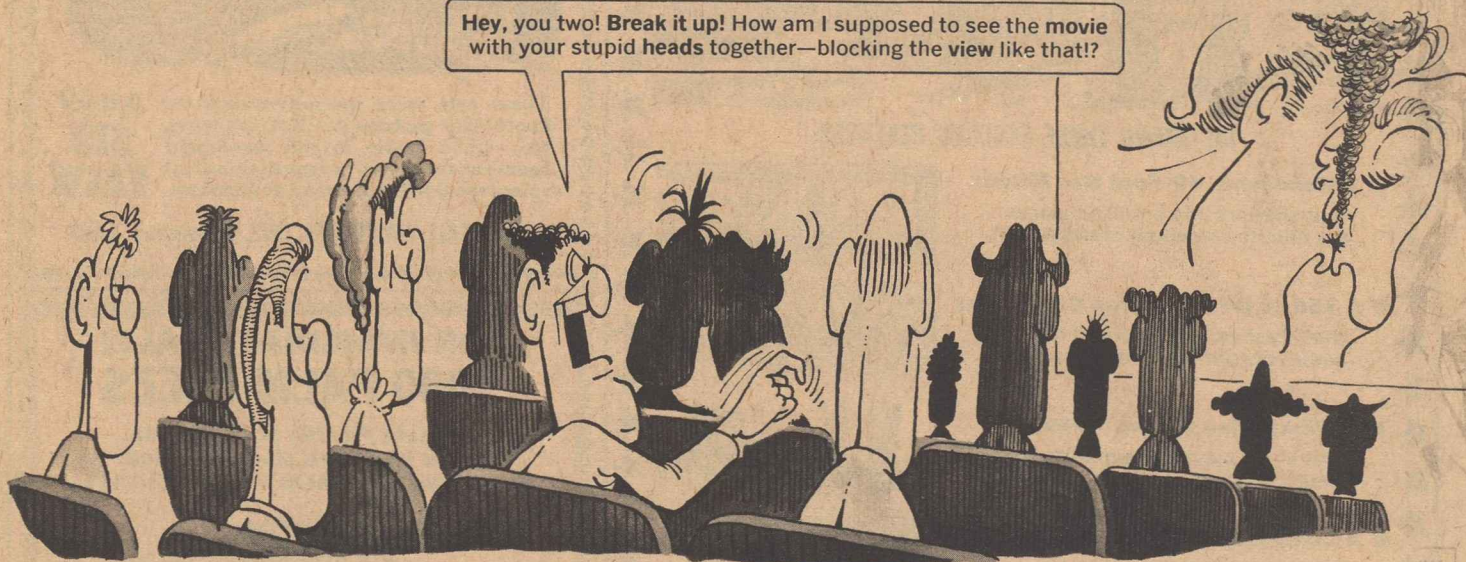
What can you say about a movie like that?



AT A MATINEE



Hey, you two! Break it up! How am I supposed to see the movie with your stupid heads together—blocking the view like that!?



Recently, we read that 20th Century Fox, in order to recoup some of the huge expenses incurred by Marlon Brando while making "Mutiny on the Bounty", has offered to sell the "Bounty"—which was constructed especially for the movie.

HOLLYWOOD S

BARTENDERS! GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WITH THIS

Authentic Western Saloon!



INCLUDING THESE EXCITING FEATURES:

● **A Handsome 40-Foot Bar Mirror**

that shatters into a million pieces the minute somebody starts a fight



● **A 350-lb Wrought-Iron Chandelier**

that crashes to the floor at the sound of gunfire—or even backfire



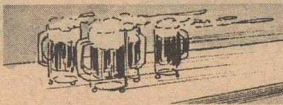
● **A Rinky-Tink Player Piano**

that stops playing the minute anyone over 5'-7" opens the swinging doors



● **A Complete Set of Beer Glasses**

that slide the length of the bar



● **A Complete Set of Beer Drinkers**

that slide the length of the bar



**REAR OF SALOON
CONTAINS MANY ALCOVES AND CORNERS
SUITABLE FOR CUSTOMERS TO BACK UP SLOWLY INTO!**

**COMES WITH MANY EXTRAS—THREE, TO BE EXACT:
Sol, Irving and Tex! They haven't worked since "The Alamo"!**

If you're handy with tools, this surplus Western Saloon can be turned into a profitable business with just a little work. For example: You can't lean against the balcony or it will collapse, and you'll fall through it onto a large round table which will also collapse, and you'll fall through that too!

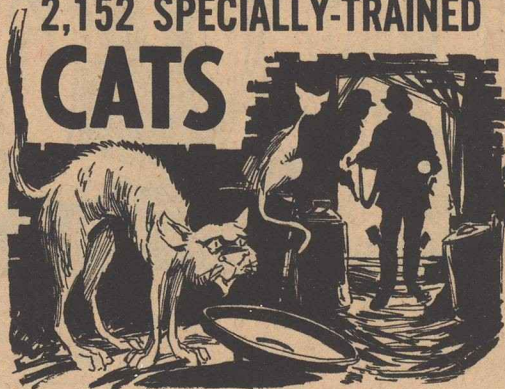
**COMPLETE
FOR ONLY \$20,000⁰⁰**

**WRITE: DEPT. BUSHWHACKED
HORSE-OPERA PICTURES, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA**

PET LOVERS!

2,152 SPECIALLY-TRAINED

CATS



These cats were specially-trained to knock over garbage can lids, ash trays, etc.,—then freeze in the searchlight beam—at the sound of approaching low voices speaking in German or Japanese.

**ONLY
\$10
EACH**

CLOSE CALL WAR PROPS, INC., Hollywood, Calif.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE! 2000 PALM TREES

**Simulate Florida or California
in your backyard all-year-round!
BUY SEVERAL PALM TREES TODAY!**

Only one drawback!
You'll have to come out here and get them yourself, as each one has a Jap sniper in it! We just can't convince 'em that the picture is over!!



**BARGAIN PRICE!
\$15.00 EACH
2 FOR \$25⁰⁰**

BANZAI FEATURES, INC.

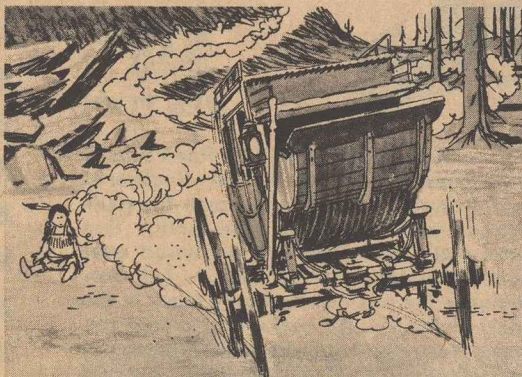
Hollywood, California

Maybe they should've offered to sell Marlon Brando instead. Anyway, the idea of selling old movie props to offset modern production costs could catch on — and then we'd be seeing ads like these in our newspapers, announcing another

URPLUS SALE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS! DRIVE THIS... AMAZING HORSELESS STAGE COACH



THE ORIGINAL "RUNAWAY STAGE" OF OVER 150 WESTERNS

Careens crazily down roads and trails at breakneck speed, yet always manages to miss those rocks and trees in its path. Drive one around your home town.

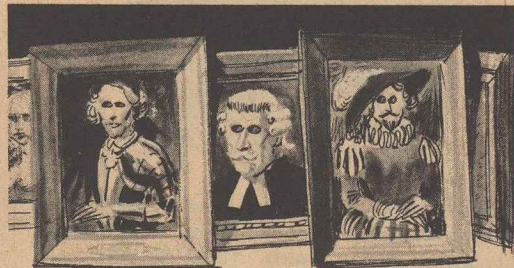
Cutaway drawing at right shows location of engine, brakes and steering wheel inside. Pretty neat, hah?



Coach needs work, though. The left rear wheel keeps falling off at high speed.

YOURS FOR ONLY \$595
SHOOT'EM'UP FILMS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

ART LOVERS! PUT A PORTRAIT OVER YOUR MANTEL!



Choose from this assortment of over 200 portraits used in famous horror movies!

Unfortunately, each one has the eyes cut out of it!

ONLY \$50.00 EACH

HAUNTED HOUSE PRODUCTIONS, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

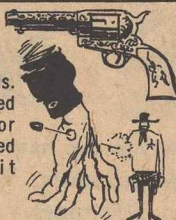
GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

NOW YOU CAN OWN

ONE OR MORE OF THESE
UNIQUE MOVIE GUNS!

HERO'S GUN

Shoots only hands. Even when pointed at head, neck or stomach and fired — will still hit only the hand.



VILLAIN'S GUN

Cannot kill anybody! Just point it at person two feet away — it will miss!



DETECTIVE'S GUN

Absolutely harmless. Only shoots locks and knobs off doors.



INDIAN WAR HERO RIFLE

Absolutely fabulous. Each bullet kills five Indians at same time.



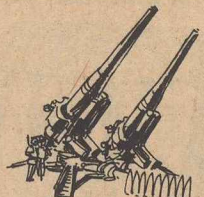
EARLY PIONEER WOMAN'S RIFLE

When pointed up in the air and fired with eyes closed, will kill Indian on fast horse 500 yds. away



GUNS OF NAVARONE

Only two available! Perfect for person who now owns two 400-ft. holsters!



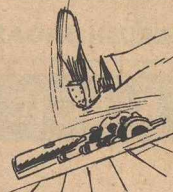
CLICK GUN

Made of rubber. Will not fire. Just clicks 3 times — then is used to throw at hero. Will not injure.



KICK GUN

Will not fire. Flat on one side. Perfect for kicking back and forth across floor during fights!



ONLY \$18.00 EACH

EXTRA BONUS! With each order, we'll send absolutely free a genuine Police Dept. Gun. Not a Hollywood fabrication, but an actual gun like the one used by most city Police Departments. Only shoots innocent bystanders.

**Murderous Props, Inc.
Hollywood,
California**

HOLLYWOOD SUBMARINE



\$14,000 EACH

ATTENTION—HORTICULTURISTS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN ONE OF THESE AMAZING

INSTANT SEASON PLANTS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN ONE OF THESE AMAZING

SPRING



SUMMER



FALL



WINTER



\$8⁹⁵ PER PLANT

OUTSIDE-THE-WINDOW PROPS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

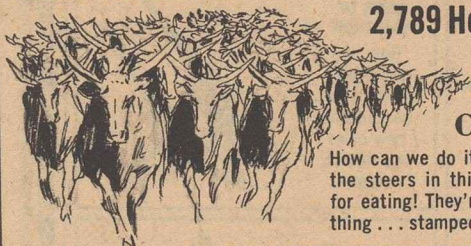
FOR SALE—CHEAP! ENTIRE STEER HERD

2,789 Head of Cattle

ONLY

\$57.95

COMPLETE



How can we do it, you ask? Because the steers in this herd are no good for eating! They're only good for one thing . . . stampeding through towns!

SAGEBRUSH SAGAS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MAGIC ASH TRAYS

\$10 00



Hours Later Props, Inc., Hollywood, California

**BOYFRIEND OVERSEAS?
LOVER FAR, FAR AWAY?**

SEE HIM AND TALK TO HIM AGAIN WITH A

HOLLYWOOD LILY POND



\$39⁹⁵

PER POOL

Send for a genuine Hollywood Lily Pond today! When it arrives, put it out in your backyard. Then, kneel down beside it and brush lily pads away. Notice your reflection. Now notice that your loved-one's reflection has appeared over your right shoulder. Talk to him . . . but only about things in the past. Now, drop a stone in the water, and watch ripples make him disappear.

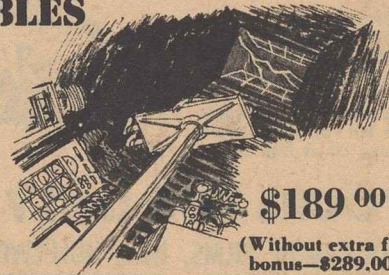
IMAGES FROM THE PAST PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Also available: Hollywood Mirrors

OPERATING TABLES

During electrical storms, these tables rise slowly to the ceiling. Perfect for hospitals with leaky roofs.

FRANKENSTEIN FILMS, INC.
TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA

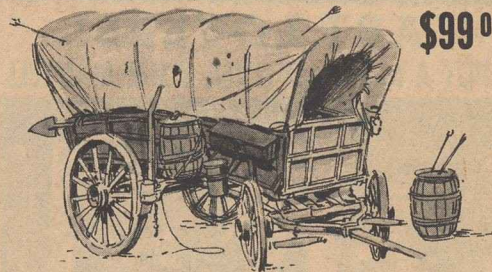


\$189⁰⁰

(Without extra free bonus—\$289.00)

OWN YOUR OWN COVERED WAGON

\$99 00



**THE PERFECT GIFT FOR SOMEONE WHO
PLANS TO RIDE AROUND THE BLOCK (OR
LIVES ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE IN N. Y. C.)**

OATBURNER EPICS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

**CLOCKS!
CLOCKS!
CLOCKS!**

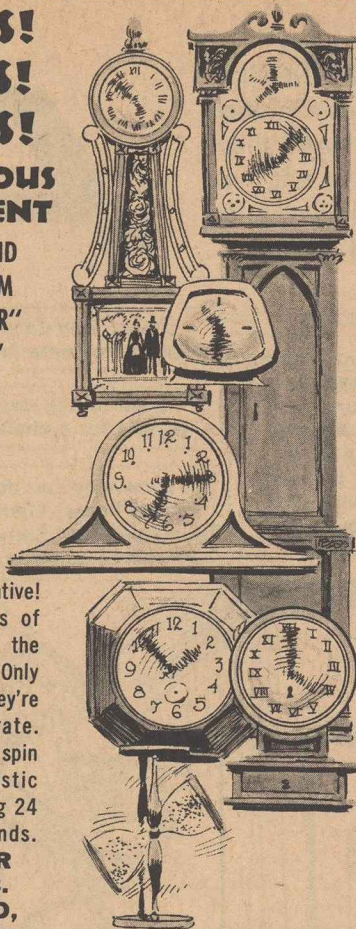
**TREMENDOUS
ASSORTMENT**

ALL MAKES AND
MODELS—FROM
"GRANDFATHER"
TO "ALARM"

**ONLY
\$5.95
EACH**

Handsome — Decorative!
Used in hundreds of
movies to denote the
passage of time. Only
one drawback. They're
not terribly accurate.
In fact, the hands spin
around at a fantastic
speed, registering 24
hours in 10 seconds.

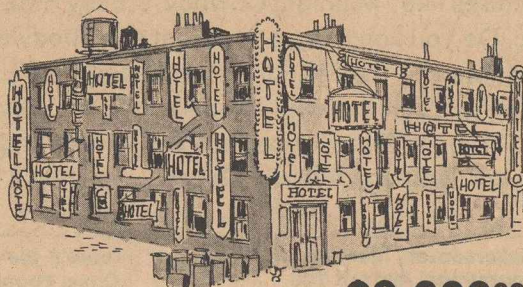
**DAYS LATER
PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD,
CALIFORNIA**



FOR SALE—CHEAP! SLEAZY HOTEL

**78
ROOMS...**

**EACH
WITH AN
IRRITATING
FLASHING
NEON SIGN
OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW!**



\$9,000⁰⁰

Hideout Locations, Incorporated, Hollywood, California

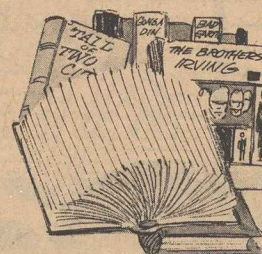
BOOK LOVERS

COMPLETE YOUR LIBRARIES WITH COPIES OF THESE

**VALUABLE
BEST-
SELLERS**

WITH AN
EXTRA SPECIAL
BUILT-IN
FEATURE:

**THEY TURN
THEIR
OWN PAGES!**



All you have to do is sit there and read 'em! But read fast—the pages turn pretty quick!

Authentic Adaptation Props, Inc., Hollywood, California

**EXCITING
WALL
CALENDARS**

Available in every year
from 1620 to the present

**ONLY
\$1.00
EACH**

Handsome!
Decorative!
Used in
hundreds of
movies to
denote the
passage of
time. Only
one drawback.
When you
hang them
on your wall,
the dates
fall off in
rapid
succession—
one at a
time!

**YEARS LATER
PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD,
CALIFORNIA**



Horseback Riding Enthusiasts

Love to ride — but
have a small yard?
Order one of these
beautiful palomino

**Indian
Battle
Horses**

Now, you can ride
around your small
property to your
heart's content —
because these
specially-bred
horses fall down
every 5 or 6 feet.



**Only
100.⁰⁰
Each!**

KANYON-KWICKIE STUDIOS; Hollywood, California

OWN YOUR OWN AIRPLANE!



Only \$19,000⁰⁰!

We have several models available: Bombers, Transports, Private
Jobs. The only trouble is, these planes only fly in storms!
And they can't fly forward, only up and down!

HIGH-AND-MIGHTY-BAD EPICS, Culver City, Calif.

COFFEE, TEA AND MILKED DEPT.

Hey, gang! Getting sick of all those "Now" films with little or no *story-line*? Pictures like "Midnight Cowboy", "Easy Rider", "Alice's Restaurant", "MASH", etc. Do you sometimes wish that somebody would bring back *stories* in motion pictures like they had in the *old days*? Well, *somebody has*! Boy, **HAVE** they! They've come up with a movie that not only has a *plot*, but enough left over for 37 more "Now" pictures! We're referring, of course, to MAD's nomination for an Academy Award "Oscar"... namely a 1946 Academy Award "Oscar"...

AI

I'm Mule Bakersdozen, Manager of Crisis International Airport! You are about to join me in an evening of fun and crises you won't believe! Oh-Oh, there goes the Crisis Phone!

Okay! So much for the fun! What about the crisis?!

There's the other Crisis Phone... Hello? I'm a busy man! This better be a real crisis!

Mule, this is your wife, Cinderblock!

It's a real crisis!

Mule, when are you coming home? You're never home! Twenty-four hours a day, you're at that Airport! What kind of a life is that? You think it's easy for me? You think I like nagging you over the phone like this?

Cinder, why do you want me to come home?

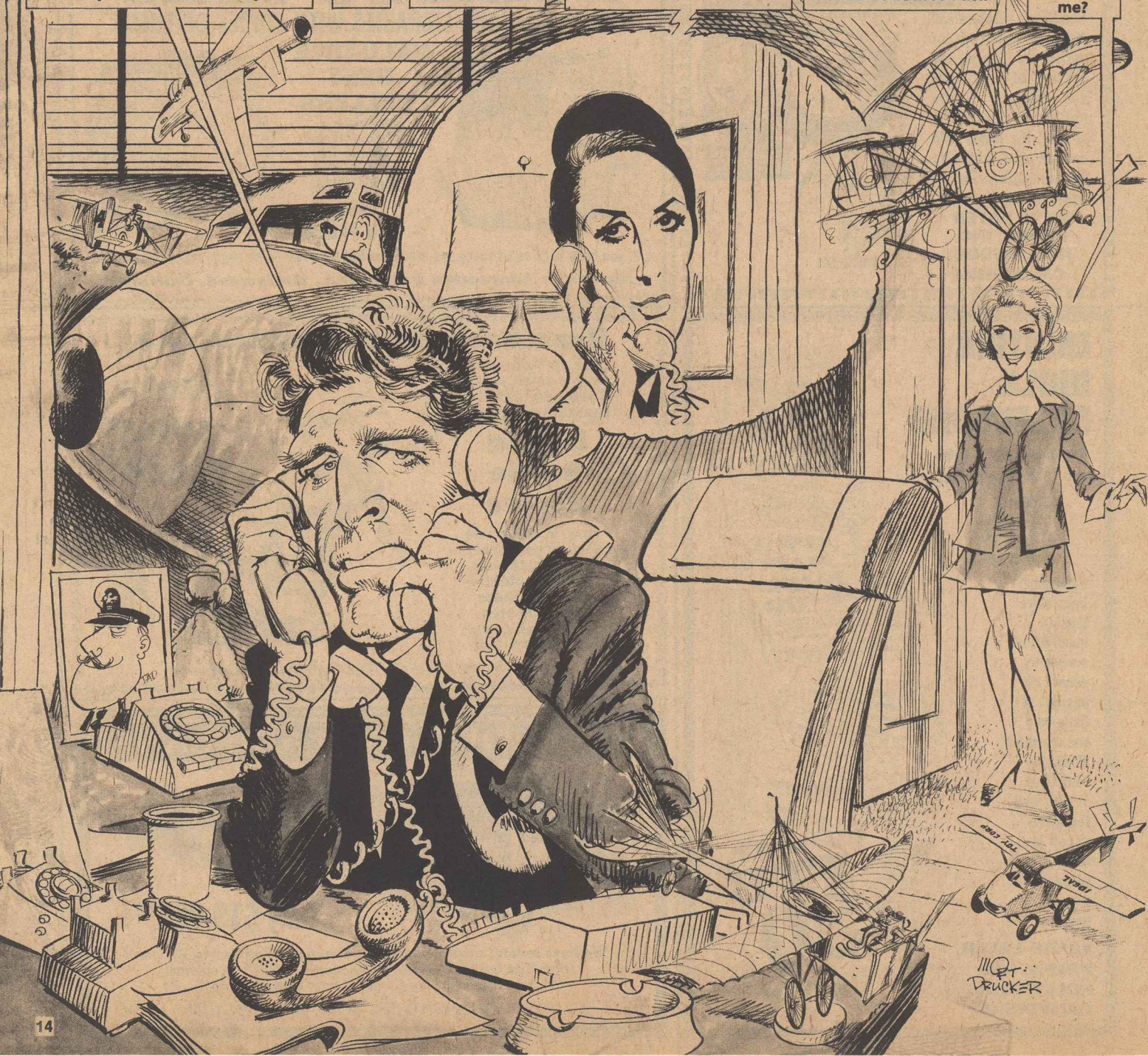
I want to nag you in person for a change!

I know why you don't come home! There's someone else! Someone has come between us!!

Don't be foolish, Cinder! Who could possibly come between us?

Hi, there—remember me?

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? The airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, and 27 planes are stacked up...?



R PLOT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm **Tango Livingdoll**, your beautiful but cold, wooden assistant who is secretly in love with you, and who you secretly love, too—but we won't reveal our true feelings about each other until 42 crises from now!

Ahh . . . when you've seen one cold, blonde, immaculately-dressed, impeccably-coiffed, expressionless Assistant Airport Manager, you've seen 'em all!

Mule, there's no future for us! I was offered a job in 'Frisco, and I think I'm going to take it!

Doing what . . . ?

Working as a **Dress Manikin** in a **Store Window**! The one they have now is too emotional!

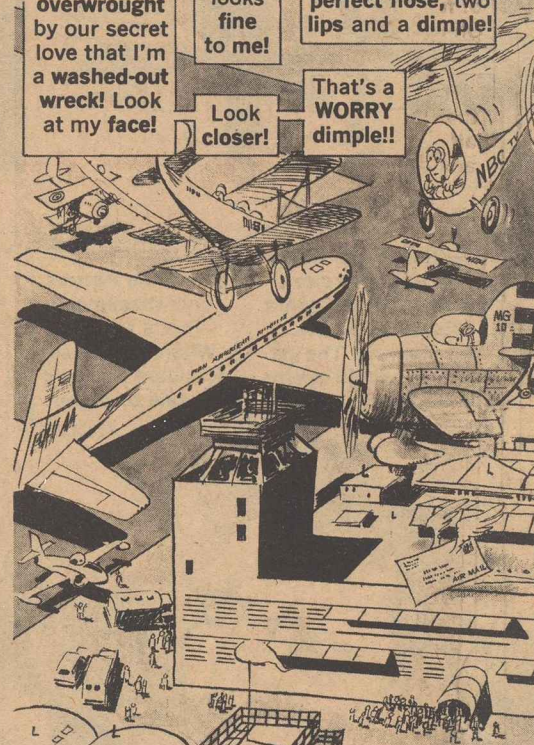
Oh, Mule, I'm so upset—so **overwrought** by our secret love that I'm a **washed-out wreck**! Look at my face!

Your face looks fine to me!

All I see are two **flawless eyes**, a **perfect nose**, two **lips** and a **dimple**!

That's a **WORRY** dimple!!

Look closer!



Oh-Oh! There's the **Crisis Phone** again!

Oh, Mule! How I've cried!

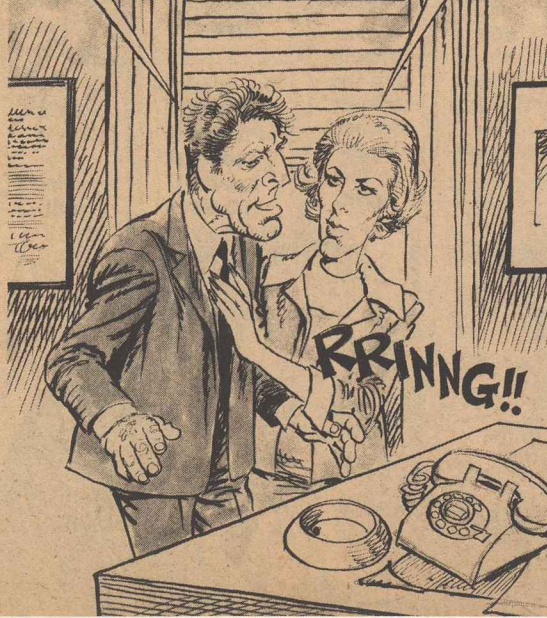
But your face is dry!

That's just it! I cry **INSIDE**! You should see the sockets behind my eyeballs! They're filled with tears!

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? There's a plane stuck on Runway 28? That's no crisis! Taxi it off! What? You can't taxi it off? Well, tow it off! Listen, I've got the 4th of July holiday rush to worry about and—What? The plane is stuck in **SNOW**?! On the 4th of July?! Listen, who am I talking to? What's your name?

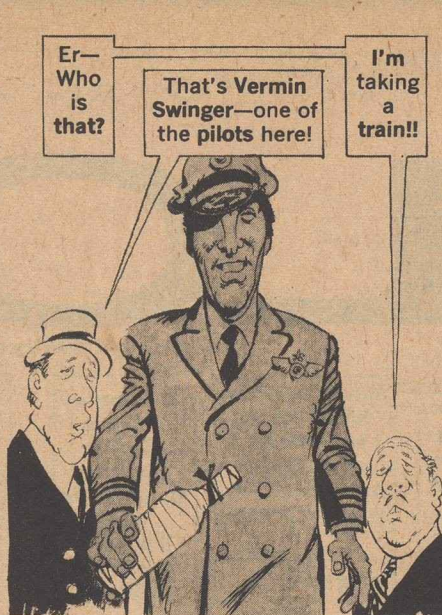
Who was it, Mule?

Boy, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a recorded crisis!





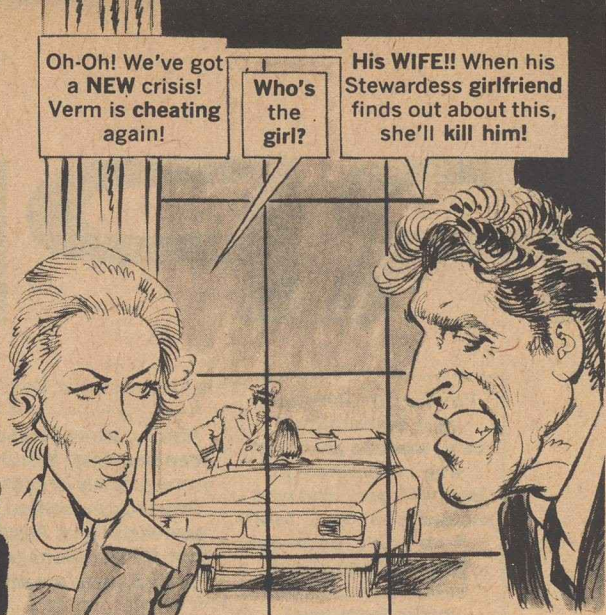
I think flying is fabulous! I think it's much safer than driving, and a lot more fun! I love to get up in the air! I feel so free—so alive—so wonderful! And I have worlds of confidence in the planes and the fantastic men who fly them!



Er—Who is that?

That's Vermin Swinger—one of the pilots here!

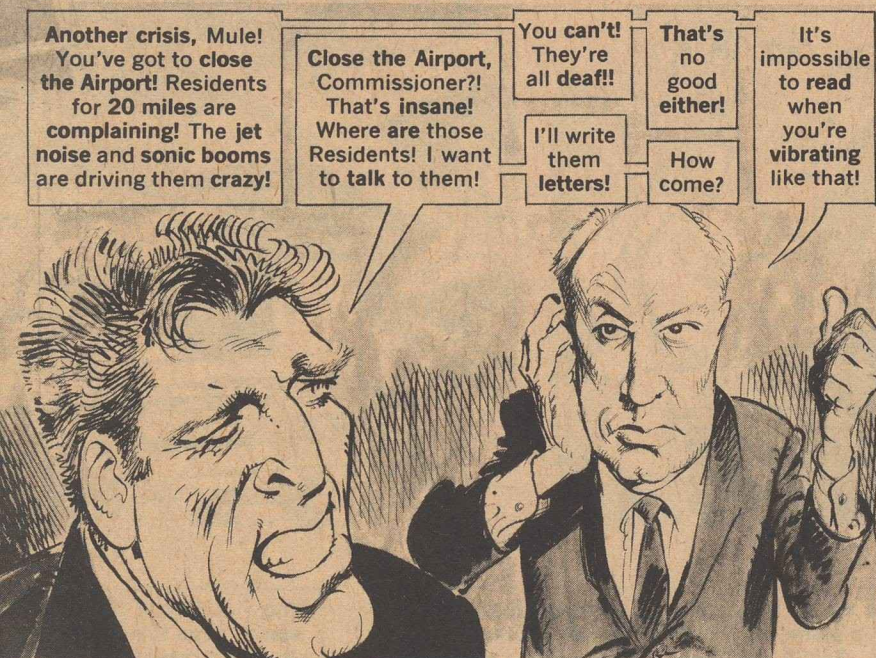
I'm taking a train!!



Oh-Oh! We've got a NEW crisis! Verm is cheating again!

Who's the girl?

His WIFE!! When his Stewardess girlfriend finds out about this, she'll kill him!



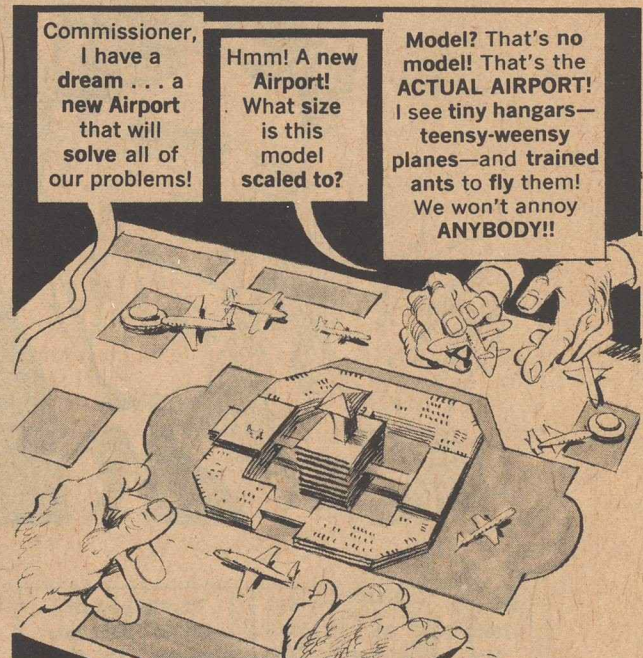
Another crisis, Mule! You've got to close the Airport! Residents for 20 miles are complaining! The jet noise and sonic booms are driving them crazy!

Close the Airport, Commissioner?! That's insane! Where are those Residents! I want to talk to them!

You can't! They're all deaf!! I'll write them letters!

That's no good either! How come?

It's impossible to read when you're vibrating like that!



Commissioner, I have a dream . . . a new Airport that will solve all of our problems!

Hmm! A new Airport! What size is this model scaled to?

Model? That's no model! That's the ACTUAL AIRPORT! I see tiny hangars—teensy-weensy planes—and trained ants to fly them! We won't annoy ANYBODY!!

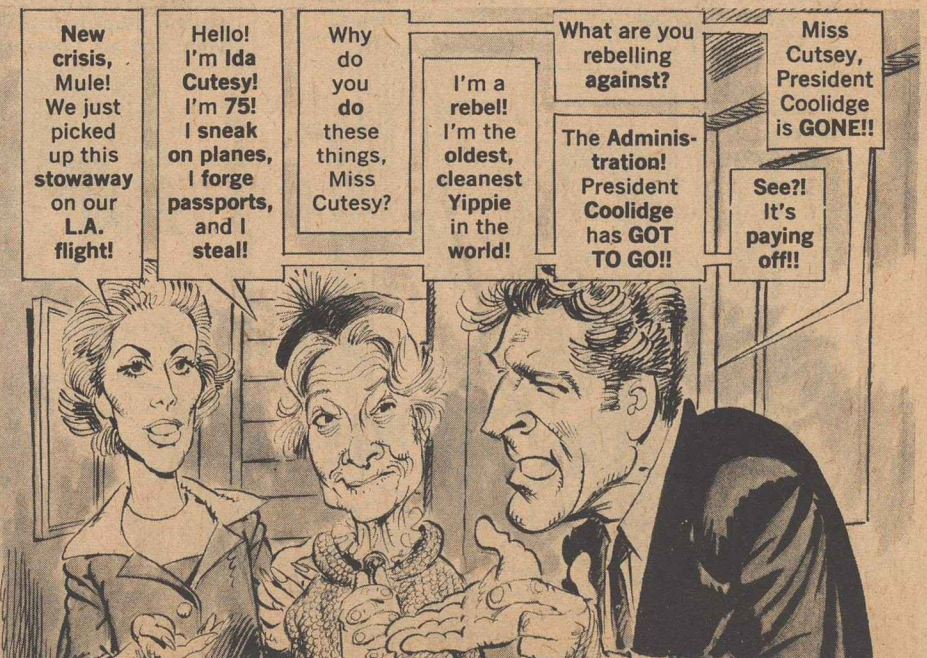


Bakersdozen, you're INSANE!!

Okay! Okay! We'll build a real Airport right here! An Airport so new . . . so modern . . . that it will never bother those Residents from 20 miles around again!

How large do you figure this Airport to be?

About 20 miles around!



New crisis, Mule! We just picked up this stowaway on our L.A. flight!

Hello! I'm Ida Cutesy! I'm 75! I sneak on planes, I forge passports, and I steal!

Why do you do these things, Miss Cutesy?

I'm a rebel! I'm the oldest, cleanest Yippie in the world!

What are you rebelling against?

The Administration! President Coolidge has GOT TO GO!!

Miss Cutsey, President Coolidge is GONE!!

See! It's paying off!!

Isn't she adorable, Mule . . . ?

What'll we do with this irresistible little pixie . . . ?

FLOGGED?! Mule! She's just a little old lady!!

She sure is! Ha-ha-ha . . . Chuckle-chuckle!

Chuckle-chuckle! Take her out and have her flogged!!

Use a little old whip!!

Let's see—just to recap our crises up to this point: The Airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, 27 planes are stacked up, my wife may leave me, Runaway 28 is closed, it's snowing, they may close the Airport, and we just caught a stowaway! What could possibly happen next?

Attention—passengers holding tickets for "Ill-Fated Flight 73", which departs at 7:10 and either arrives in Rome tomorrow at noon—or NEVER!—may now board at Gate 12!

HEY, HOW ABOUT NEWARK AIRPORT?

Is this "Flight 73"? My name is B. Carria! I'm a free-lance demolition expert and part-time out-patient at Matawan!

Let's see . . . B. Carria . . . What does the "B" stand for, sir?

BOMB . . .

Mr. Bomb Carria—? Oh, yes! Here we are! Seat 17C! Have a nice flight! Oh, I almost forgot! May I see your ticket!

I'll hold your funny little traveling bag with all the cute wires and things hanging out while you look for it, sir!

My ticket? My ticket? Here it is! No—that's my four million dollar insurance policy! Er—ticket? Ticket? Ah . . . here it is! A half-way ticket to Rome!

Ha-ha! No, sir! You mean a ONE-WAY ticket to Rome! HALF-WAY to Rome would be right smack in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!

You worry about YOUR destination, and I'll worry about MINE!

Say—did you notice anything STRANGE about that passenger!

Yeah, come to think of it! Who wears two-toned shoes nowadays?!

GATE 33

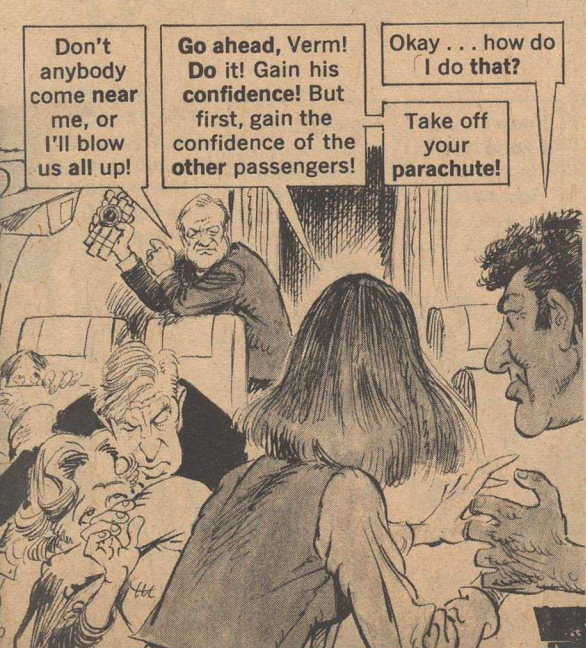
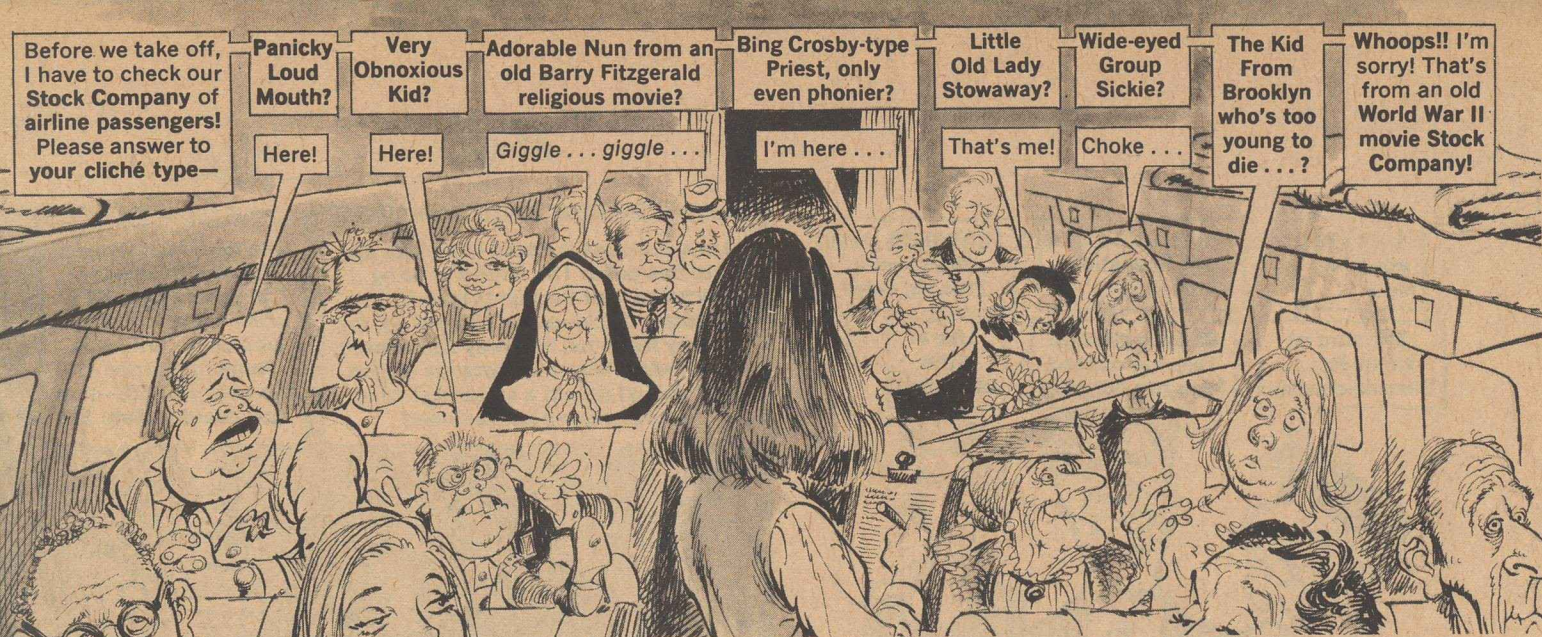
Welcome aboard Flight 73, folks! I'm your Hostess, Gryn Mayday . . . and I'm pregnant!

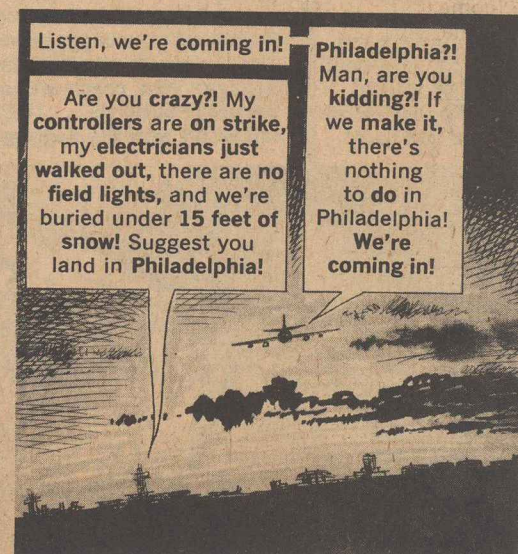
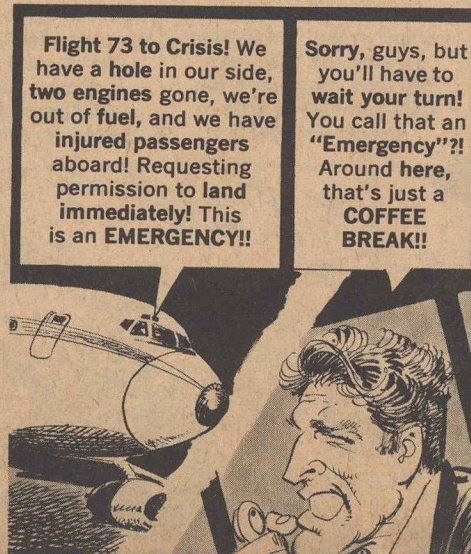
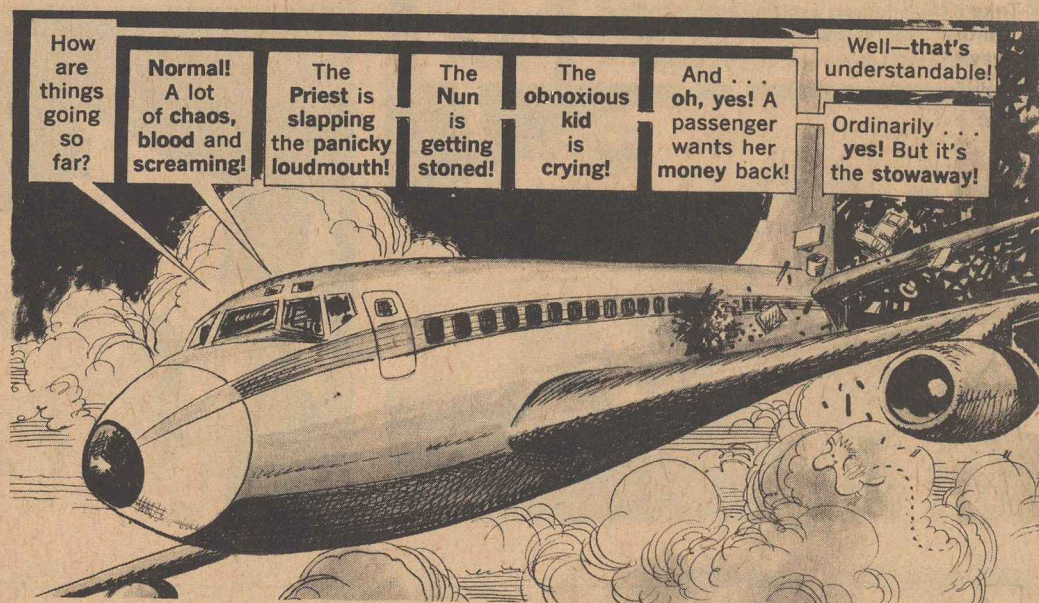
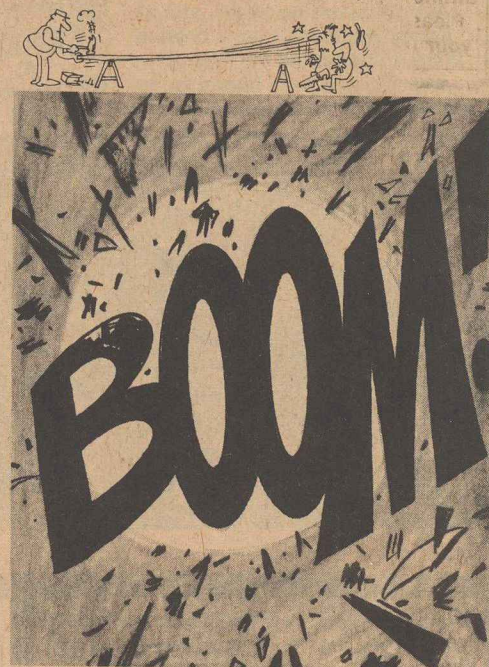
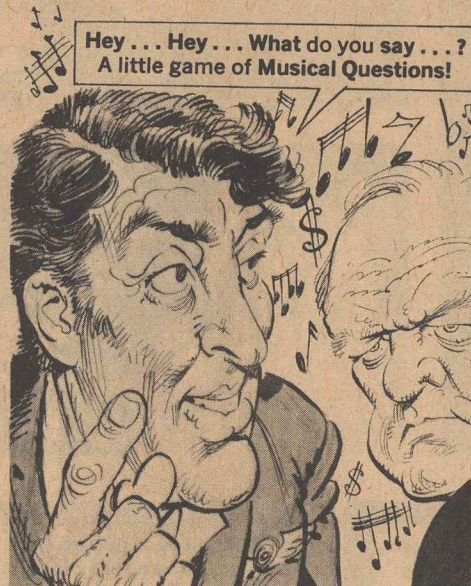
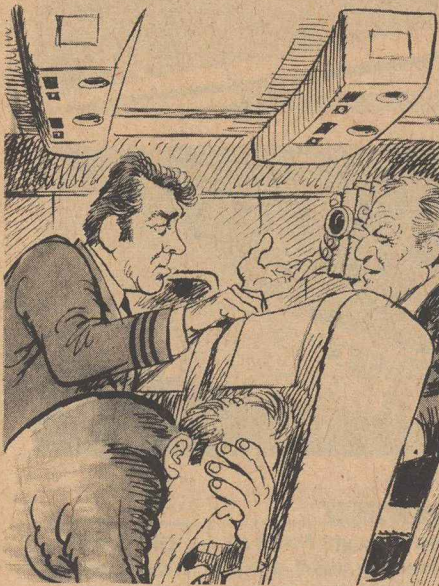
Hi, folks! I'm your Captain, Verm Swinger, and I did it!

I don't mind a good crisis, but this is too much!

I guess they figure—when you've done it, flaunt it!

I don't know about you, but I'm not looking at the movie on this flight! I'm watching THEM!!

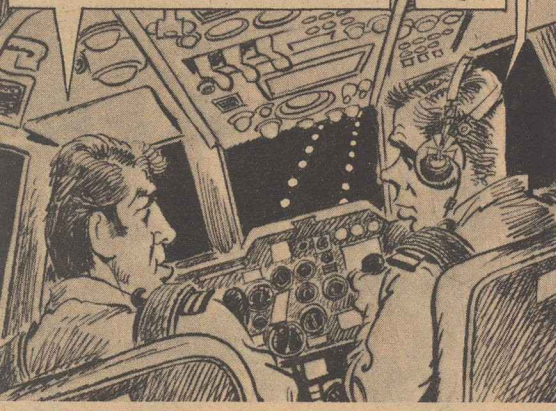




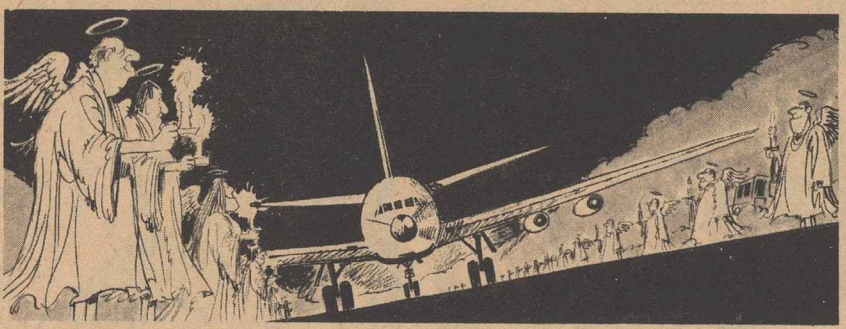
This is suicide, Antsin! We'll never make it! Even if we land okay, we'll be buried in snow! And there are no plows, and no lights! We haven't got a chance! What a shame! All my dreams . . . everything I ever hoped to be someday—all gone—up in smoke—

What did you hope to be someday?

A grown-up!!



Look, Verm! The snows have magically parted! There's a clear, dry runway down there . . . and an emergency crew to guide us in!



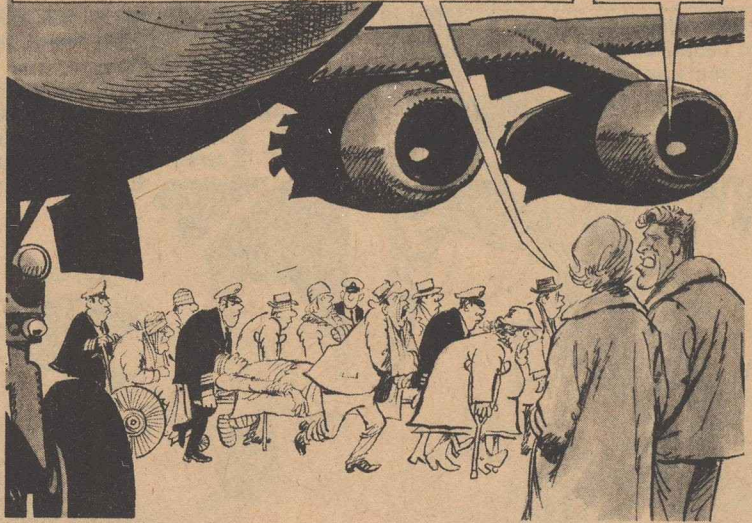
What happened, Father!? We had so much more drama we could've wrung out of this situation . . . so much more blood, and screaming, and carrying on by passengers! I was planning an exciting belly-landing! Maybe even flipping over! But it ended so fast—so easy! How do you explain it?

You may find this hard to believe, my son . . . but God got BORED!



What those poor people have been through! A mid-air bombing, a wrecked plane, a harrowing flight, and a miraculous landing . . . cheating death! Well, Mule—that's it! I guess the crises are over for tonight!

Oh, yeah?! Let's get back to my office!



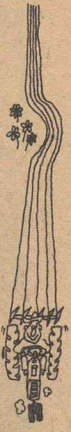
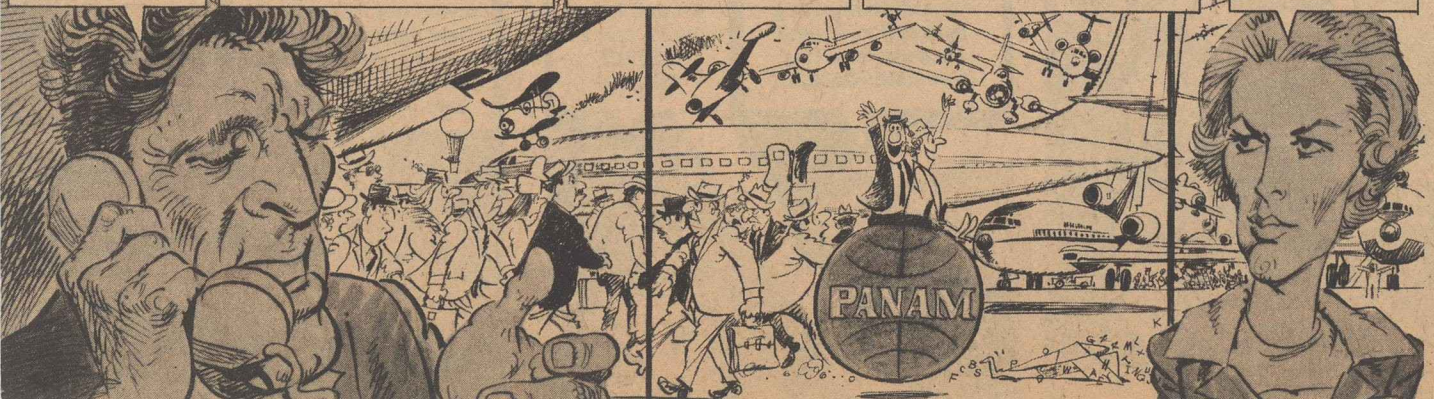
Hello? No, I don't know when the rest of the baggage will be unloaded! Give it until Wednesday—then call me back!

Hello? Some baggage arrived? Good! People left with the baggage? Great! Oh, the people who left with the baggage were not the people who own the baggage! Well, check with our Security Police! Oh . . . THEY walked off with the baggage!!

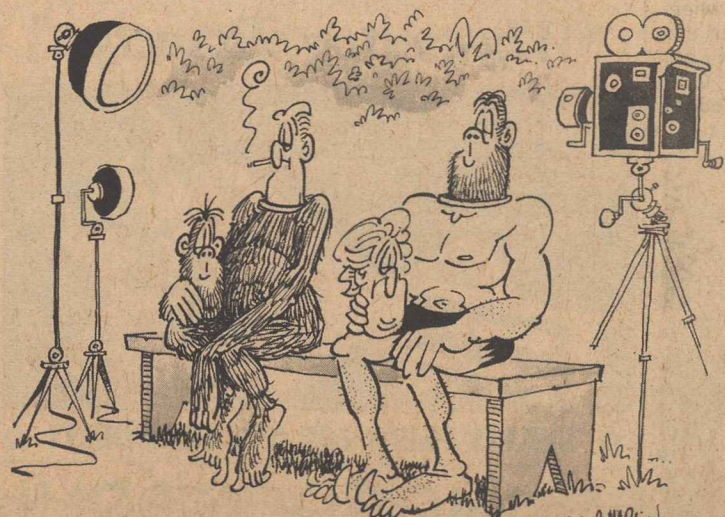
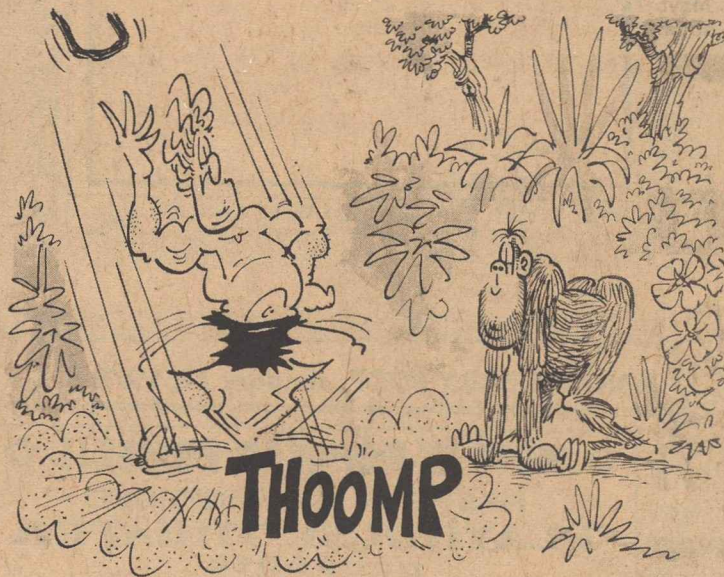
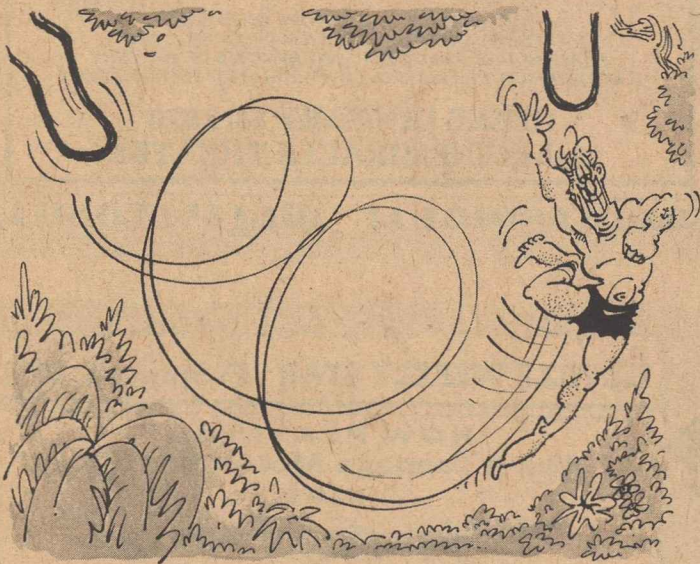
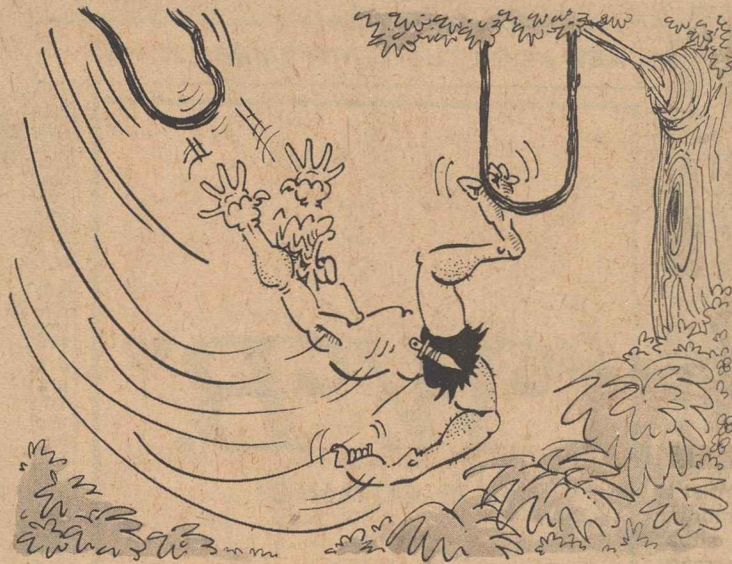
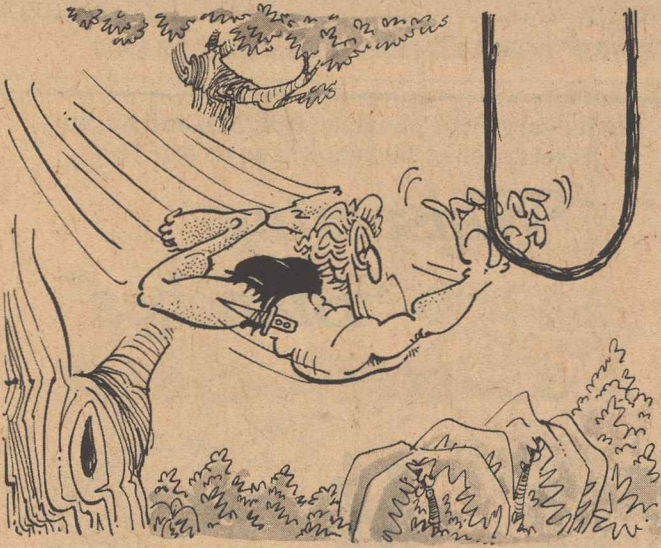
Hello? What? I'm sorry it cost you \$48 to park your car! You should've parked in the "Long-Term Parking Lot"! Oh, you DID park there! And the CAB you had to take to it cost you \$48!!

Hello, what's that? Traffic leading from the Airport is stacked up for 30 miles! No, you mean BACKED UP! Planes get stacked up in the air! It doesn't happen to cars on the ground! What? Oh . . . these cars ARE stacked up!!

What an idiot I am! I should have known! For the "Arriving Passengers", this is when the crises first begin!



ON THE "TARZAN" SET



THE ANATOMY OF A

THE NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 25, 1969

"W.B."
IS COMING!

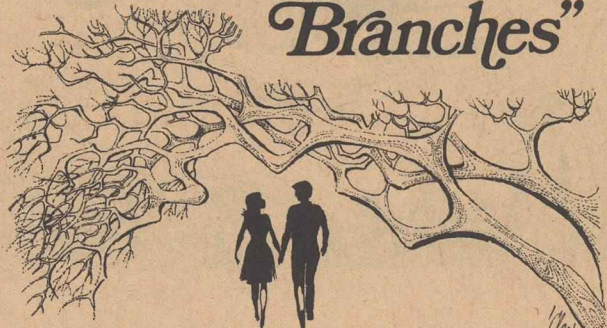
FILM
abil
slitte
curac
tion
vari
vist
avail
by
tech
CAN
spider
moun
\$500
B &
B &
\$75.
WO
len
20
CIN
and
16m
16m
len
TRA
PR
ex
tic
B
light
\$9.
SO
16r
16r
of
am
&
35

EAST COAST: DEPT. 270 311 WEST 43RD ST., NEW

THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 15, 1969

On January First, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy,
Reserved Seat Tickets will go on sale for...

"Whispering Branches"



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME

OPENS JANUARY 15, 1970
at the CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

YONKERS DAILY POOP, January 28, 1970

★ **NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!!** ★

FIRST-RUN NEIGHBORHOOD
PLAYHOUSE THEATER
presents

DIRECT FROM ITS GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT ON BROADWAY
AND ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT "HIT SHOWCASE THEATRES!"

"Whispering Branches"

A HARD-HITTING STORY OF ILLICIT YOUNG LOVE
THAT WILL BLAST YOU RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SEAT!

DON'T REVEAL THE SHOCKING CONTENTS
OF THIS PICTURE TO YOUR FRIENDS!

2 HOURS & 6 MINUTES OF SOCK!

RECOMMENDED FOR
ADULTS ONLY

★ **STARTS TODAY FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!** ★

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 5, 1970

NOW PLAYING!!

"I Was A Teenage Motorcycle Gang"
plus

"Whispering Branches"

R.K.O. Styx Theatre

Main Street

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 12, 1970

TRIPLE-THREAT DRIVE-IN

"HOME OF THE HITS"

"ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW"

Route 189 at the Traffic Circle

PRESENTS

AN ALL-COLOR, ALL SPECTACULAR GALA PROGRAM

Cecil B. DeMille's "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

AND

"BEN HUR" with Charlton Heston

AND

"CLEOPATRA" with Liz and Dick

PLUS

20 Color Cartoons and 6 Travelogues

AND AS AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

"Whispering Branches"

MOVIE AD CAMPAIGN

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 15, 1970

OPENS TONIGHT!

A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD



Reserved Seat Tickets Are Now On Sale For All Of 1970
And Early 1971 By Mail, Phone, Or At The Box Office

The CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

SELECTED RESERVED SEATS FOR TONIGHT'S
OPENING PERFORMANCE STILL AVAILABLE

Theatre
Parties
Arranged

THE DAILY NEWS, January 23, 1970

☆☆☆

COMING WEDNESDAY!

DIRECT FROM ITS RECENT GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT!
UNCUT! JUST THE WAY SO MANY PEOPLE SAW IT ON BROADWAY!

"Whispering Branches"

A Hard-Hitting Modern Story Of Young Love
Designed To Shock You Out Of Your Seat!

3 Hours And 21 Minutes Of
Sure-Fire Entertainment!



SEE IT AT ONE OF THESE SELECTED "HIT SHOWCASE" THEATRES

The BEEKMAN ART	The ART EAST	The EAST ART	The ART BEEKMAN
The BEEKMAN EAST	The EAST BEEKMAN	The BELCH ART	The ART BURP

TV GUIDE
Monday March 9, 1970

11:30 ② THE LATE SHOW—MOVIE

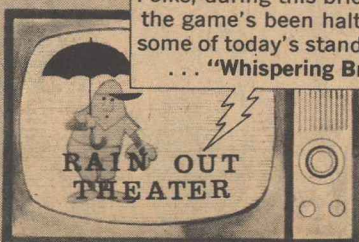
COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
A young man and a young woman find
love. (75 min.)

TV GUIDE
Wednesday May 13, 1970

3:15 AM ⑦ INSOMNIAC THEATRE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
61 minutes of film fare designed to
have you asleep in no time.

Folks, during this brief shower, while
the game's been halted, let's watch
some of today's stand-by film feature
... "Whispering Branches" ...



THE NEW YORK TIMES, JUNE 1, 1970

AND NOW—A MOVIE TORN FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!

See Youtn In Trouble!
See Youth Gone Mad!

THE WILD SHOCKING STORY
OF A GUY WITH NO CLASS...
AND A GAL WITH NO MORALS!

Meet the Father that
taught him to be BAD!

Meet the Mother that
forgot to tell her
how to be GOOD!

Meet the whole
UGLY GANG ... as



"The HELL-RAISERS"

(formerly titled "Whispering Branches")

OPENS THIS FRIDAY AT A SCHLOCK THEATER NEAR YOU!

ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIETY

Ar
Ba
Dir
asp
Inc
in
pr
SU
Le
eff
po
Lig
tur
its
cl
ef
me
ABC
top
for
Ad
C
a
stul
rec
giv
suf
tio
ed
rea
cot
Ja
ro
tio
Po

VERS
Mc
Mo
61
N
J
C
ON
whil
for
in
cra
AN
Ora
(rem
sing
offi
A
C

BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

In times past, Hollywood has turned out some big, corny movie musicals. But the biggest, corniest movie musical of all is now playing. Sure, the songs are lovely, but take them away and what have you got? Nothing but a collection of the same old dull clichés and boring tear-jerker gimmicks that you've been seeing in movie musicals for years. (We're even falling asleep writing this introduction about it!) It's obvious that this motion picture was made with only one goal in mind: Mainly to hear

THE \$OUND OF MONEY

* How come I'm alone, and there's so much music?
High up on a hill, with no one in view?
So how do they get all this sound and music?
A musical quiz I now pose to you.

Just see how I race up this steep mountainside
Without ever losing a beat!
You'd think that my lungs would give out up here
Over ten thousand feet!

To do all these things
with a wide-mouthed grin
Really should not amaze;
I've had lots of rest,
'Cause they filmed it on five different days!

I'm not singing now; I am pre-recorded!
I'm just mouthing words I have sung before!
And how does it feel to be singing nothing?
It's an aw-ful bore!

IIIQT
DRUCKER



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: STAN HART

24
*Sung to the tune of "The Sound of Music"

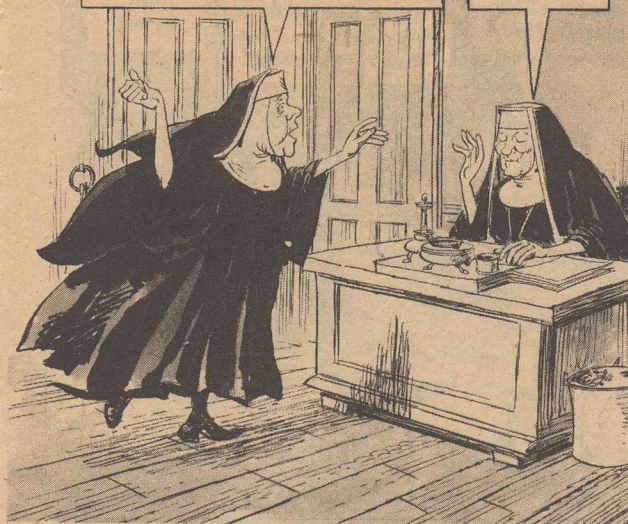
Mother Obsess, we really must do something about Mitzia! You should see how she's conducting the choir at Vespers!

Now, now! She's just a little high-spirited!

And now . . . direct from three smash years in a convent in the Belgian Congo . . . the "Sisters Four"! They'll sing their way into your hearts with a little hymn called—

Mitzia!! Come into my office at once!

Take five, girls!



Mitzia! You are quite a problem! I do not think that you belong in a Convent!

You mean, I belong in the outside world??

No, not there, either! That's the problem!!



Well, at least we've solved **ONE** problem! The problem of religion!

Really? Is it a problem?

When you're making movies about Nuns it is! Listen—

* How do you solve the problem of religion? How do you handle Nuns and not offend? Just simply have them doing things they wouldn't! Don't follow the norm, Or stay true to form . . . Pretend!

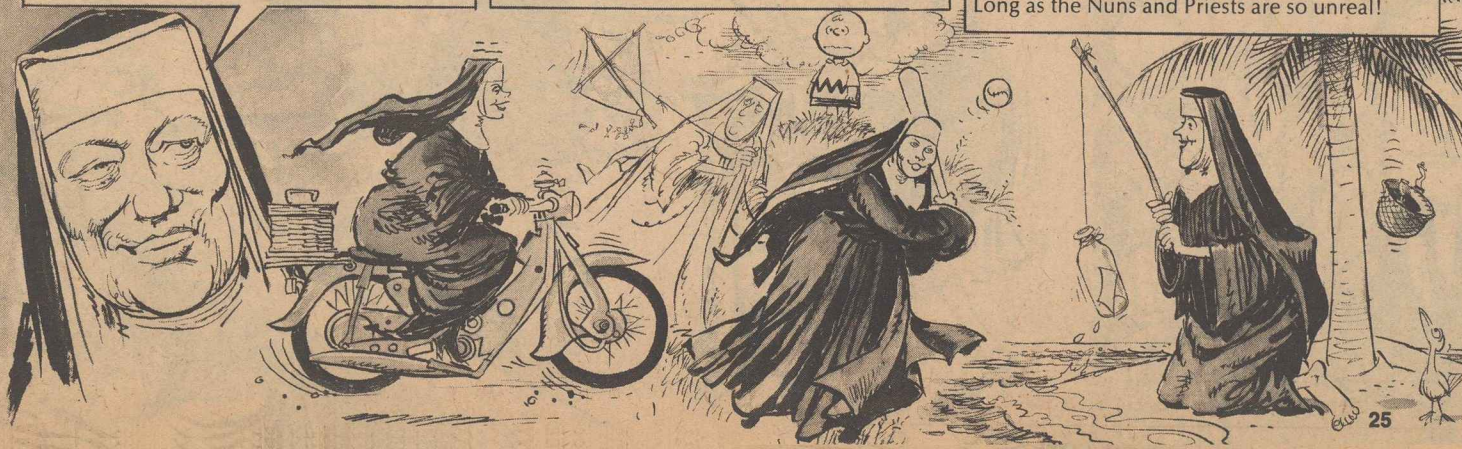


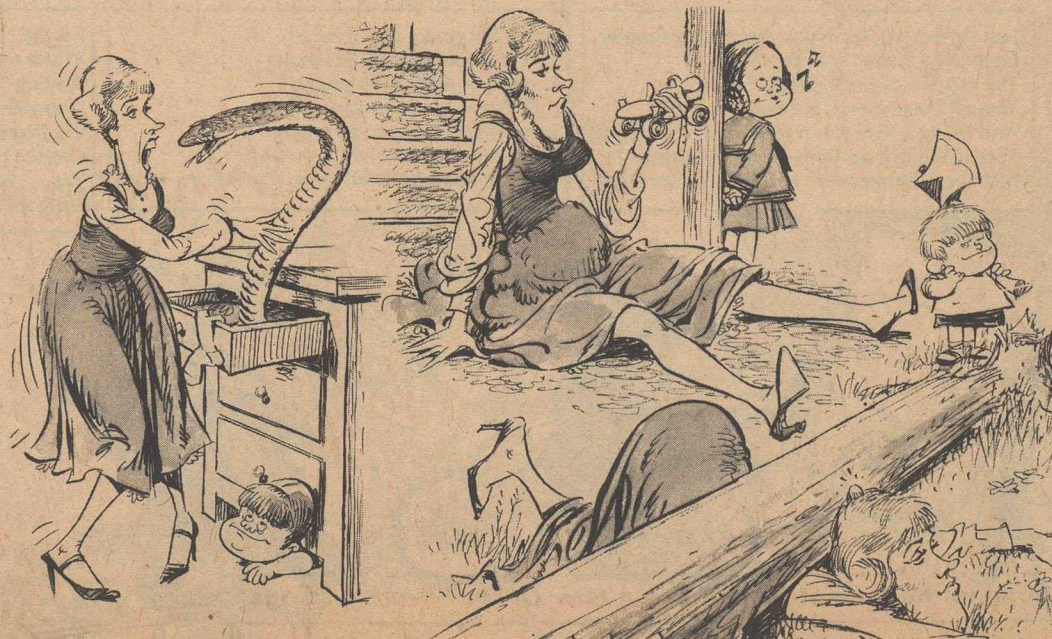
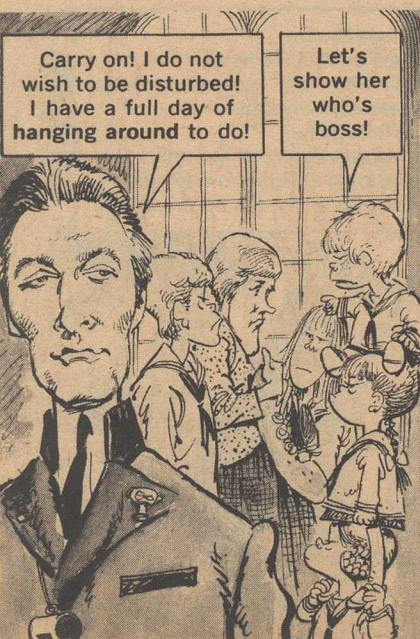
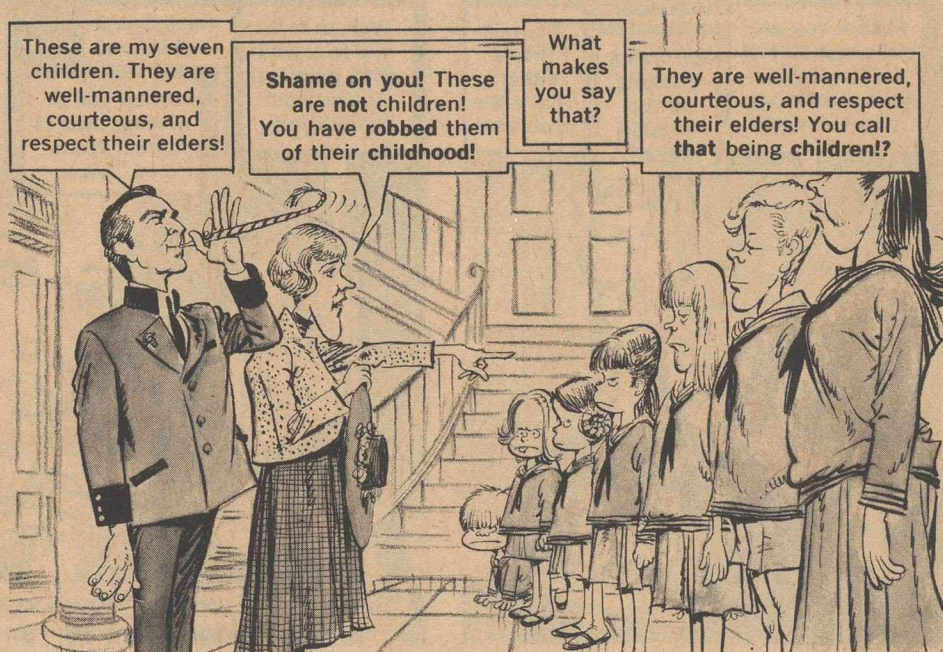
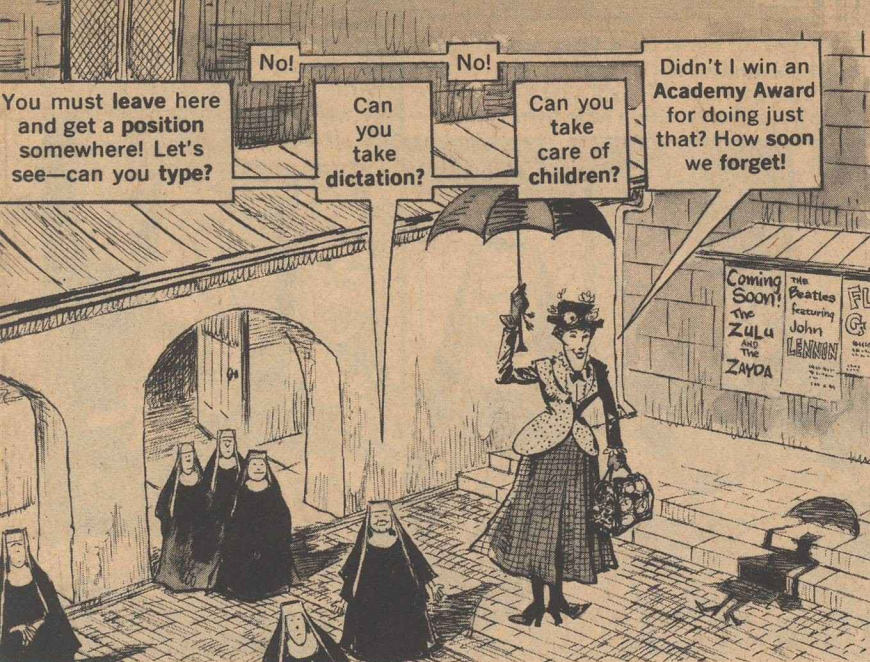
*Sung to the tune of "How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?"

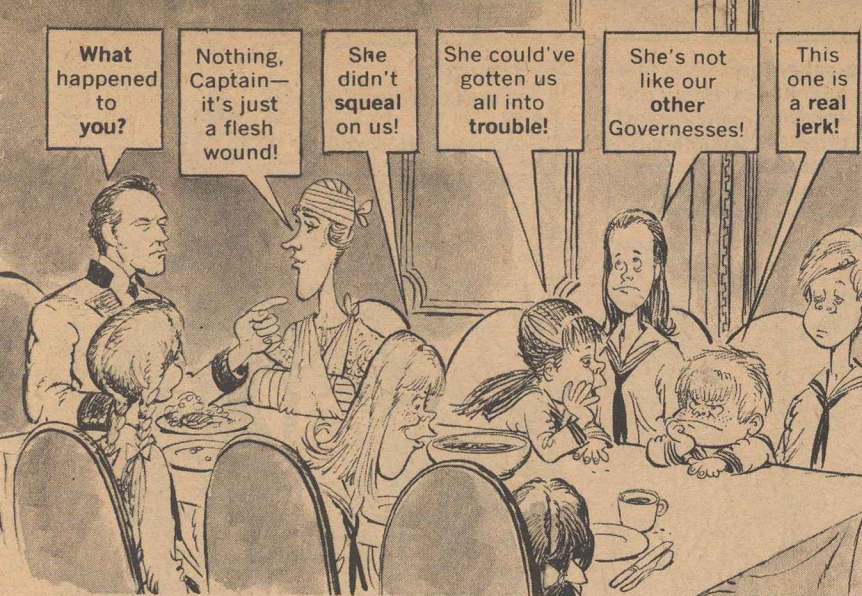
Just show a kookie Nun who rides a scooter; Or show a Sister try to fly a kite. The movies can make folks feel That all these events are real, And being a Nun is fun from morn' till night! People will eat up films about religion! Just keep them cor-ny, sacch-ar-in and trite!

Ingrid Bergman, you'll recall, As a Nun would play baseball; And sweet Audrey Hepburn, Convent life forswore; Sister Debbie was so swinging On her motorbike, while singing; Old Roz Russell, Donna Reed, and many more.

All the Nuns sang a lament While they mixed up their cement, Playing "Lilies Of The Field" with so much zeal; Deborah Kerr was quite specific On that spot in the Pacific; Celeste Holm, Loretta Young all had appeal. Yes . . . everyone loves a picture on religion— Long as the Nuns and Priests are so unreal!







What happened to you?

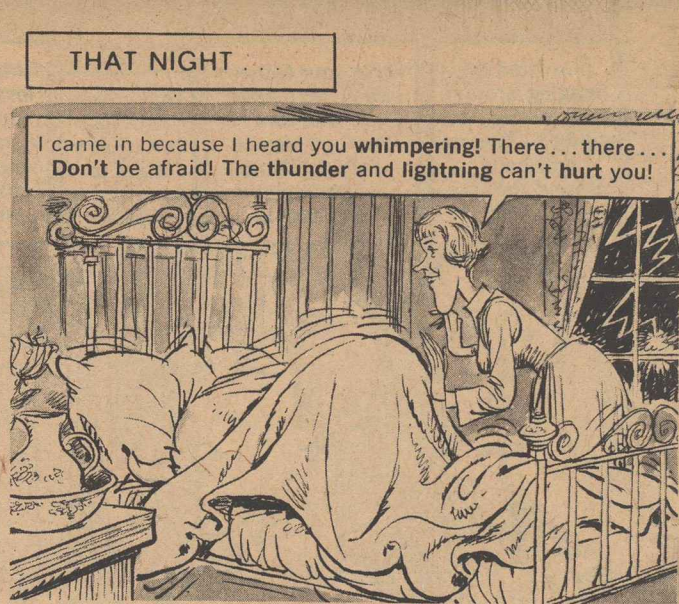
Nothing, Captain—it's just a flesh wound!

She didn't squeal on us!

She could've gotten us all into trouble!

She's not like our other Governesses!

This one is a real jerk!



THAT NIGHT ...

I came in because I heard you whimpering! There... there... Don't be afraid! The thunder and lightning can't hurt you!



That's what **YOU** think! And get your hands off my security blanket!!



We're frightened of the thunder and lightning, too, Mitzia!

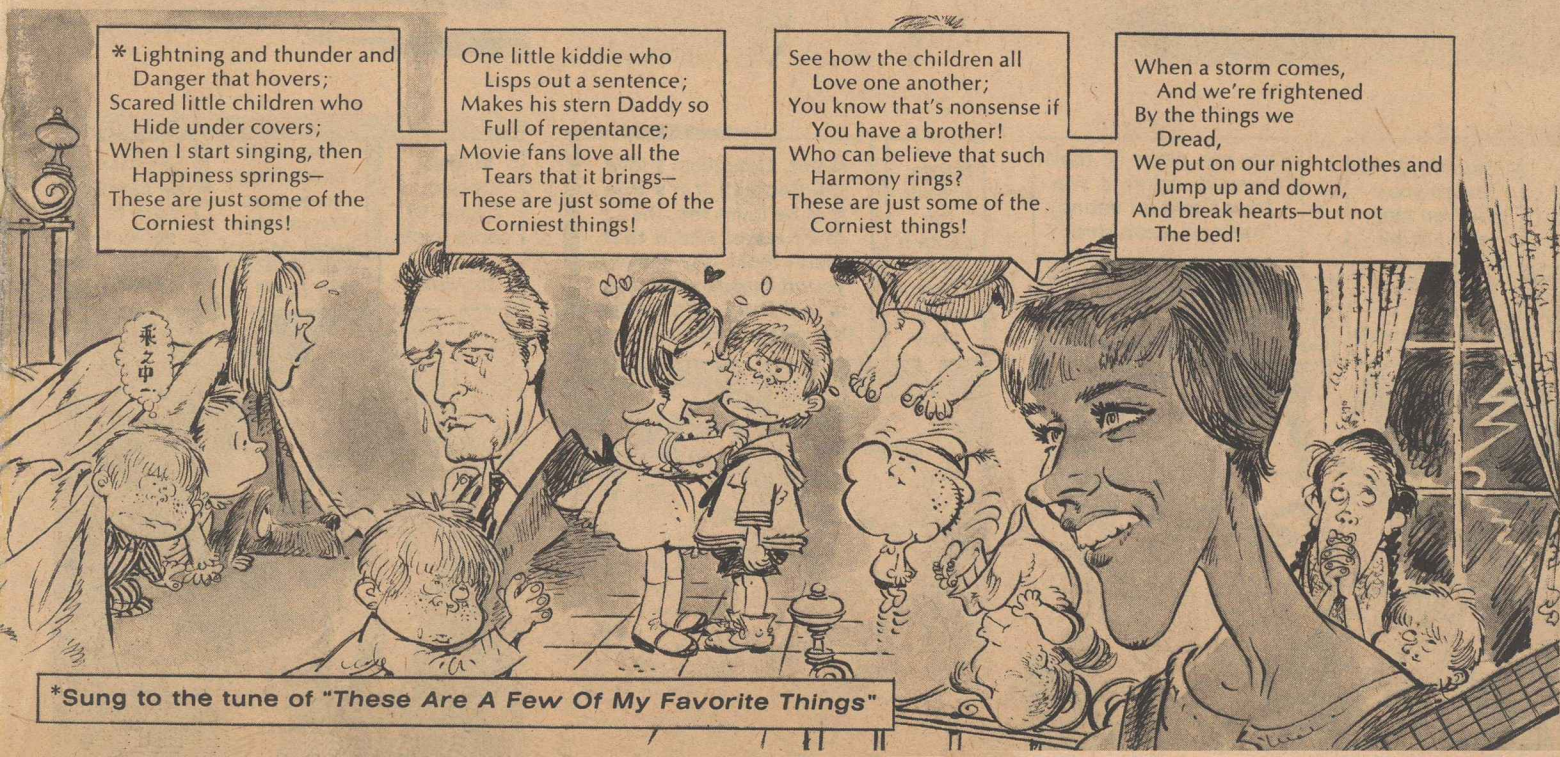
Don't worry! I'll fix that! I'll sing you a song!

What will that do?

Well, it will get rid of the thunder and lightning for a while... so the audience can hear the music and lyrics! And that should rid you of your fright!

Boy... that's the corniest old gimmick!

That's not the **ONLY** one we'll be pulling in this movie! Want to hear some others?



* Lightning and thunder and Danger that hovers; Scared little children who Hide under covers; When I start singing, then Happiness springs—These are just some of the Corniest things!

One little kiddie who Lips out a sentence; Makes his stern Daddy so Full of repentance; Movie fans love all the Tears that it brings—These are just some of the Corniest things!

See how the children all Love one another; You know that's nonsense if You have a brother! Who can believe that such Harmony rings? These are just some of the Corniest things!

When a storm comes, And we're frightened By the things we Dread, We put on our nightclothes and Jump up and down, And break hearts—but not The bed!

* Sung to the tune of "These Are A Few Of My Favorite Things"

I'm tired of hanging around the country! I'm going to Vienna and hang around the city for a while!

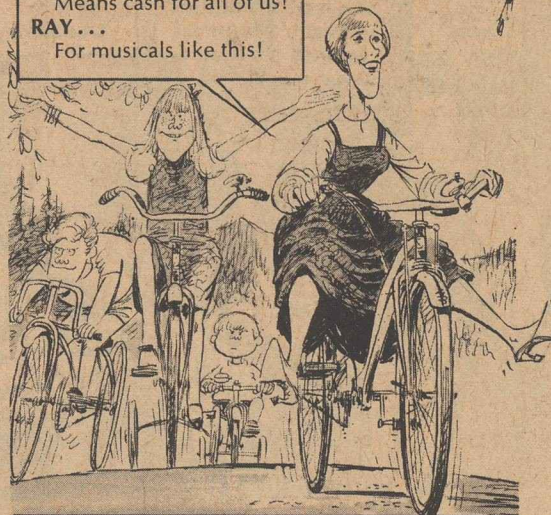
While your father's away, let's have a little fun! We'll go bicycle riding, hiking, swimming and picnicking!

That's okay with us, but what's it got to do with this story?

Nothing at all! But movie fans love to see scenes where unhappy kids are finally having a good time! It's commercial! And remember! We're not in this movie for our health! We're in it for the **MONEY!!**

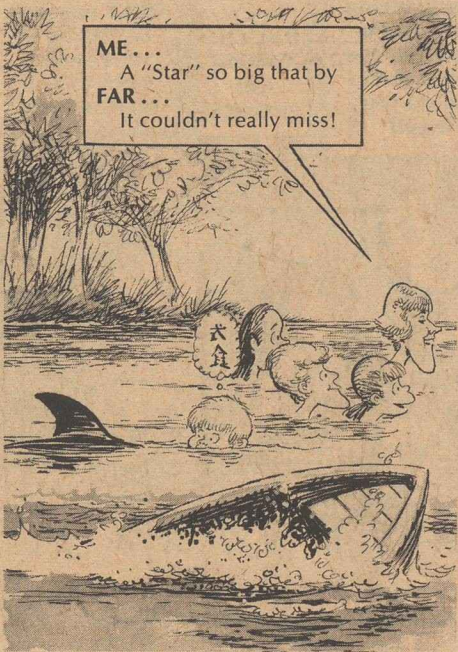


*** DOUGH ...**
Means cash for all of us!
RAY ...
For musicals like this!

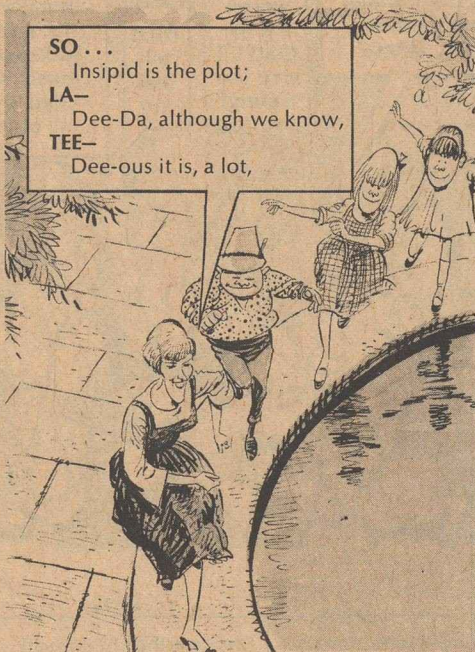


***Sung to the tune of "Do...Re...Mi"**

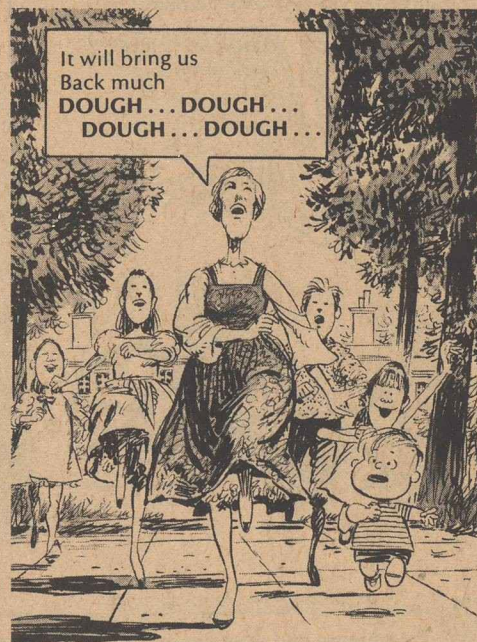
ME ...
A "Star" so big that by
FAR ...
It couldn't really miss!



SO ...
Inspid is the plot;
LA—
Dee-Da, although we know,
TEE—
Dee-ous it is, a lot,



It will bring us
Back much
DOUGH ... DOUGH ...
DOUGH ... DOUGH ...



Captain, I've heard your children sing, and I think they have a great future working in Show Business!

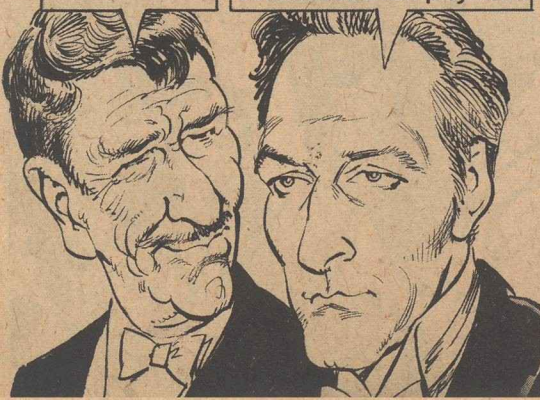
They can never do that! It would violate a Von Tripe tradition dating back six centuries!

What tradition?

Continuous Unemployment!

Mitzia, I think the Captain is in love with you!

B-but, Countess! I love the Captain! If it's true that he loves me, then I must leave! And if that doesn't make any sense to you, it makes even less to me! But I didn't write this picture! Did anyone?



Mother Obsess, I want to come back to the Convent!

You can't come here to escape the outside world, Mitzia!

Why not??

Because we came here to escape from you!!



Countess,
I cannot
marry
you
I am in
love with
someone
else!

You didn't have
to tell me! I am
a woman, and a
woman's heart
knows! It's that
Dancer in Vienna!

It's
that
Nurse
in
Salzburg!

That
waitress
in
Carlsbad?

Well,
who
is
it,
then?

All right, I'll
tell you! It's
... it's ...
I'm so bad at
remembering
names ...

Mitzia??

You
are
so
wise!

Are you sure it's
love, Captain? Or
could it just be
the fascination
of saving money
on a Governess?

If you really
knew me, you
wouldn't ask
that question!
Actually, it's
a little of both!!

No, it isn't her!

Not her,
either!

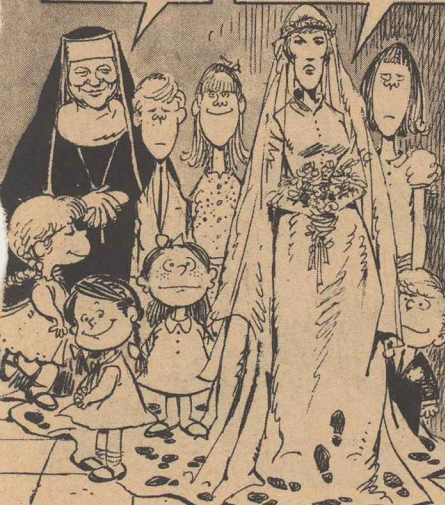
No, not
her
either!

Guess!



Isn't it lovely,
Mitzia! You've
got seven little
attendants!

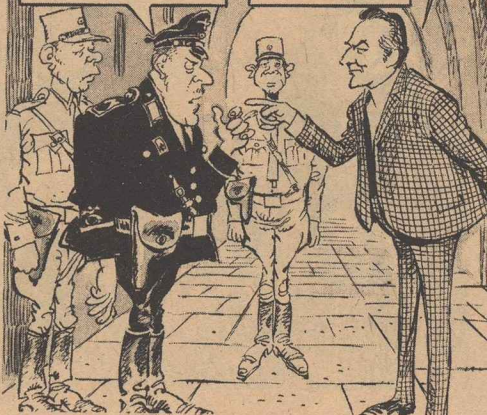
What's so lovely?
They're all from
HIS side of the
family!



Sorry to interrupt
your honeymoon,
Captain, but
I order you to
report to
Bremerhaven
to join the
German Navy!

You must be joking!

Listen, Bud,
I'm not one
of those
lovable Nazis
you see on
television!



I can't join
the German
Navy, Mitzia!
I just can't!

Poor dear!
It's against
your
principles!

No, it isn't that!
You see, I'm not
really a Captain!
I just have this
"thing" for
Sailor Suits!



We must leave
Austria, but
the Nazis are
watching every
road out!

Let's join the
children at the
Folk Singing
Festival, and
then escape!

Excellent idea! Pack
only what we'll need
for the trip! That's
three Sailor Suits,
two Whistles, and my
Security Blanket!



We've finished
our song! Now's
our chance to
escape!

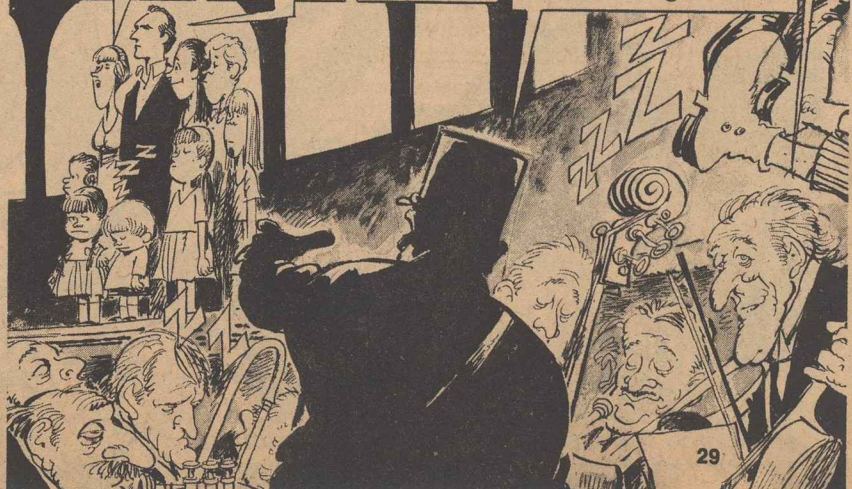
While the
audience is
applauding?

No ...
while the
audience is
sleeping!

Stop them ... stop them!

From trying to escape?

No, from doing an encore!



Stop them! Stop them!

From doing an encore?

No, idiot! From escaping!

You can hide here, Mitzia, but you must not make a sound!

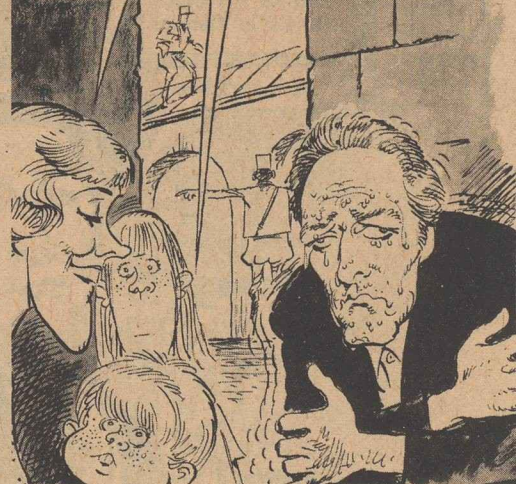
Why? Are you afraid we'll get caught?

No! I'm afraid you'll start singing! Then I'll give myself up!!

Children, you must be very brave!

Why, Mitzia?

So you can set a good example for your father!



The search party is gone! It will be safe to leave!

Besides, I took this out of the Nazis' car! Did I do wrong, Mother Obsess?

I'm afraid so, Sister! This part is from Von Tripe's car!



Let's see! Have we forgotten anything?

I don't think so! I packed toothbrushes, underwear—

Not that stuff! I mean, have we forgotten any element that will make sure this movie is a resounding success?

Well now, we've got the "Religion," the "Corny Stuff," the "Tear-Jerking Parts," a "Happy Ending"—There's only one other element! **PROPER MERCHANDISING!** We'll...



* Play just one theater in every town; Only sell reserved seats; Turn most people down.

Charge high admissions; Let people wait; That will make them think they're Seeing something great!

Our picture will grab All the loot it can get, And with music like this, The L.P.'s a sure bet!

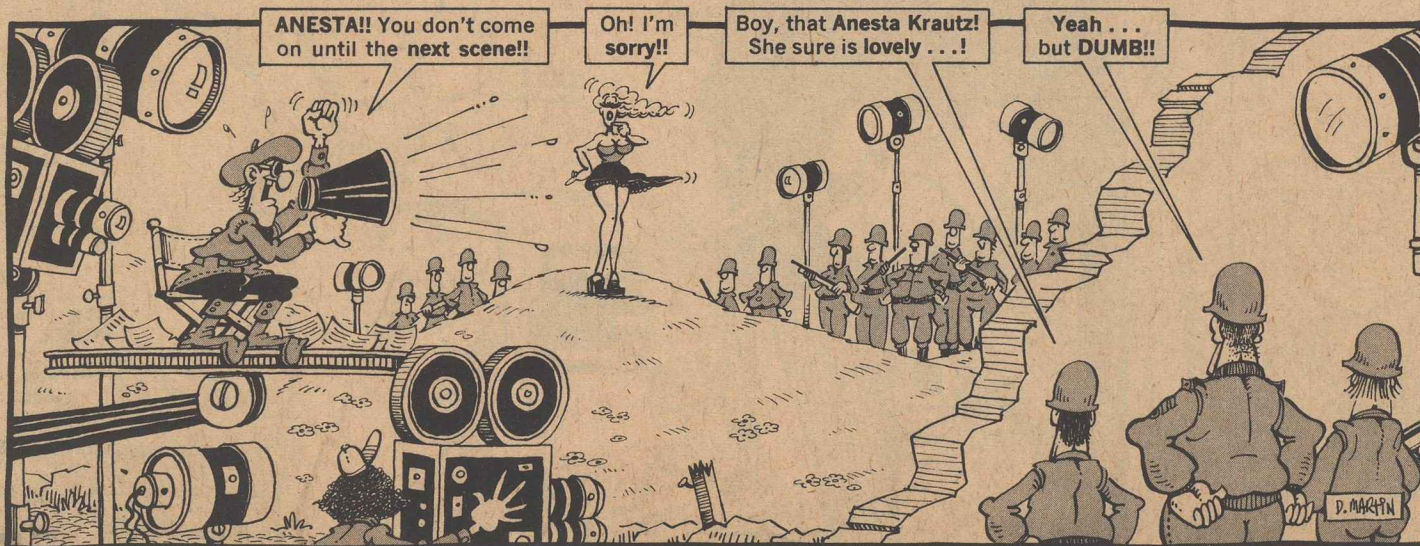
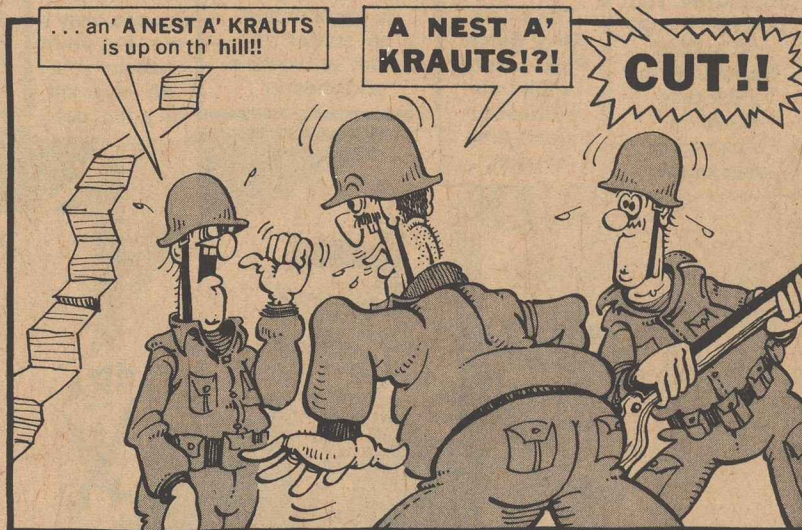
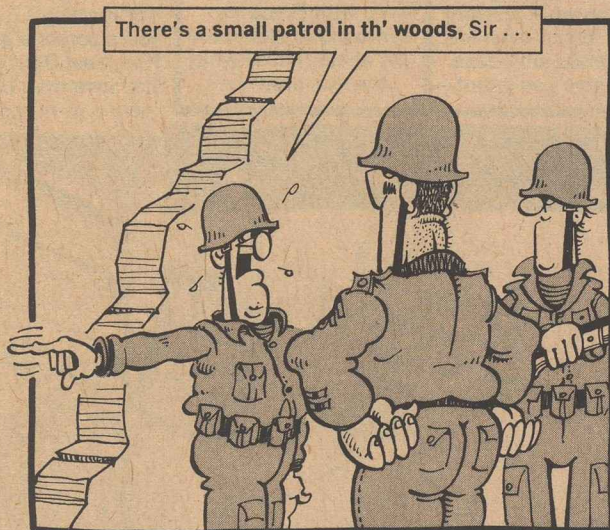
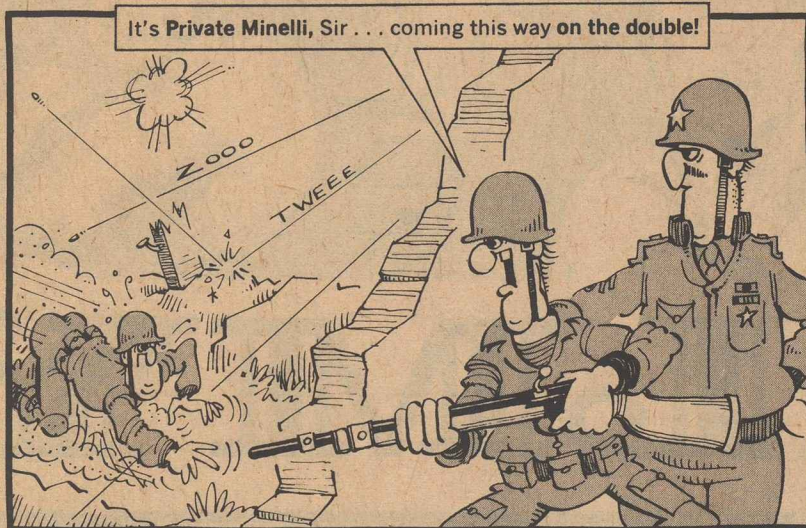
With all these profits, Things will be fine! When we top "Fair Lady," Ven-geance ... will ... be ... mine!



*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain!"

By George ... she's got it!

ONE DAY WHILE FILMING A WORLD WAR II MOVIE



Hello! I'm sullen actor, **Warren Booty!** I recently starred in a **great film epic** about the Depression Era of the Thirties. I got the part because I'm a **sensitive actor**, I'm a **versatile performer**, and by a fantastic coincidence, I also happened to be the **Producer!**

This is my co-star, **Faye Runaway**. The historic couple we're supposed to play in this film were **really ugly, savage killers**. But after watching the movie for five minutes, you'll know at once what famous American couple we're **really** portraying . . . **Steve and Eydie Lawrence!**

This picture deals with one of the most **violent crime waves** in American history.

Oh, by the way, the girl who just walked in is my sister, **Shirley MacKook!** She recently starred in "**Woman Times Eight!**"! But that was another violent crime . . .



BAILEY

Hi, thayah, you purty li'l thang. Ah'm **Clod Barrow**. Ah'm a full-time ex-con an' a part-time degenerate.

Tha's nice. Ah'm **Balmy Parker**. Ah'm a full-time waitress an a part-time moron.

Whaddaya say? Let's do some robbin' an' spittin' an' cussin' an' stabbin' and shootin'.

Sounds okay t' me. But Ah'm warnin' you. Ah never kill on a firs' date.

See this hyar gun? Guess what it **really stan'** for in mah life. Go ahaid an' guess. Ah'll give you a hint—

It got somethin' t' do with **Freud an' symbolism**. Heh, heh! Go ahaid, guess what the gun stan' for.

Yor mother . . . an' you a son of a gun! Hee, hee! Don' you jus' love mah cute sense of humor?

BEECH-NUT
CHEWS BEST
TASTES BEST



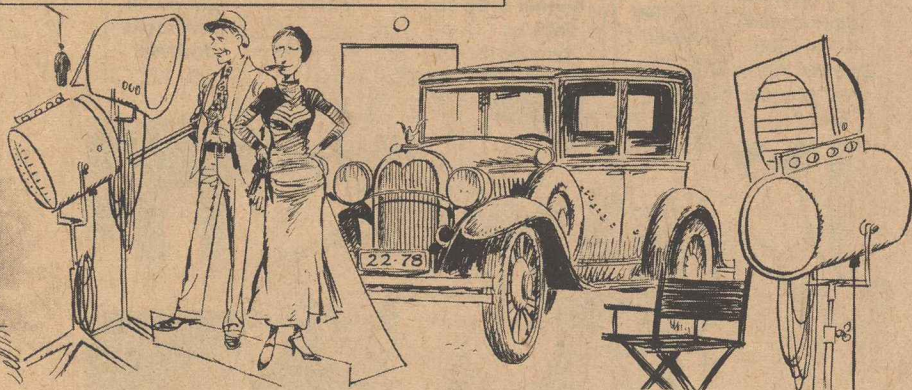
Hires
ICE
COLD

SE
HABLA
ESPAÑOL
AQUI



Some people have asked me how I happen to be qualified to produce films at my age. Well, actually I am a great student of the motion picture. In fact, I've seen every movie that Walt Disney ever made. I just love his adorable little animals. And now, speaking of adorable little animals, here is the story of . . .

WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPT.



AND CILLOID

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hoo—boy, are you stupid!

Well, Ah tol' you Ah'm a part-time moron! An' Ah'm "On Duty" now!

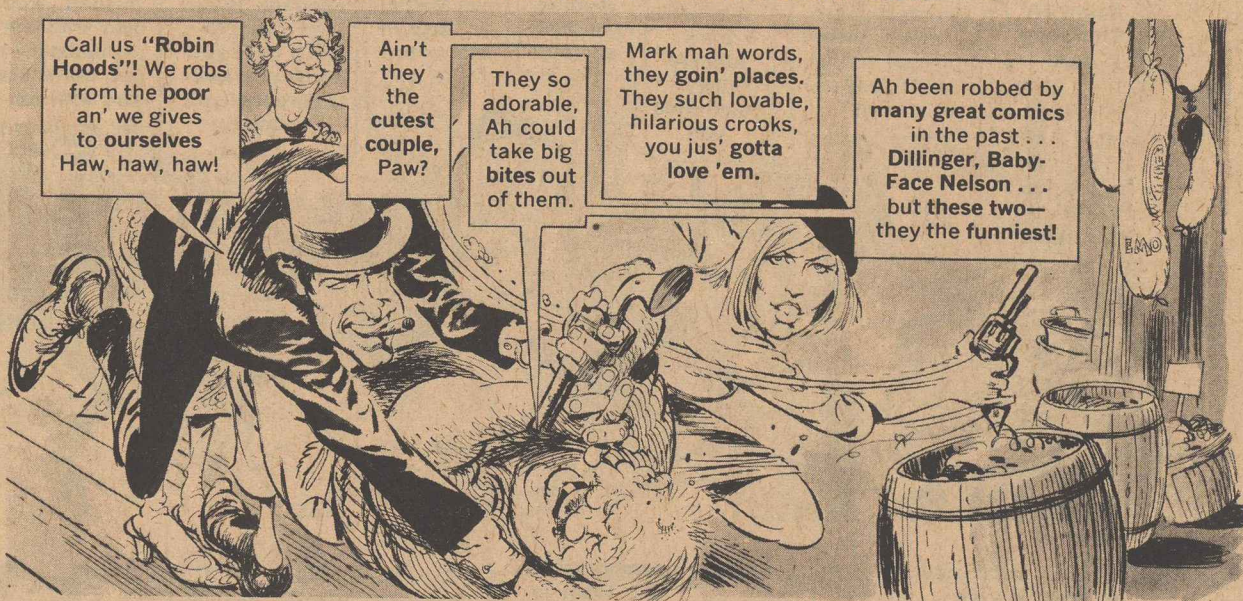
Call us "Robin Hoods"! We robs from the poor an' we gives to ourselves Haw, haw, haw!

Ain't they the cutest couple, Paw?

They so adorable. Ah could take big bites out of them.

Mark mah words, they goin' places. They such lovable, hilarious crooks, you jus' gotta love 'em.

Ah been robbed by many great comics in the past . . . Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson . . . but these two—they the funniest!

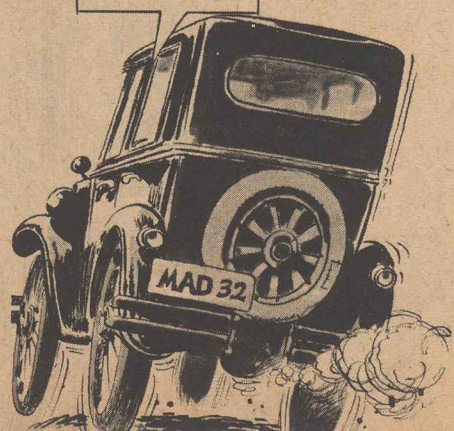


Oh, Clod, waren't that fun? We gonna have such a happy life together. Kiss me! Hug me! Make out with me!

No makin' out! Ah cain't make out with you!

You cain't make out with me? Why? 'Cause you got problems? 'Cause you sick? 'Cause you need a haid doctor?

No, 'cause Ah happen t' be drivin' this car at eighty miles an hour!



Balmy ... C. W. ...
This mah brother,
Cluck, an' his wife,
Blunjid. They gonna
join our mob ...

Great. When we make
our nex' haul, we
c'n split the sixty
cents FIVE ways
instead of three!

C'mon,
evahbody,
le's pose
fo' funny
pitchers!

Ain't it great
t' be young
an' alive an'
in love ...

... an'
wanted fo'
murder ...

... an'
posin' fo'
pitchers ...

... an'
stupid!

Why you
say we
stupid?

You see
anybody
workin' the
camera?



Hyar
they
come
agin,
folks!

They wowed
'em at the
Firs'
National
Bank!

They
panicked
'em at
Secon'
Federal!

They
killed
'em at
Farmer's
Trust!

Now hyar they
are with a
bigger n'
funnier act
than evah!

Five great
performers!
FIVE ... !!
Count
'em!

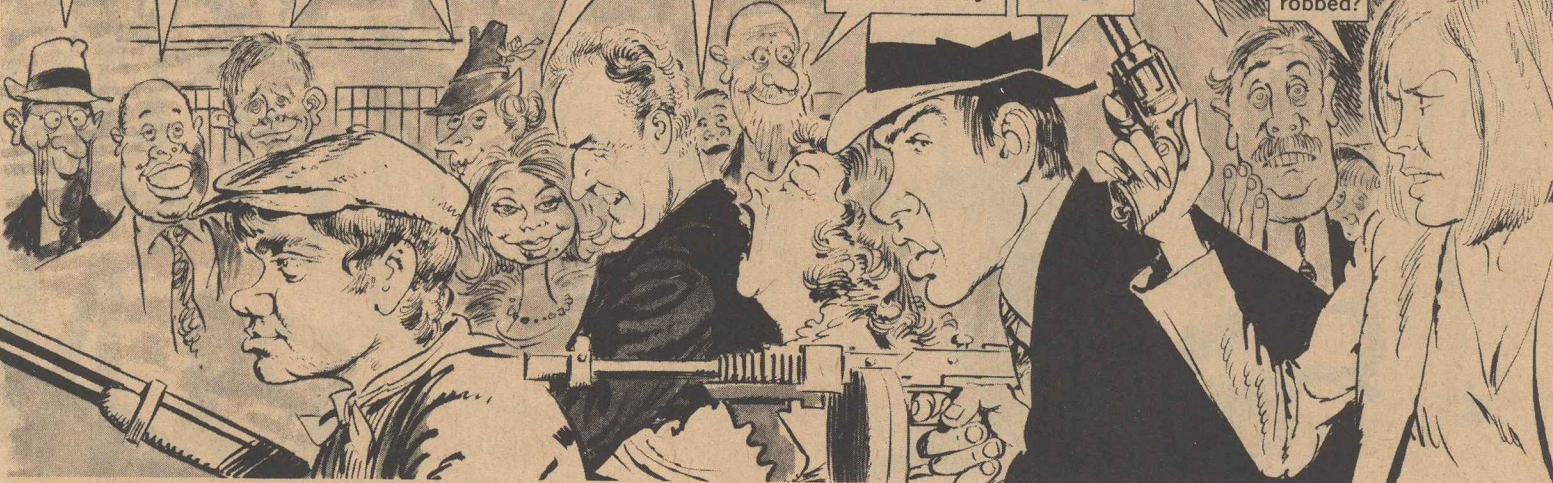
Hey, Clod, you
kidnapped mah
pappy yestiddy!
Where you want
me to leave the
ransom money?

With our
agents—
at the
William
Morris
Office!

I can't
stand it!
I just
can't
stand it!

What!?
Yor
bank
bein'
robbed?

No—all this
"hick" talk!
This is a
New York
City bank!



We been goin' together
fo' 51 bank jobs an'
112 killing's! Le's
make out now, Clod!

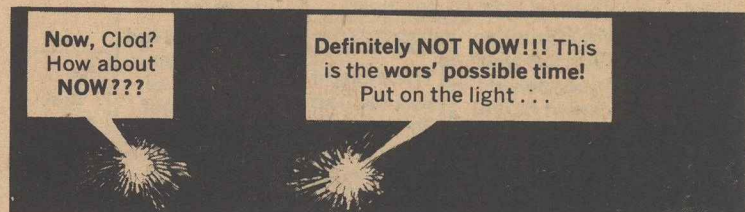
You outta
yor mind??
**NOT
NOW!**

Now,
Clod?
NOW??

You mus'
be insane!
NOT NOW!!

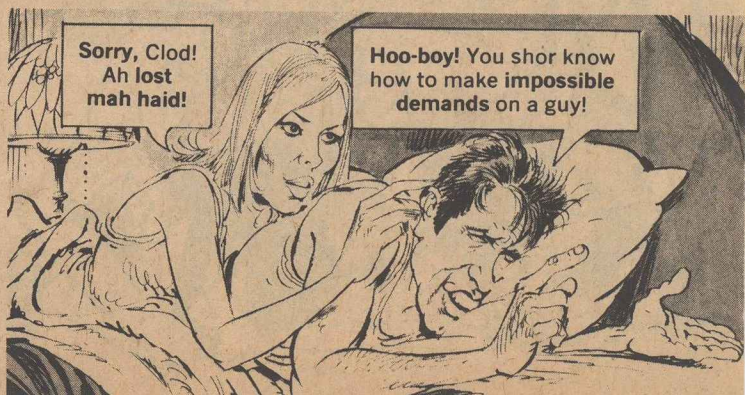
Now, Clod?
How about
NOW???

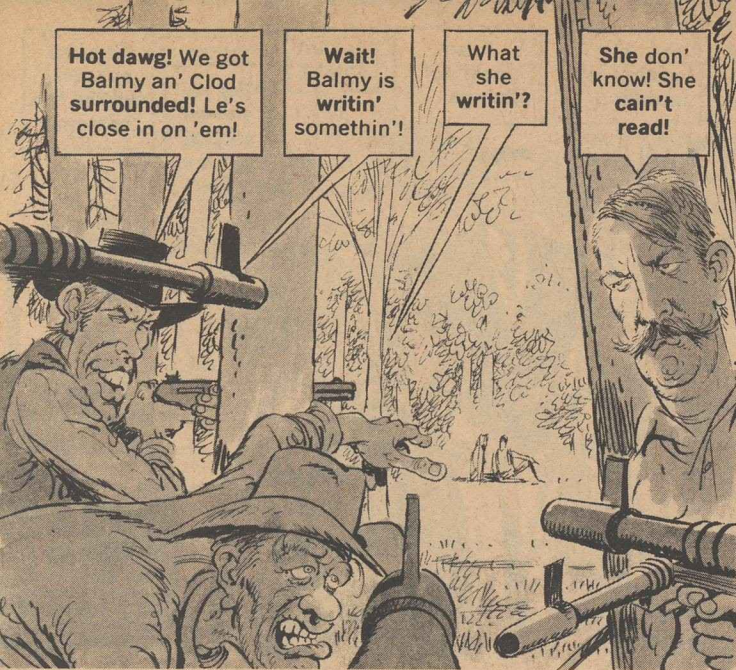
Definitely **NOT NOW!!!** This
is the wors' possible time!
Put on the light ...



Sorry, Clod!
Ah lost
mah haid!

Hoo-boy! You shor
know
how to make impossible
demands on a guy!





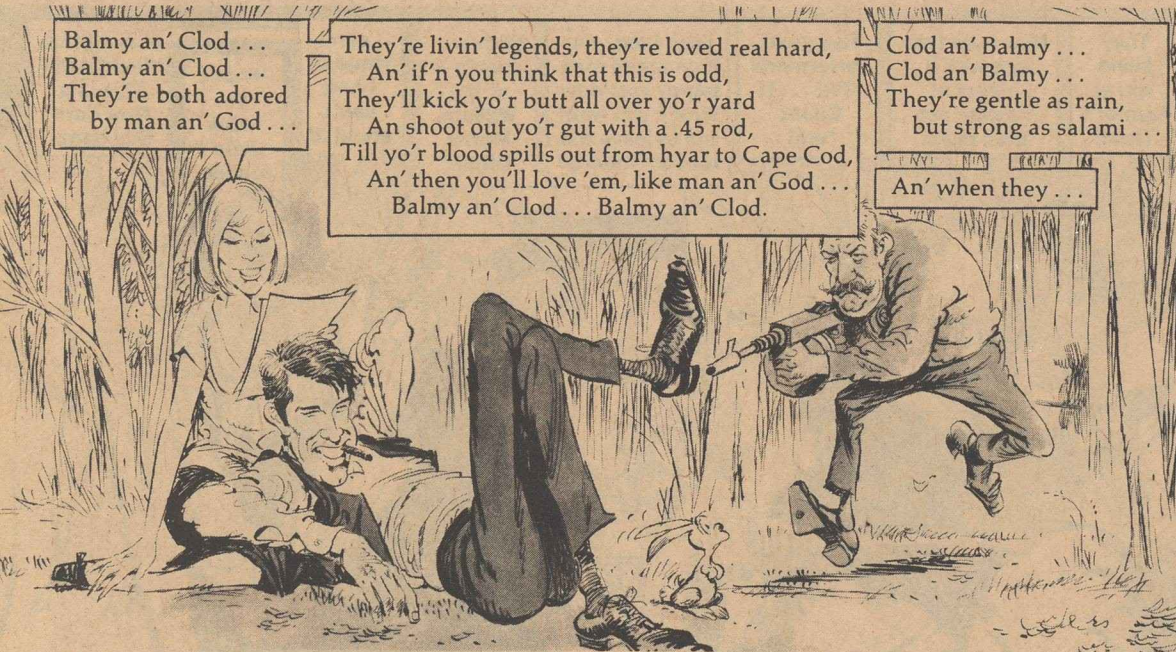
Hot dawg! We got
Balmy an' Clod
surrounded! Le's
close in on 'em!

Wait!
Balmy is
writin'
somethin'!

What
she
writin'?

She don'
know! She
cain't
read!

Clod, Ah got two s'prises fo' you! Firs', Ah learned how t' read
yestiddy ... an' secon', Ah jus' wrote somethin' which Ah
thinks is beautiful. When Ah read it to you, you gonna be
so inspired, won'erful thangs is gonna happen to our ...
you should pardon the expression ... LOVE LIFE!

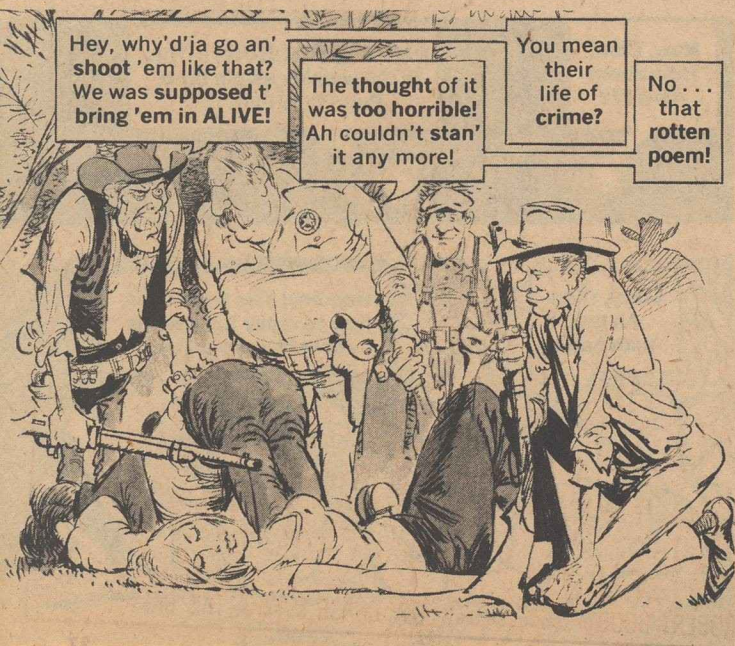


Balmy an' Clod ...
Balmy an' Clod ...
They're both adored
by man an' God ...

They're livin' legends, they're loved real hard,
An' if'n you think that this is odd,
They'll kick yo'r butt all over yo'r yard
An shoot out yo'r gut with a .45 rod,
Till yo'r blood spills out from hyar to Cape Cod,
An' then you'll love 'em, like man an' God ...
Balmy an' Clod ... Balmy an' Clod.

Clod an' Balmy ...
Clod an' Balmy ...
They're gentle as rain,
but strong as salami ...
An' when they ...

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



Hey, why'd'ja go an'
shoot 'em like that?
We was supposed t'
bring 'em in ALIVE!

The thought of it
was too horrible!
Ah couldn't stan'
it any more!

You mean
their
life of
crime?

No ...
that
rotten
poem!

Balmy! Clod! What have
you done to 'em? Tell
me! Ah gotta know ...
what did you do to 'em?

Ah'll give it to you
straight, C. W. ... We done
blowed their brains out!

Oh, thank God!
That means they
c'n still lead
normal lives!

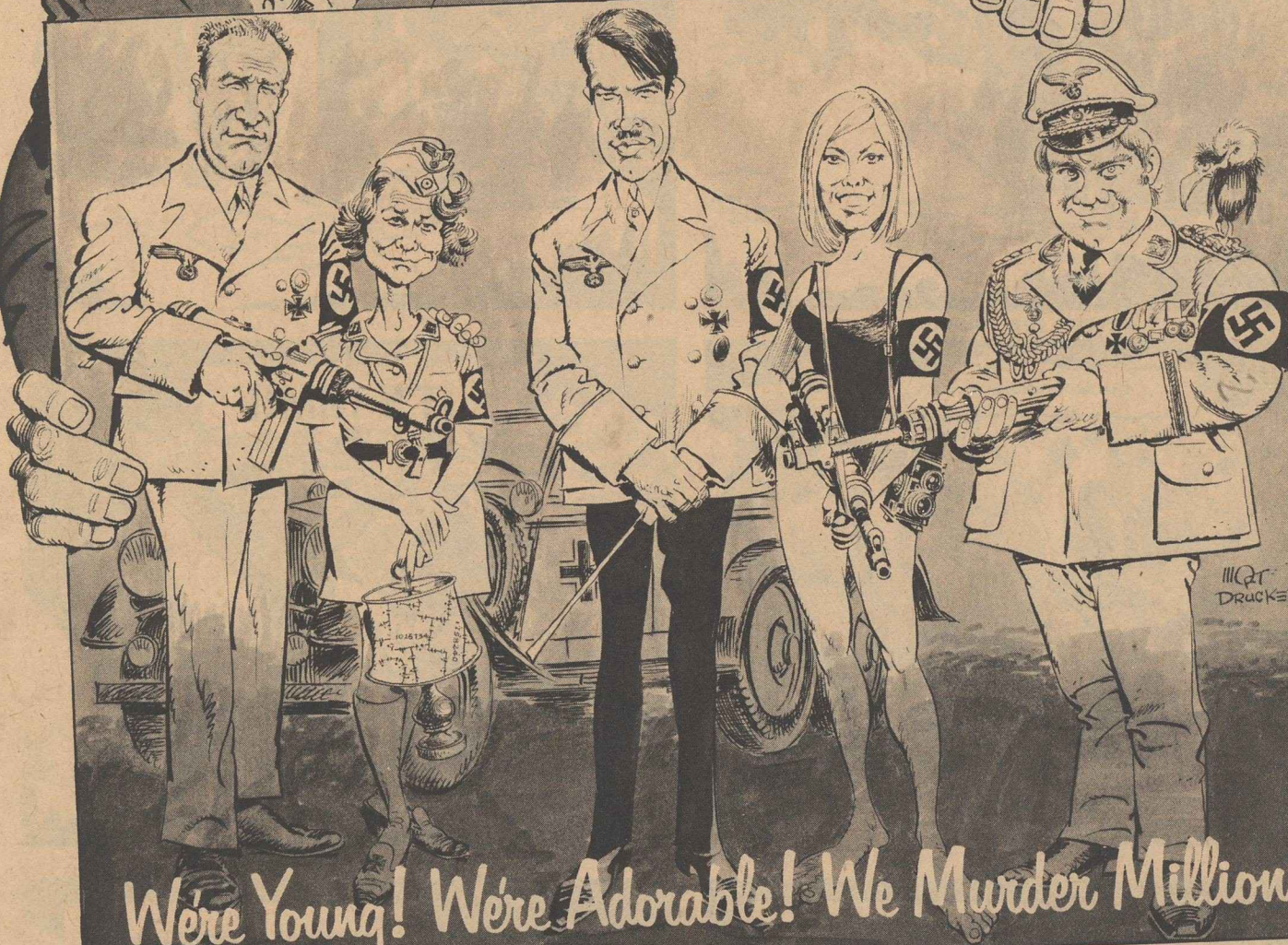


Well, that's our picture!
And what a fantastically
successful one it's been!
We've made millions on it!

And now, for all our loyal fans . . . particularly
you wonderful teenagers who identified so strongly
with our adorable hero and heroine . . . I've got a
marvelous surprise for you! . . . Dig this poster:

My next picture deals with
still another . . . and if
possible . . . much better
"fun couple" of the Thirties!

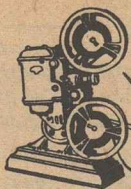
If you liked
"Balmy and
Clod" . . .
you'll love—



WARRIEN BOOTY
FAYIE RUINAWAY
as those beloved Nazi nuts...
EVA AND IDOLF

History's most talked-about couple!
CO-STARRING
MICHAEL J. DULLARD as GOERING • **GENE HACKACK** as GOEBBELS,
and featuring **ESTELLE PARSNIPS** as the irresistible ILSA KOCH

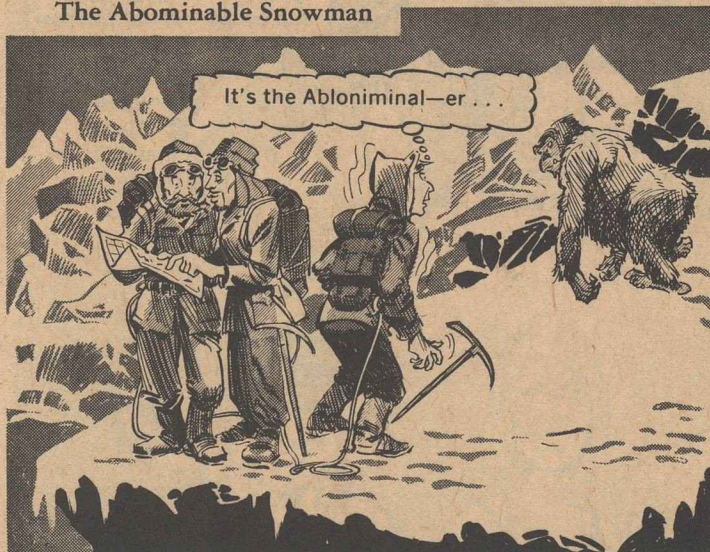
PRODUCED BY WARREN BOOTY • DIRECTED BY ARTHUR PINHEAD • WRITTEN BY DAVID NINNY and ROBERT BOOBY
FROM AN IDEA SUGGESTED BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK



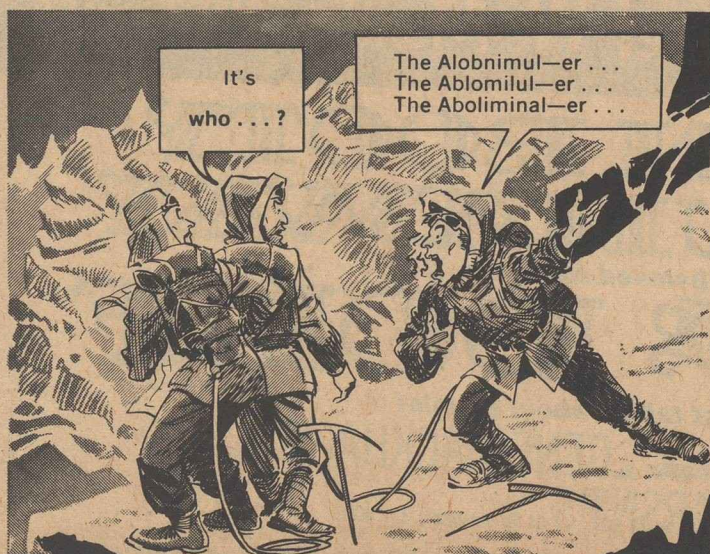
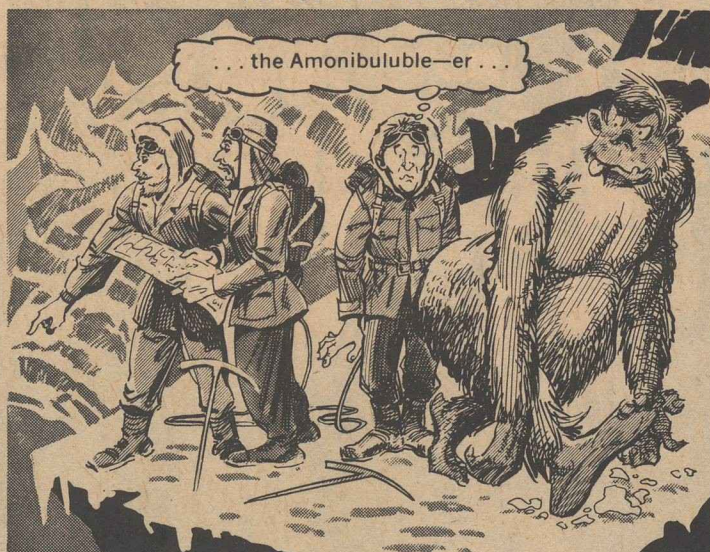
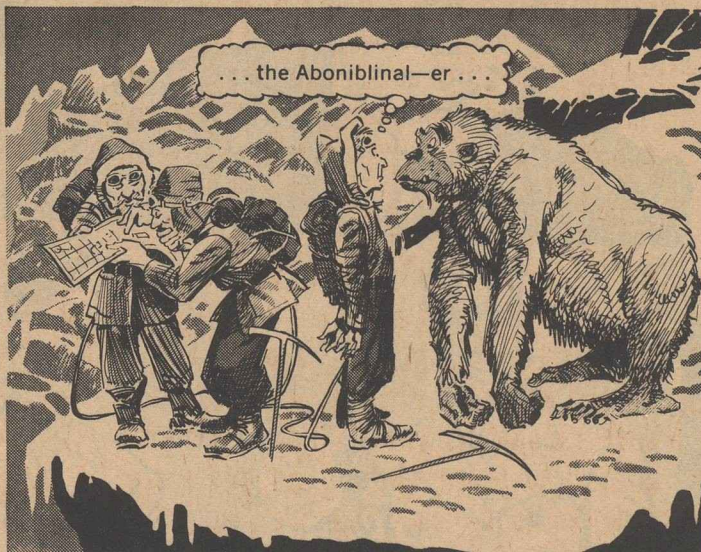
HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Abominable Snowman



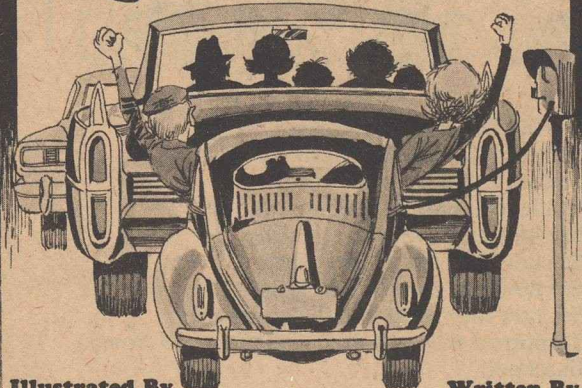
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO





According to a recent MAD survey, hardly anybody reads the introductions to these articles. In fact, we discovered that there is only one person in the whole country who reads the introductions to MAD articles. You, Sonia Muffleknopf, of Evanston, Ill.! Hi, Sonia! It's nice communicating with you like this. And Sonia, guess what? We just learned that you are really Anastasia, the sole surviving member of Tsar Nicholas's family. There are \$7,000,000 worth of Russian crown jewels waiting for you under the letter box at the corner of State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Pick them up at your convenience. Don't worry—not a soul knows about this. The U.S. Government has authorized us to contact you this secret way. So, good luck, Sonia, with your new-found fortune. Just remember, while you are driving around in your shiny Cadillac or roaming thru your 40-room mansion with the swimming pool, that you owe it all to reading introductions to ridiculous MAD articles like this one, which presents . . .

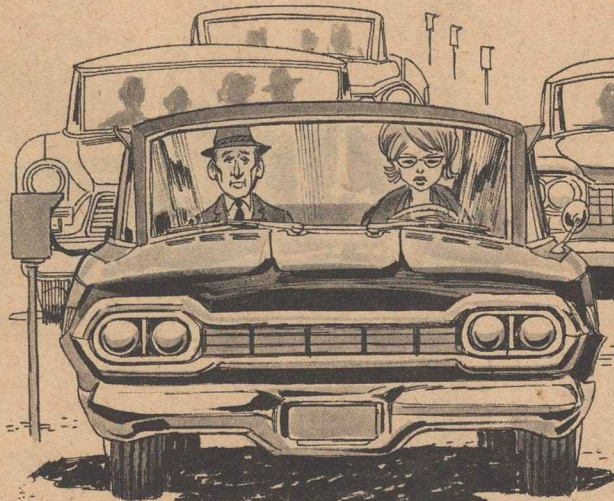
THE MAD drive-in movie primer



Illustrated By
George Woodbridge

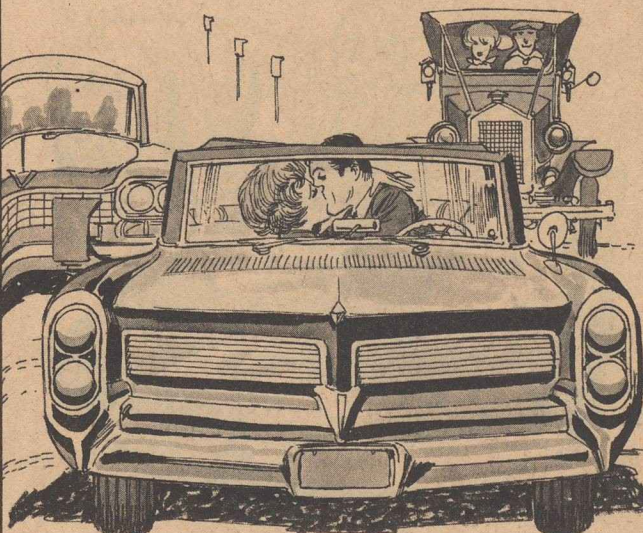
Written By
Larry Siegel

LESSON 1.



See the Drive-In Theater.
See the nice car parked in it.
See the nice man and lady in the car.
What a lovely couple they are.
The man and lady are married.
How do we know they are married?
Because they are in the Drive-In Theater
And they are not necking!

LESSON 2.



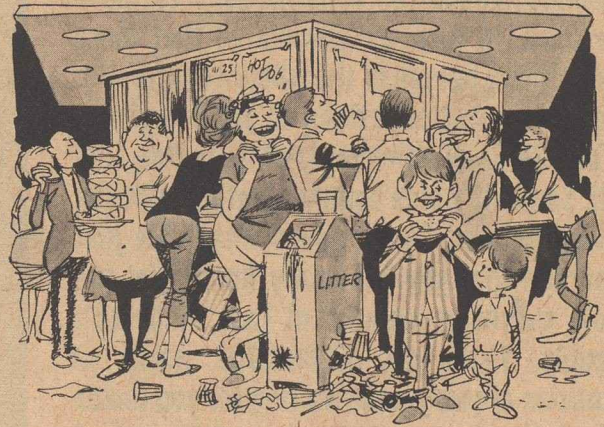
See the other nice man and lady.
See them kissing.
Kiss, man and lady, kiss.
What a pair of kissers!
This man and lady are not married.
No, sir!
Then again, they *could* be married—
But not to each other!

LESSON 3.



See the children in pajamas.
 Why are they wearing pajamas?
 So they will sleep in the back seat
 While their parents watch the movie.
 See how nicely they are sleeping.
 See how they talk in their sleep.
 See how they fight in their sleep.
 See how they sleep with their eyes open.
 Tomorrow they will sleep with their eyes closed.
 In school!

LESSON 4.



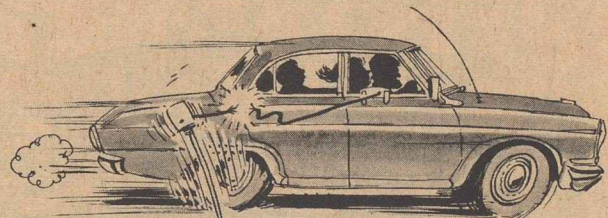
See the refreshment center.
 That's what it's called at a Drive-In.
 The owner has a cuter name for it.
 He calls it a "Gold Mine".
 See the people eating.
 Eat, people, eat.
 Chomp, slurp, gulp.
 Doesn't it remind you of feeding time at the zoo?
 Only the animals have better table manners.
 These people eat as if this is their last meal.
 Considering the quality of the food,
 For many of them—it is!

LESSON 7.



See the speaker.
 Every car has a speaker.
 See the angry man.
 Grrr! Grrr! Grrr!
 The angry man is smashing the speaker!
 Why is the man so angry?
 Because the movie he is watching is called
 "Gidget Goes Crazy"...
 And, unfortunately, his speaker works!

LESSON 8.



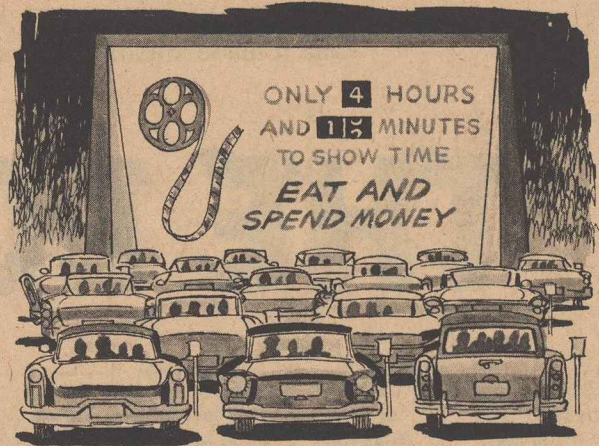
See the funny man.
 He has made a funny mistake.
 He has driven off...
 But he has forgotten to remove his speaker
 from his car door.
 The speaker wire has snapped...
 And the man is driving home with the speaker.
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 But some speaker wires are very strong.
 When drivers forget to remove these speakers
 from their car doors,
 They drive home without these speakers.
 They also drive home without their doors!

LESSON 5.



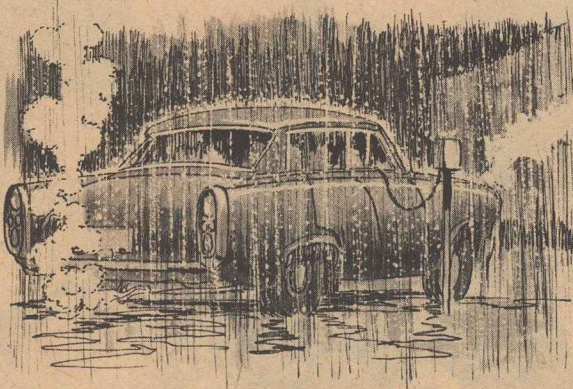
See the Amusement Area.
See the children having fun.
Amusement Areas serve two valuable functions:
They allow youngsters to get rid of excess energy,
And they allow youngsters to play in the night air.
This usually leads to two important results:
Dirty pajamas . . .
And pneumonia!

LESSON 6.



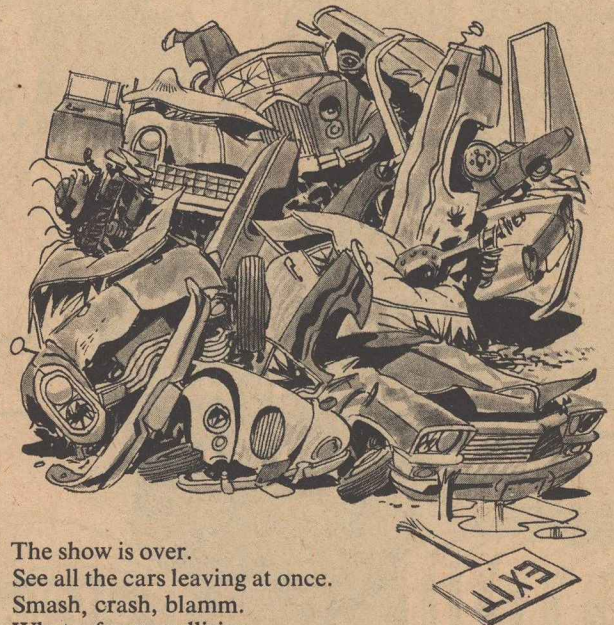
See the Drive-In Movie screen.
It tells you how many minutes to show time.
And how many minutes to the next announcement
Of how many minutes to show time.
It also tells you about the fabulous
Refreshment Center.
And Phil's Garage on Main Street.
And Ernie's Meat Market on Maple Avenue.
And Henry's Funeral Parlor on Elm Drive.
Aren't you glad you're not home watching TV
With all those lousy commercials?

LESSON 9.



See the rain come down.
Splish, splash, splosh.
See the windshield wipers working.
Flip, flap, flop.
Hear the defroster fans blowing.
Rrrr, rrr, rrr.
You can't beat a Drive-In Movie for a cheap evening.
It only costs \$1.00 per person to get in,
Plus \$4.85 . . .
For using up 15 gallons of gas
To keep the motor running
So the windshield wipers will work
And the defroster fans will blow
Without running down the battery.

LESSON 10.



The show is over.
See all the cars leaving at once.
Smash, crash, blamm.
What a funny collision.
It is a 312-car collision.
Tomorrow the owner will close his Drive-In Theater.
In its place, he will open an auto junkyard.
He is off to a grand start.
Look at all the lovely merchandise he has.

TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPT.

A while back, the folks in Hollywood made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a jet airliner. The movie was called "Airport." It was a huge success and it made millions! Recently, the folks in Hollywood said, "Now let's make a movie that's

THE POOPSIDED

Now, listen to me, Mr. Linassis! This ship is in danger! We could breach if we took a big wave on our beam! And we could founder if we shipped water over our starboard and port gunwales!

What do you suggest?

That we slow down and put some heavy stuff in the bottom!

You mean ballast in the keel!?

Yeah, that!

I figured there'd be a nautical term for it!

No way, Captain! Keep going at full speed ahead! Every day that we delay our cargo costs my company a fortune!

Er—what exactly IS our cargo?

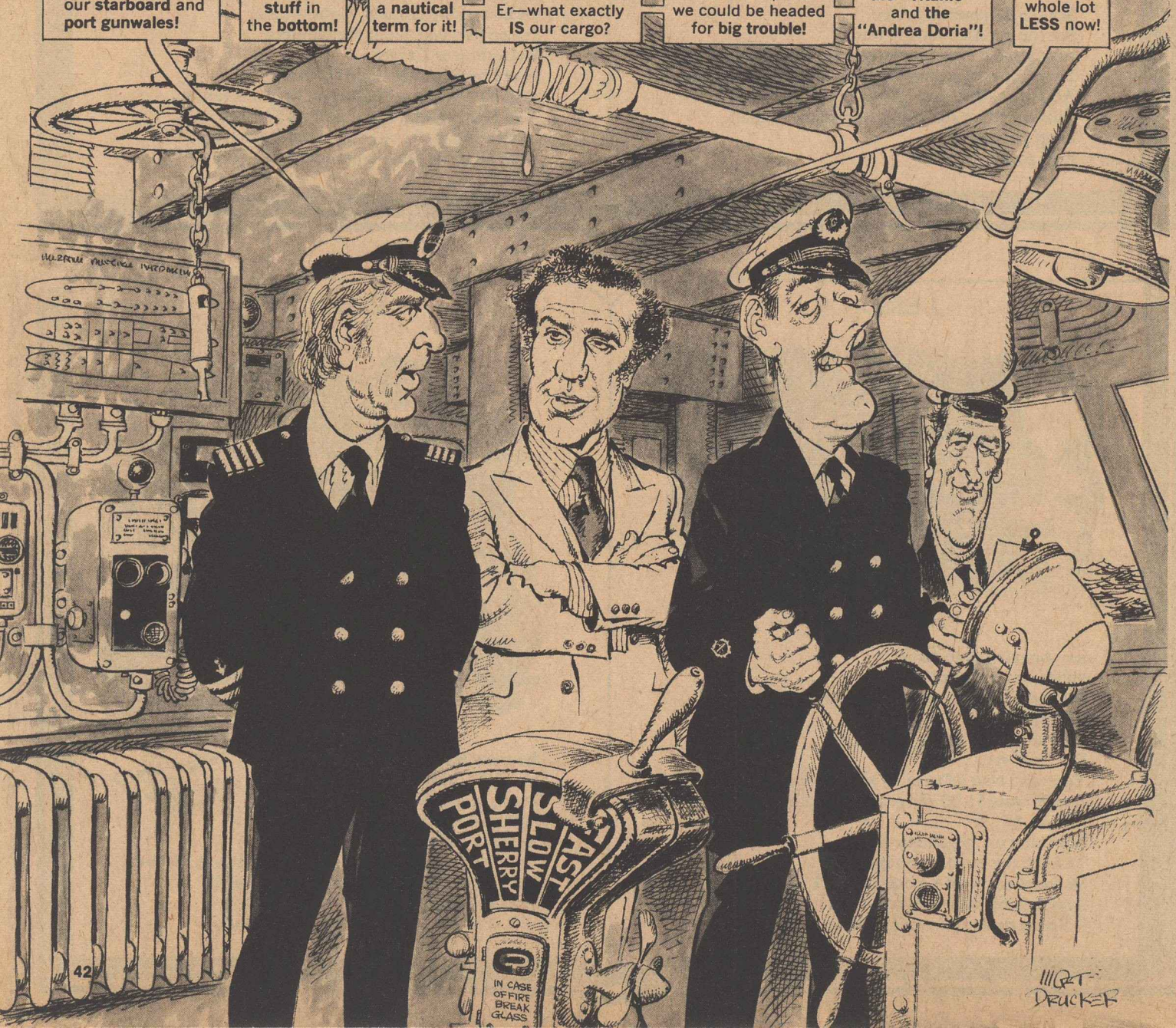
Air Mail Letters! So . . . get flying!

I'm warning you, Mr. Linassis! I've been Captain of three other ships before this, and we could be headed for big trouble!

I'll take my chances!

My three other ships were the "Lusitania," the "Titanic," and the "Andrea Doria"!

Uh—well—I'll STILL take my chances . . . but I like my chances a whole lot LESS now!



111RT
DEUCKER



completely new and different!" So they made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a luxury *oceanliner*! Here, then, is MAD's version of this completely new and different movie . . . this sort of "Underwater Airport" . . . which we have titled . . .

OWN ADVENTURE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I CAN'T have dinner at the Captain's Table! Suppose I run into some **MAN** I knew! Listen . . . when I told you I was in the "**Body Business**," it didn't mean I used to fix dented cars!!

I **KNOW** what it meant! But you're different now! You have **self-respect**! You have **class**! You're no longer a common woman!

You know, you're **RIGHT**! I **WILL** have dinner at the Captain's table! And one **OTHER** thing! You made me think so much more of myself . . . I'm afraid I'm going to have to start charging you **DOUBLE**!!

Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Roseman!

You know, he's **lonely**! That's why he runs . . . so he won't notice!

He's **lonely**, all right! But that's not why he runs! There's a girl in a **Bikini** running up ahead of him! He's just trying to catch up!

FLY HADASSAH

Sure! Just ask God for anything . . . and He'll give it to you! **NUTS!!** I used to pray my knees off, and I got nothing in return . . . except a little shorter! I came from a **Godforsaken**, poor neighborhood! We had to burn furniture!

For heat?

No, for **laughs**! We were **poor**, but we had a sense of humor!

But what do you know about real suffering! My church was so cold, we didn't have **Holy Water** . . . we had **Holy ICE**! But I didn't take my hardships lying down! I fought back! I screamed and yelled from my pulpit! And I got results!!

Like what?

Like being thrown out of my parish!

No, Reverend! God's not looking for people who are down on their knees, **praying**! He's looking for people who are **UP**—on their feet, **fighting** . . . climbing . . . doing . . . living . . . grabbing all the happiness they can!

Your talk borders on the sacrilegious, Reverend Shout! Exactly what church do you belong to?

Our Lady Of Perpetual Motion!

Listen to this, Snoozin'...! The Poopsidedown is one of the most seaworthy ships ever built... except for one little incident!

WHAT incident?

At its launching ceremony, when they hit it with the champagne bottle, it turned upside-down! And listen to this! Its Generators make enough electricity to light all the homes in Furd, N.J.!

But there are only thirty-seven homes in Furd, N.J.!

I know! That's another thing wrong with this ship! Its Generators are too small!



My goodness... a yellow, a red, a blue, a green and an orange! You sure take a lot of vitamins, Mr. Martyr!

What vitamins? These are M & M's!

Are you married, Mr. Martyr?

No! With my work, I just don't have time! I hold two jobs, and it's a long day! I'm a Milkman, and a Night Watchman! Sometimes, I don't get home until 4 the following week!



How about you, Purser? Are you married?

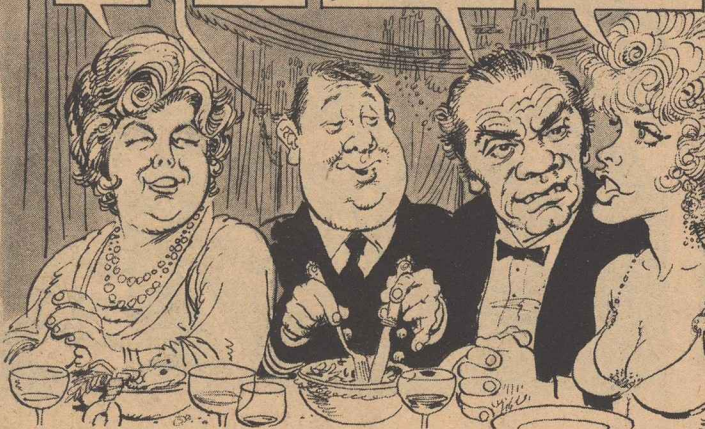
No, I have a Mistress!

He means the sea is his Mistress!

No, I don't! I mean your wife is my Mistress!

Limber, I just can't take you ANYWHERE!!

You said, "No more walking the streets!" You never said a word about walking the DECKS!



How does it feel to be the Captain of a ship, Mr. Captain?

It's not like what it used to be! Lately, I can't seem to keep my head above water! I keep getting this—sinking feeling! You know... like you're going under! But I really shouldn't complain! I guess we're all in the same boat!

Boy... am I sorry that I asked!!

Tell us, Captain! Who is this ship named after?

Poopsidedown, the Greek God of the Sea! That's his statue there!



Do you think it means anything that Poopsidedown just fell on the floor?

Er—just to be sure, I'll go to the—er—little room at the front of the boat!

You mean "The Bridge"?

Yeah! There!



Hello? Weather Station Athens? This is the Captain of The Poopsidedown! Can you give me the latest weather report for this area?

Yes, sir! At this moment, the sea is absolutely calm... except for one wave!

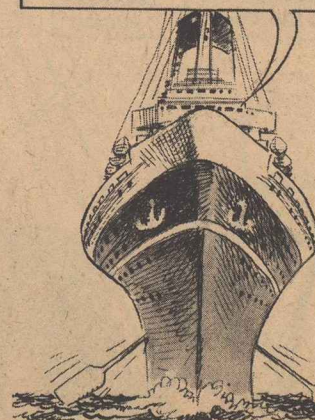
Oh, that's good!

One 90-foot wave!!

Oh, that's bad!



Engine Captain! This is the Room speaking! We have a slight need—but there's no emergency for alarm! Just hatten down the batches, close all watertight doors, secure all lifelines, ready all lifeboats... and prepare for an immediate death!



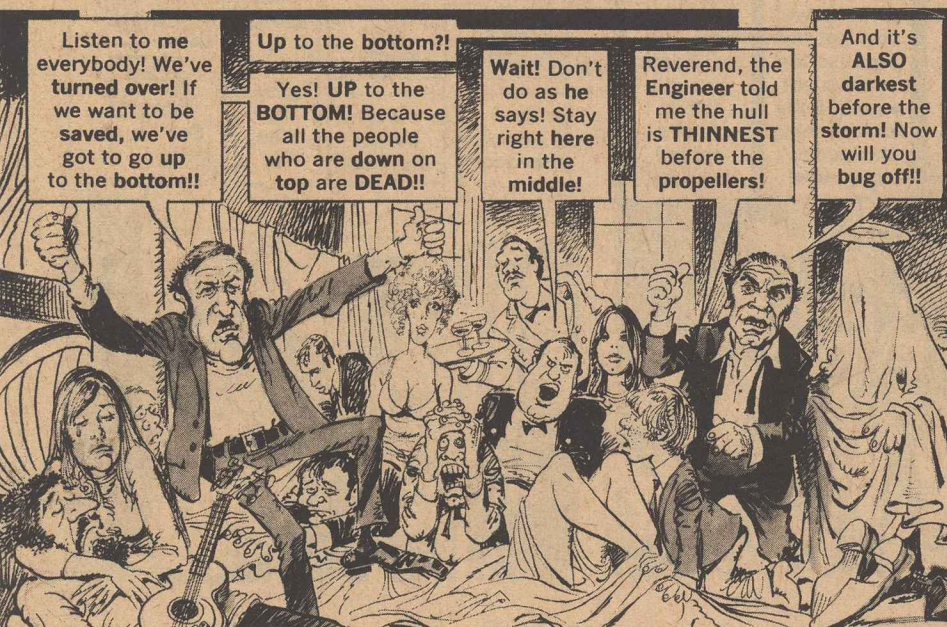


Captain! Look!
Over there! A
wall of water
90 FEET HIGH!

Oh, my God!
Talk about
SURF'S
UP!!!

Ladies and Gentlemen,
it's five seconds to
Midnight ... four ...
three ... two ... one
... HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

Wow! I've heard of wild New Year's Eve Parties ... but this
tops them all!! Or should I say, "This **BOTTOMS** them all!!"



Listen to me
everybody! We've
turned over! If
we want to be
saved, we've
got to go up
to the bottom!!

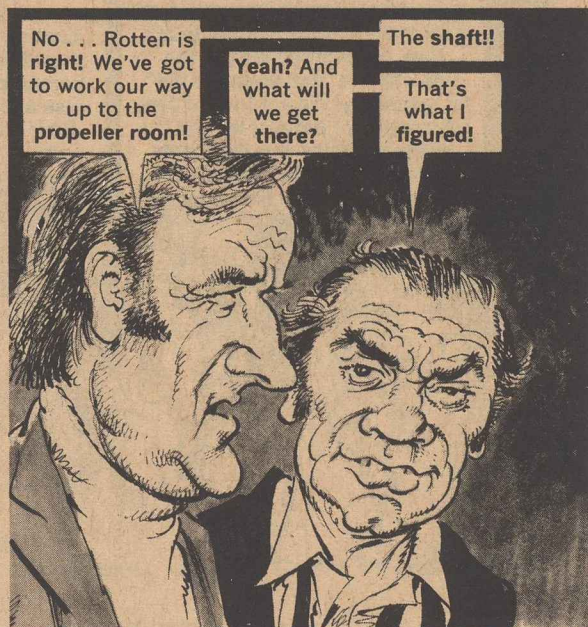
Up to the bottom?!

Yes! **UP** to the
BOTTOM! Because
all the people
who are down on
top are **DEAD!!**

Wait! Don't
do as he
says! Stay
right here
in the
middle!

Reverend, the
Engineer told
me the hull
is **THINNEST**
before the
propellers!

And it's
ALSO
darkest
before the
storm! Now
will you
bug off!!



No ... Rotten is
right! We've got
to work our way
up to the
propeller room!

Yeah? And
what will
we get
there?

The shaft!!

That's
what I
figured!



Come with
us! God
is only
going to
help us if
we help
ourselves!

No, Reverend Snout!
You go! You take the
strong who believe
in your new religion!
I believe in the **OLD**
religious ways!

What will
you do??

Stay here
and take
up a
collection!



Reverend
Shout!
Can you
help
me? I
think
I hurt
my leg!

Can you tell
for sure?

No, sir! Not
until I find
it! Anybody
see a leg
down there?

Stay there, Apers! We're coming
up! Now, we'll need something to
climb up! I know! We'll use that
fallen Christmas Tree! It's going
to be hard climbing it, with its
sharp metal ornaments, shorted
lights and rickety frame! But it's
a sacrifice God wants us to make!

Why not just use
that **big ladder**
leaning against
the wall?

What are
you—an
Atheist?



O.K., Mrs. Rougho!
You climb up first!
But you'll have
to take off that
long gown . . .

Sh—she ain't takin'
ANYTHING off! I—I
don't want all the
men in this room to
see her **UNDRESSED!!**

**YOU
SHOULD'VE
THOUGHT OF
THAT SIX
YEARS AGO!**



Marty! You bring
up the rear and
help all the
Feature Players!

But what
about the
Extras??!

The Extras can drown!
With 12 Stars and these
wild sets, the picture
is over budget already!!



Okay! Now, do we have everybody?

I think so! We got me, the tough
Cop, for conflict! We got the
kids who are "too young to die"
for sympathy! We got the old Jew-
ish couple for pathos! We got the
lonely bachelor and the lonely
girl for the romantic interest . . .

. . . and we've
got your wife,
Limber, to
show that a
person can
rise above
their past
sins . . .

. . . and we
also got her
because the
broad's got
a great body
for "climbing
the ladder"
close-ups!

Yes! And
that, too!
Now, let's
see! Apers,
can you
tell us
what's
behind
that door?

I think
it's the
Crew's
Quarters!

I think
it's the
air
shaft!

Your
guess
is
as
good
as
mine,
Sir!

What's this
with the
doors . . . ??
**"LET'S
MAKE A
DEAL"?!?**
Can we get
going . . . ??

And
behind
this door?

And
behind
this door?



The air shaft leads
to "Broadway," Sir!
And Broadway runs
the entire length
of the ship to the
Engine Room! The
Engineer told me!

Apers! do
you know how
to get to
Broadway?

Yes, sir . . .
PRACTICE!!

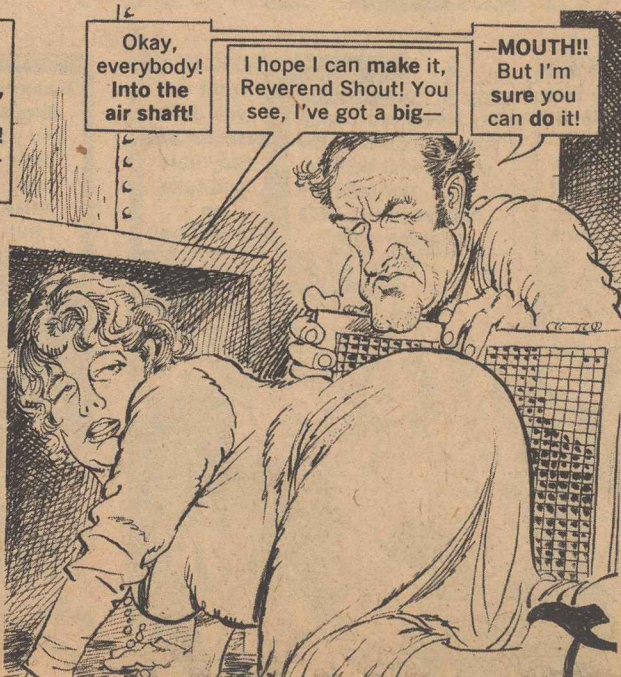
Are you
going to
believe
a stupid
little
brat?!!?

Why not?! He's one of
God's creatures . . . in
there—doing, climbing,
helping, fighting . . .
not begging for mercy!
Besides, the stupid lit-
tle brat may be right!

Okay,
everybody!
Into the
air shaft!

I hope I can make it,
Reverend Shout! You
see, I've got a big—

—MOUTH!!
But I'm
sure you
can do it!



Doctor ... where are you going?

We're all going back to the front ...!

But that's wrong! you have to go forward to the back!

Oh, no! It's up to the bottom, and then back to the front!

No! It's up to the bottom, and then forward to the back!

You won't change my mind, Reverend Shout!

Then may God shower his mercy down upon you ... or is it UP upon you?!!

Reverend Shout, is it possible they're going the right way, and we're going the wrong way?

It's possible! If you want to follow an Extra leading a bunch of Walk-ons who don't even have speaking parts—go ahead! The rest, stay here and look for supplies! I'm going ahead to try and find the route to the Engine Room! While I'm gone, each of you will have your very own big scene to do so the movie audience will get to know you so much better!

Hammy, we're never going to see our children again, are we?

Don't talk so glum! And if you HAVE to talk so glum, could you knock off that "WE" STUFF?!!

You know, Hammy, I never said this to you before, but you're a "good man"!

For 48 years, I bring home the salary—nothing! I buy you everything—nothing! I know you're never free with the compliments! So how come, on an upside-down, sinking ship, you finally admit you appreciate me?

I don't know! I guess maybe I'm turning over a new leaf!

Hey, look! You come in here, strap yourself into one of those chairs, and say to the Barber, "Just a little off the bottom, please!"

You're a lonely guy ... and I'm a lonely girl! Do you know what that can mean if we live through all this?

Yeah! We can go to "Singles Bars" together and maybe meet somebody nice!

I gotta go to the bathroom real bad, but this is going to be a lot tougher than I thought! And I'm also getting seasick! I—I think I'm going to throw ... DOWN!

I think that the Preacher got lost! Let's go follow the other group!

After all he's done for us, I say we can wait a little longer!

And maybe DIE?!!

That's plenty long enough! Let's go!

I found the Engine Room! All we have to do is go down that passageway, up a ladder, through a room filled with flames, then swim 40 feet under water through bilge garbage ... and we're there!!

Oh, good! Just so long as I don't have to climb up another Christmas Tree!

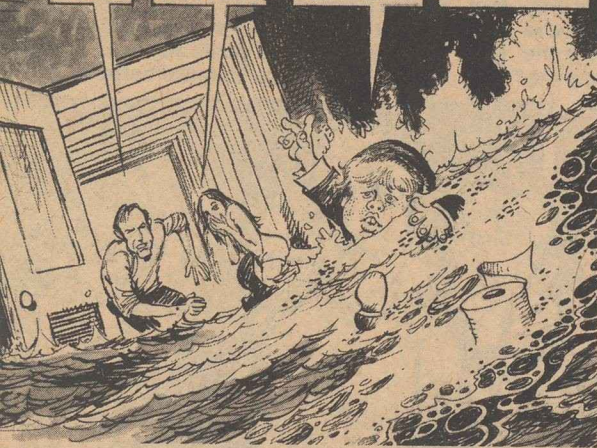
TO THE
(YECH)
BILGE
↑

Come on! Let's go! Follow me...

Wait! Where's Rotten? Rotten! **ROTTEN!!**

Here I am! I had to go to the bathroom!

Going to the bathroom was all right... but did you **HAVE TO FLUSH IT?!**



I'll tie this rope around me and swim to the Engine Room! When you feel a jerk at the other end, follow...

As soon as you put that rope around your waist, there will **BE** a jerk at the other end! ... **YOU!!**

Please! Don't start fighting! You two are going to put a damper on the whole evening! Please, let's not spoil a good time...!

Reverend, let me go first! I can swim under water better than anybody here! I can hold my breath for **TWO MINUTES!**

If she holds her breath for two minutes, it means she'll have to stop talking for two minutes! **IMPOSSIBLE!!**



Don't listen to him, Reverend! Let me do it! I'm a **Champion Underwater Swimmer!** Look! I even got a medal for it! See? I won it—

Oh-oh! He's gone! I guess he jumped in because he feels he knows the way best!

No, he jumped in so he could get a rest from your shrill voice for a while!



Th-the rope's gone slack! Something's happened! He must be stuck somewhere!

I'll save him!!

Stand back! There's gonna be another tidal wave when she hits the water!!



It's okay! She's freed him! Now—one at a time!

I can't **DO** it! I **CAN'T!** L—Let's stay here! I—I could **NEVER** go under water!

But **Ninny!** If we stay here, we'll drown!

Well, it's better than going under water, isn't it?!



I don't know how to tell you this, Hammy, but Bellow... she didn't make it!

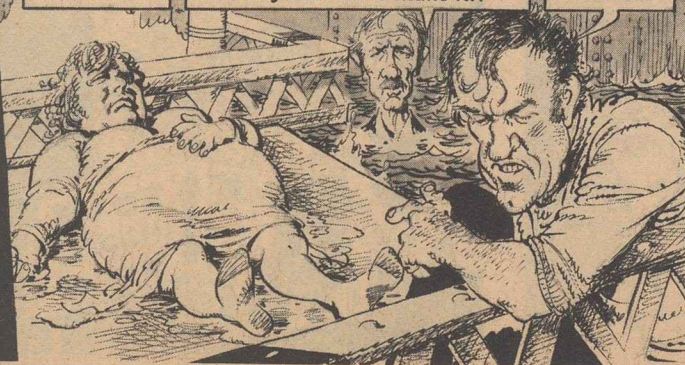
She—she freed me! And then she started telling me how I should have listened to her, and how she was a much better swimmer than me, and how she won this medal, and how she was looking forward to seeing her **Grandson**, and...

Because she was telling me all this **UNDER WATER!**

She **DROWNED!**

Wha—what happened?!

But why didn't she make it?!



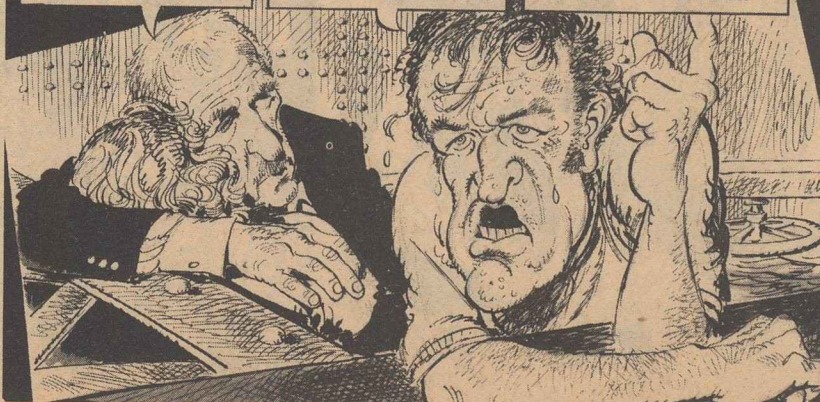
Oh, Bellow! Bellow! She... she never learned! Sometimes at home, I had to give her artificial respiration when she talked too much in the shower. Sob!

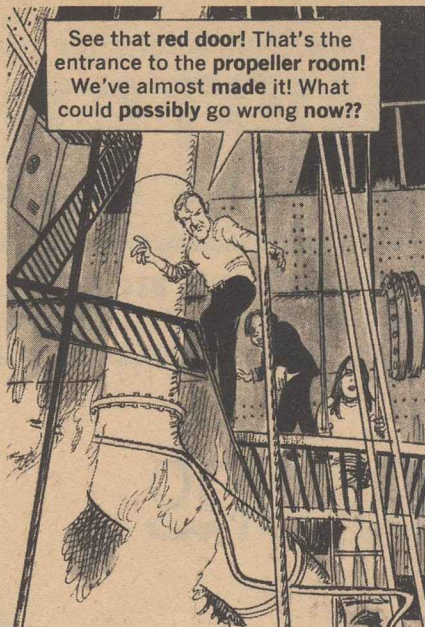
You—you go on! I'll stay here with her!

No! You come with us! Because **LIFE** is up there at the bottom, and only **DEATH** is down here at the top!

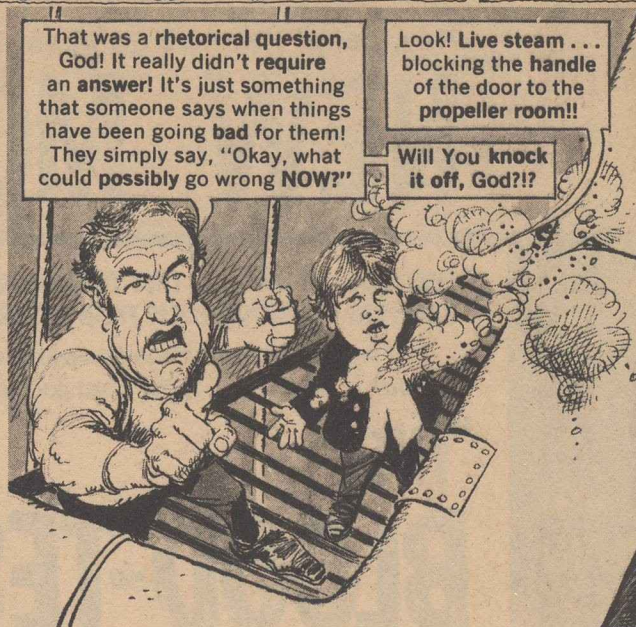
Okay! But stop with that **UP** is **DOWN** and **DOWN** is **UP** idiocy! I'm getting sick of it!

Besides! I think I'm coming up with—I mean **DOWN** with a cold!!





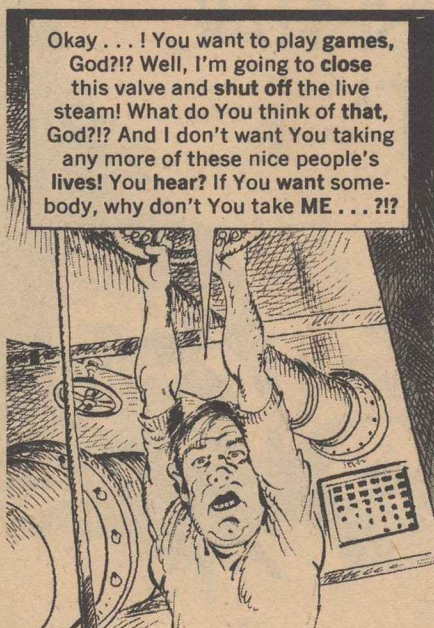
See that red door! That's the entrance to the propeller room! We've almost made it! What could possibly go wrong now??



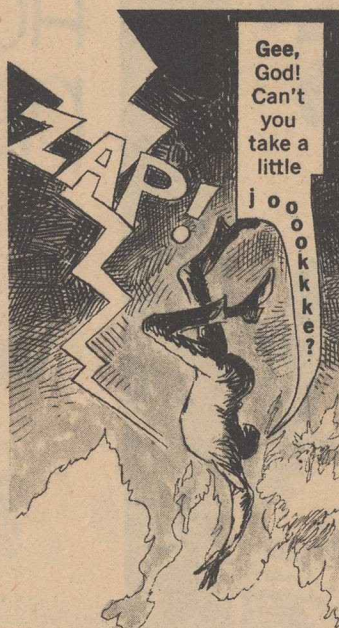
That was a rhetorical question, God! It really didn't require an answer! It's just something that someone says when things have been going bad for them! They simply say, "Okay, what could possibly go wrong NOW?"

Look! Live steam ... blocking the handle of the door to the propeller room!!

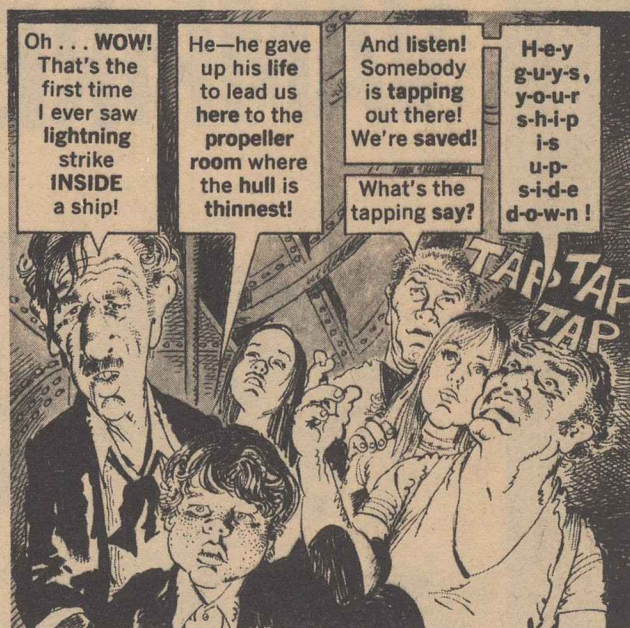
Will You knock it off, God?!!



Okay ... ! You want to play games, God?!! Well, I'm going to close this valve and shut off the live steam! What do You think of that, God?!! And I don't want You taking any more of these nice people's lives! You hear? If You want somebody, why don't You take ME ... ??!



Gee, God! Can't you take a little j o o k k k e ?

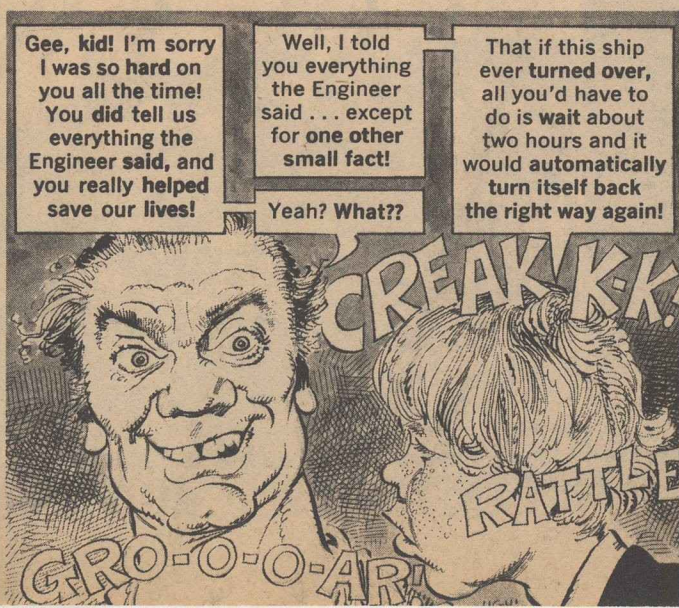


Oh ... WOW! That's the first time I ever saw lightning strike INSIDE a ship!

He—he gave up his life to lead us here to the propeller room where the hull is thinnest!

And listen! Somebody is tapping out there! We're saved! What's the tapping say?

He-y guys, y-o-u-r s-h-i-p is u-p-s-i-d-e d-o-w-n !



Gee, kid! I'm sorry I was so hard on you all the time! You did tell us everything the Engineer said, and you really helped save our lives!

Well, I told you everything the Engineer said ... except for one other small fact!

Yeah? What??

That if this ship ever turned over, all you'd have to do is wait about two hours and it would automatically turn itself back the right way again!



Come back! Come back down here! If I ever get ahold of you, I'll kill you! I swear I'LL KILL YOU!!

MEDI-SCARE DEPT.

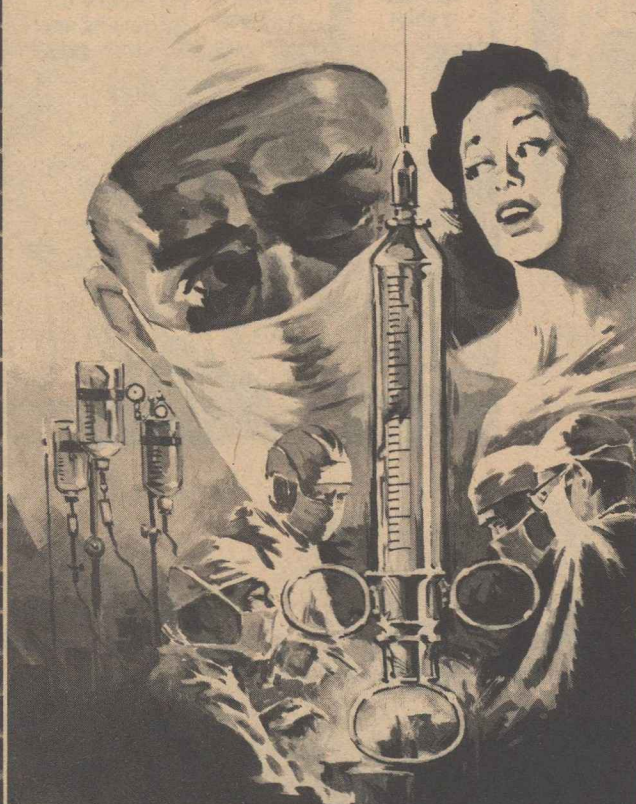
Hey, gang! Here we go again in our never-ending quest for new inspirations for Hollywood

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS

THEY CAME BY DAY . . . THEY CAME BY NIGHT . . .
DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THEIR VICTIM'S VEINS!

*And when it came time to operate, they
put it all back . . . and charged for it!*

"THE BLOOD-TEST VAMPIRES"



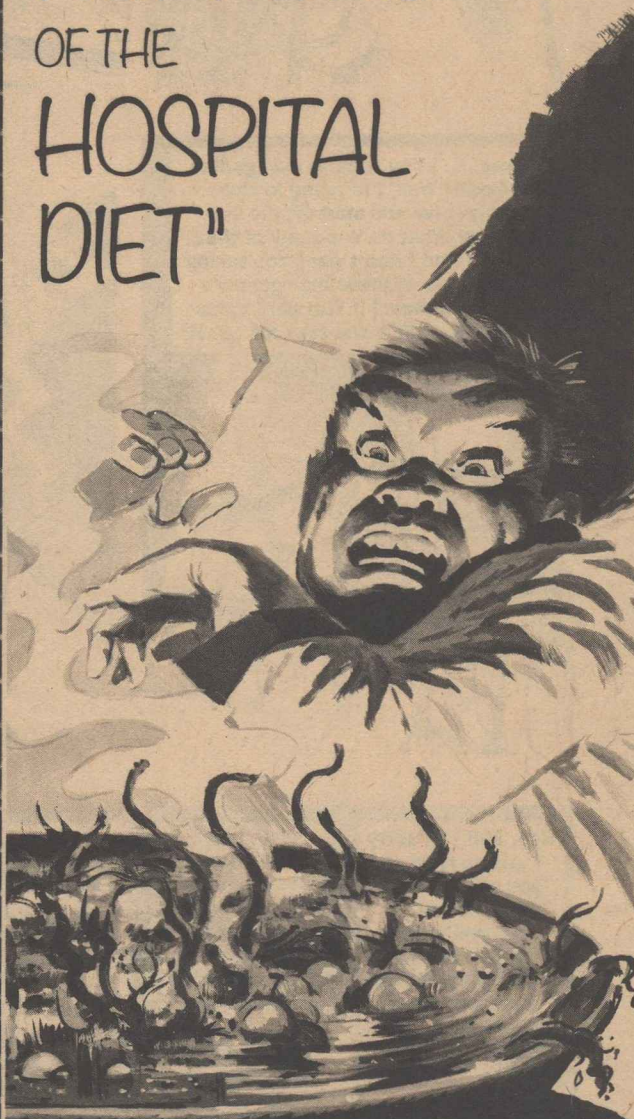
Starring:

BLOODY John Artery George & Pipette
EBSEN ★ VEIN ★ CARNEY ★ VESSEL ★ LAURIE

THIS
PICTURE
IS RATED
O +

SEE THE UNSPEAKABLE BLOBS THAT
MADE WOMEN FAINT AT THEIR SIGHT
AND STRONG MEN'S STOMACHS TURN!

"THE HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL DIET"



STARRING:

Elisha with Stew Steam Broil David Milton
COOK ★ GRANGER ★ McQUEEN ★ IVES ★ FRY ★ BOIL

"Horror Films". This time, MAD suggests that Producers of these bombs can create...

from the MEDICAL WORLD

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

WHY DID THE SADISTIC WHITE SPECTRE WAKE HIM
FROM A FITFUL SLEEP AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE?

WHAT AWFUL THINGS DID SHE FORCE HIM TO SWALLOW?

SEE THE NURSE, WITH HIS MEDICINE, SUBJECT HIM TO

"THE COLD HAND AT MIDNIGHT"

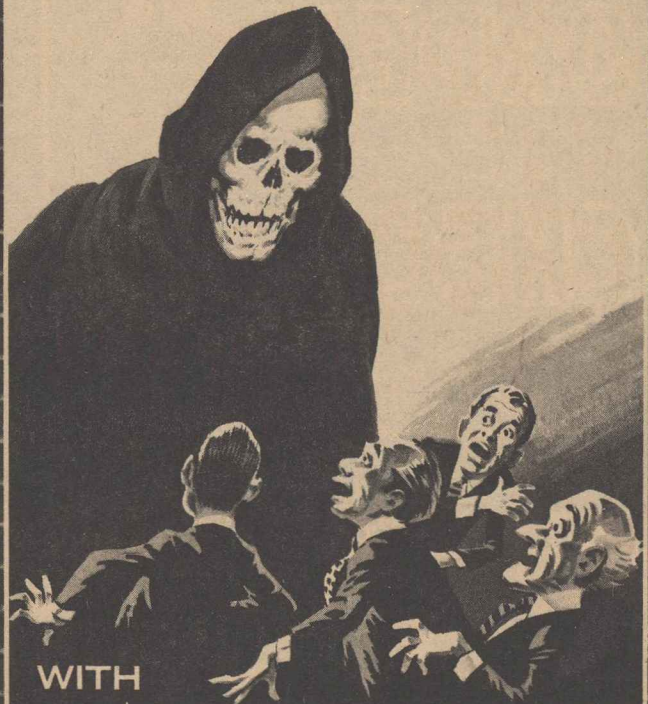


WHAT WAS IT THAT...

FRIGHTENED POLITICIANS—
TERRIFIED BUSINESSMEN—
PANICKED THE WHOLE A.M.A.?

IT WAS...

"THE MENACE OF MEDICARE!"



WITH

HY INCOME

DEE SEEVER

HARPO CONDRIAC

OLDEN SICK



as the Doctor
who padded
his claims

as the Nurse
who raised
her rates

as the Patient
who sponged off
the Government

as the Needy Man
caught in a tangle
of red tape

WHAT WAS
THE HORRIBLE
ICY TOUCH
THAT CHILLED
MEN'S HEARTS?



It was the
Stethoscope... in

"THE ORDEAL OF THE CHECK-UP"

WITH

Tapper KNEE ★ Prober GROIN ★ Poker GUTT ★ Phil D. GLANZ & Luke N. DeMOUTH

HE RANG AND RANG AND RANG! HE CRIED OUT
TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT NO ONE
CAME! WHAT WAS THE AWFUL ANSWER TO...

"THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING NURSE"



WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CONCOCTIONS? WHY DID THEY TASTE SO TERRIBLE... AND COST SO MUCH?
THEY WERE MEDICINES THAT GREW AND MULTIPLIED IN THE BATHROOM CABINET UNTIL THEY BECAME...

"THE THINGS IN THE BOTTLES"



THIS
PICTURE
IS RATED

X

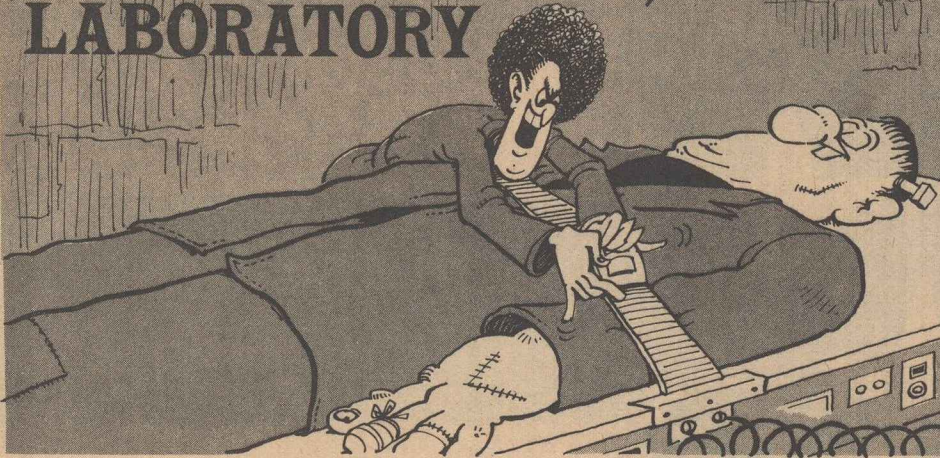
sedrin

STARRING:

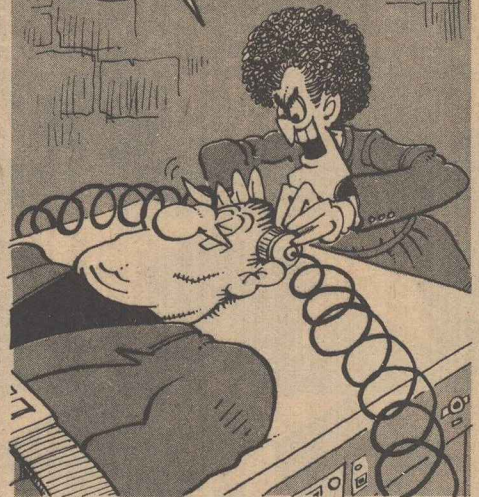
PENNY SILLIN * TERRY MYSIN * AL K. SELTZER * DONNA GEL * LIZ TUREEN * ANNA SINN * KAY O'PECTATE * ABE ZORBEEN, JR. * SARAH TAN * JERRY TOLL * ROBERT TUSSIN * MEG NESIA * CORA SYDIN as Auntie Histamine

ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

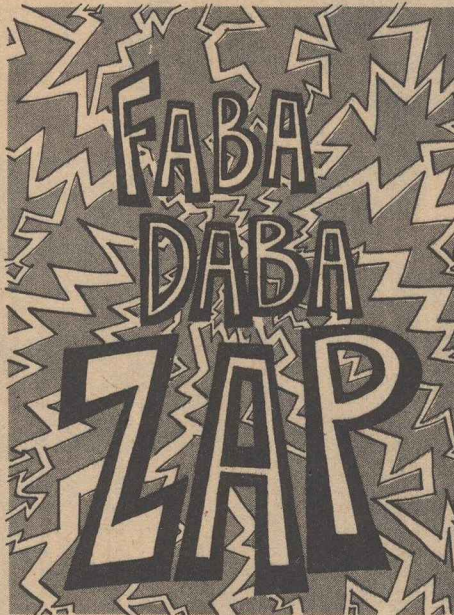
First ... I connect the cross-body electrodes ...



Then ... I connect the head electrodes ...



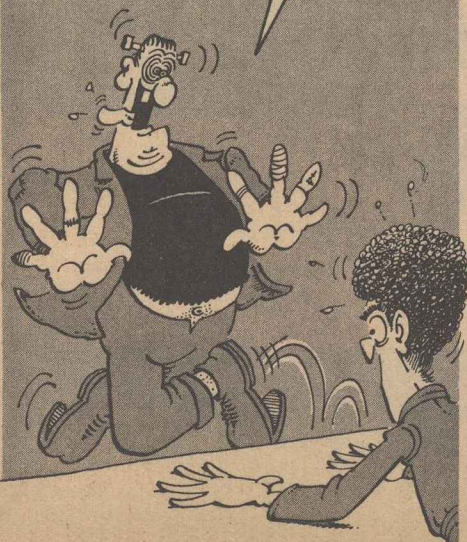
And now, I pull the switch ... sending four hundred thousand volts into the body ... more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



YEAH!!



A-ZAP-DAP ... AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN ... AN'-A-HOW'S BY YOU?!? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First ... I connect the cross-body electrodes ...



TEN—HUT!! Okay... now hear this, you @#\$\$%&! MAD readers, and hear it good! I know you don't usually read any @#\$\$%&! introductions to articles in this @#\$\$%&! magazine... but you're going to read this one!

And you're going to read this @#\$\$%&! introduction because I **TOLD** you to! And what's more, you're going to read the rest of the #\$\$%&! article that follows this @#\$\$%&! introduction, and you're going to read it **FIRST!!**

You're **NOT** going to turn to "You Know You're Really A @#\$\$%&! When..." or Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of @#\$\$%&!" You're going to read **THIS** because it's a #\$\$%&! funny satire of a @#\$\$%&! great movie about my @#\$\$%&! great life as a chicken-@#\$\$%&! General during W.W. II!

Hey, you out there! Stop picking your @#\$\$%&! nose and pay attention to me, or I'll kick your @#\$\$%&! all the way from here to Berlin!



MR. DRUCKER

And **YOU**—you @ # % \$ &! cheap little eight-year old @ # % \$ &! Better stop **peeking** at this @ # % \$ &! story at the magazine rack and **BUY** your own copy, or I'll draft your @ # % \$ &! right into the @ # % \$ &! Army!

Now, here's my military philosophy! No @ # % \$ &! ever won a war by dying for his country! You win a war by letting the **OTHER** @ # % \$ &! die for **HIS** country!

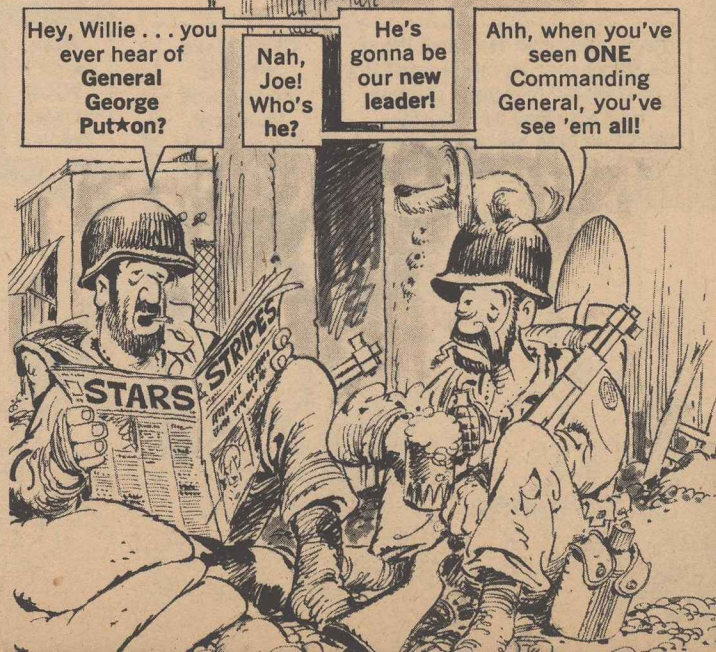
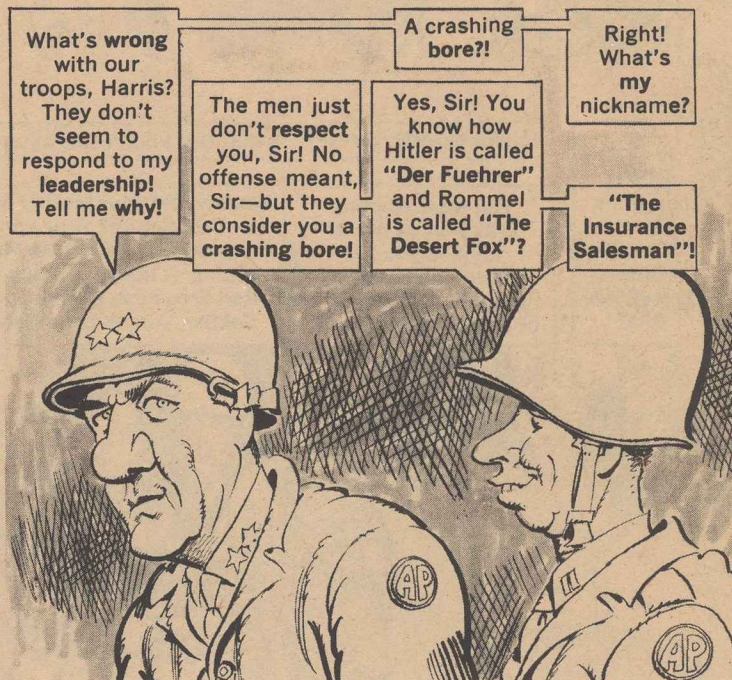
And **HOW** do you let the **OTHER** @ # % \$ &! die for his country? You **KILL** the other @ # % \$ &! **THAT'S** how!

So if you want to win a war, you gotta **kill every other** @ # % \$ &! And if that includes **ENEMY** @ # % \$ &!s—so much the **better**! All right! You will now sit and pay attention and you will begin reading this story about killing other @ # % \$ &!s . . . and you will finish it . . . and you will **enjoy** it . . . and that's a @ # % \$ &! order! Otherwise, you'll answer to . . .

PUT ★ ON

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



You!! Soldier! Look alive when I talk to you! You call yourself a member of the U.S. Army? I say you're a @ # \$ % & ! disgrace! Look at your @ # \$ % & ! uniform! Look at your @ # \$ % & ! posture! You're confined to your @ # \$ % & ! barracks for the rest of this war ... and for the first two years of the next war ... if we have another one—God willing!!



Well ... don't just stand there! **DISMISSED!!**

Wow! If that's how he talks to his superior officers, **WE'RE DEAD!!!**



This is the filthiest @ # \$ % & ! barrack I've ever seen! Dirty floors ... dirty walls ... dirty beds! And what's this?! **DIRTY PIN-UP PICTURES?!!**



Is that all you can think about, Soldier? **Dirty @ # \$ % & ! SEX!**

Not exactly, Sir—

But, Sir! I don't think you know—

You want exciting fantasies at night? I'll give you MY pin-up pictures to hang! 8 x 10 glossies of mutilated Germans!

What would your Mother say if she saw this picture? Your gray-haired, kind, loveable American Mother ... sitting at home, knitting for the Red Cross and baking apple pie! Soldier, you've got a dirty mind!

B-but, Sir! That pin-up picture **IS** my Mother!!

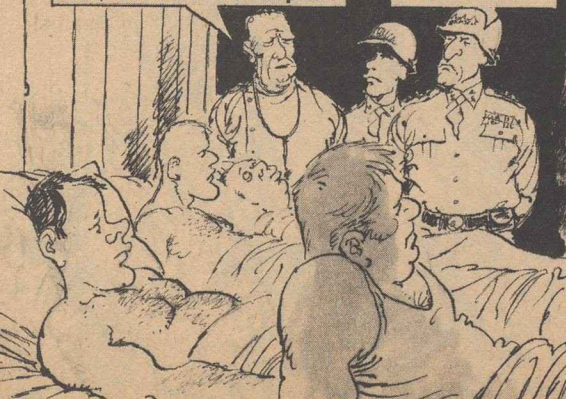
Soldier ... you've got a dirty Mother!!



Next barracks! Hmmm! What are these men doing in bed? It's past 0500! Everyone on your feet for close order drill—then five laps around Morocco!

Okay! Make it **FOUR** laps around Morocco! And men with leg wounds can crawl!

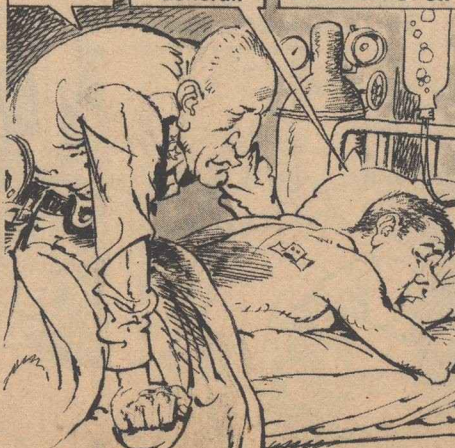
But, Sir! This is a hospital!



Now, what's **YOUR** problem, Soldier?

I've got shrapnel in my back, General!

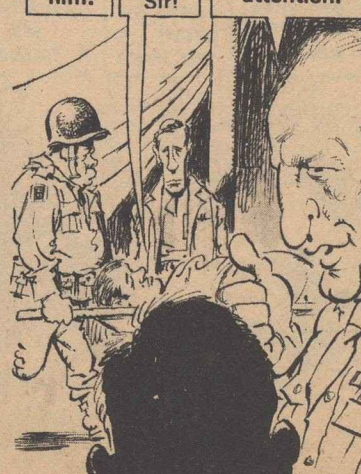
Well, don't just lie there! As long as you're in that position, **DO PUSH-UPS!!**



What's wrong with him?

He's dead, Sir!

That's no excuse! Make him stand at attention!



Ach! Zis mission should be a piece of kuchen, Hermann! Ve come in low over ze town, ve shpray them mit machine gun fire, und zen ve bomb zem—

Turn back, Carl! It's a trap! Ve're outnumbered!

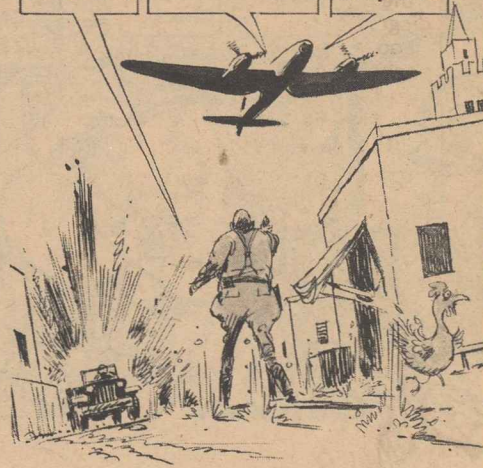
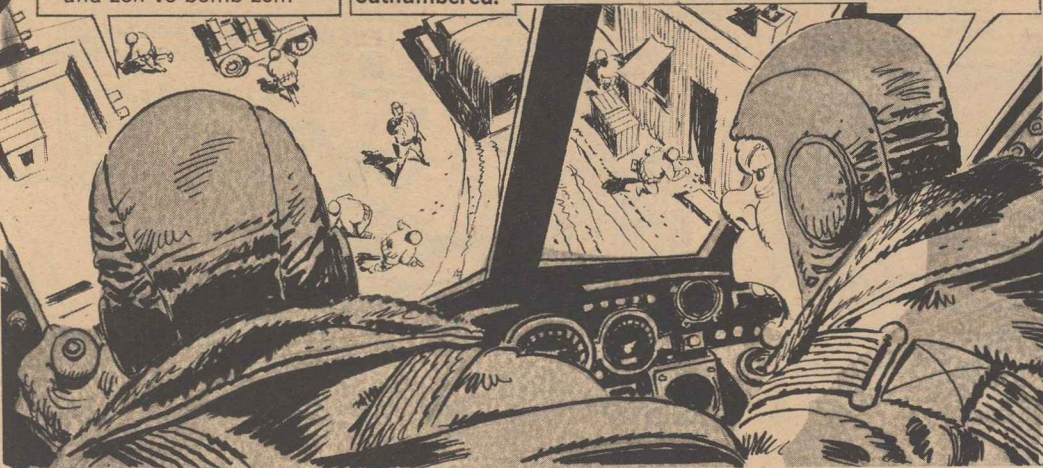
Outnumbered?! Ze Americans haf no planes, no anti-aircraft guns, nuttink! All I see is zat dumkopf in ze middle of ze road firing two pistols at us!

Zat iss vot I mean! Zat iss General George Put★on! Take it from me—ve're outnumbered!!

Take that, you #c\$%&! Kraut! And that... and that!!

Mein Gott! He's a madman! But now ve get him! He ran out of bullets!

Turn back, Carl! Please! He'll find OTHER weapons!!



Gott in Himmel! Now, he's throwink rocks at us!

Turn back! You don't know zis idiot! He'll destroy you vit anything! He killed by brother Vilhelm in ze desert a few weeks ago!

Vit vot...?

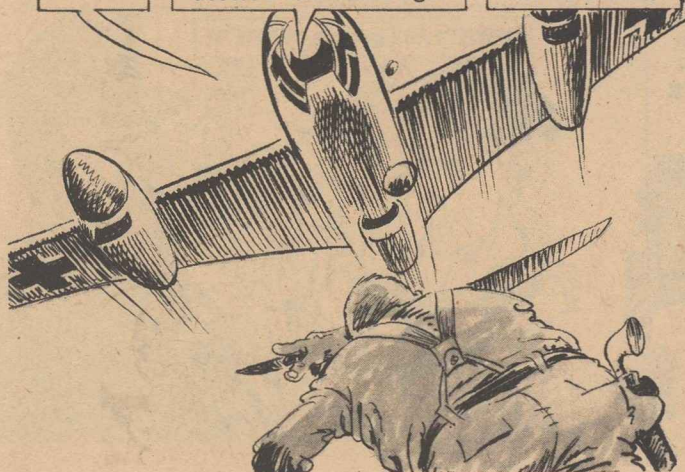
You von't believe zis, but he BIT him to death!!

Hah! NOW, ve get him! He ran out of bullets und he ran out of rocks!

Ach du lieber! He got me right in ze eyes! I can't see! Zis iss it! Ve're goink to crash!

Carl! Vot happened to us?!

YOU'RE not goink to believe ZIS, Hermann—but a bomber in Der Fuehrer's Luftvaffe vas just shot down mit SHPIT!



Brilliant, George! One of the greatest single-handed feats of this war! One of the greatest feats of this century!

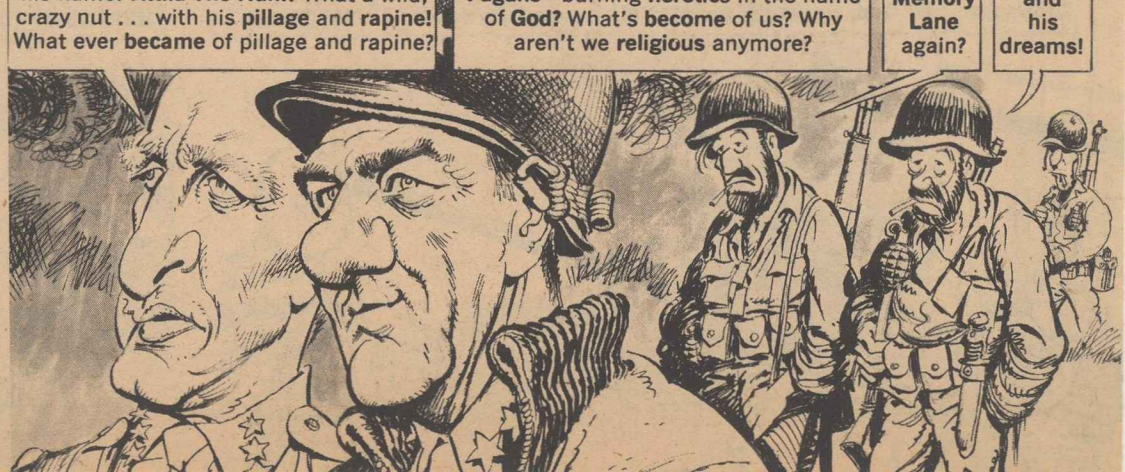
You call this a WAR?! You call this a CENTURY?!

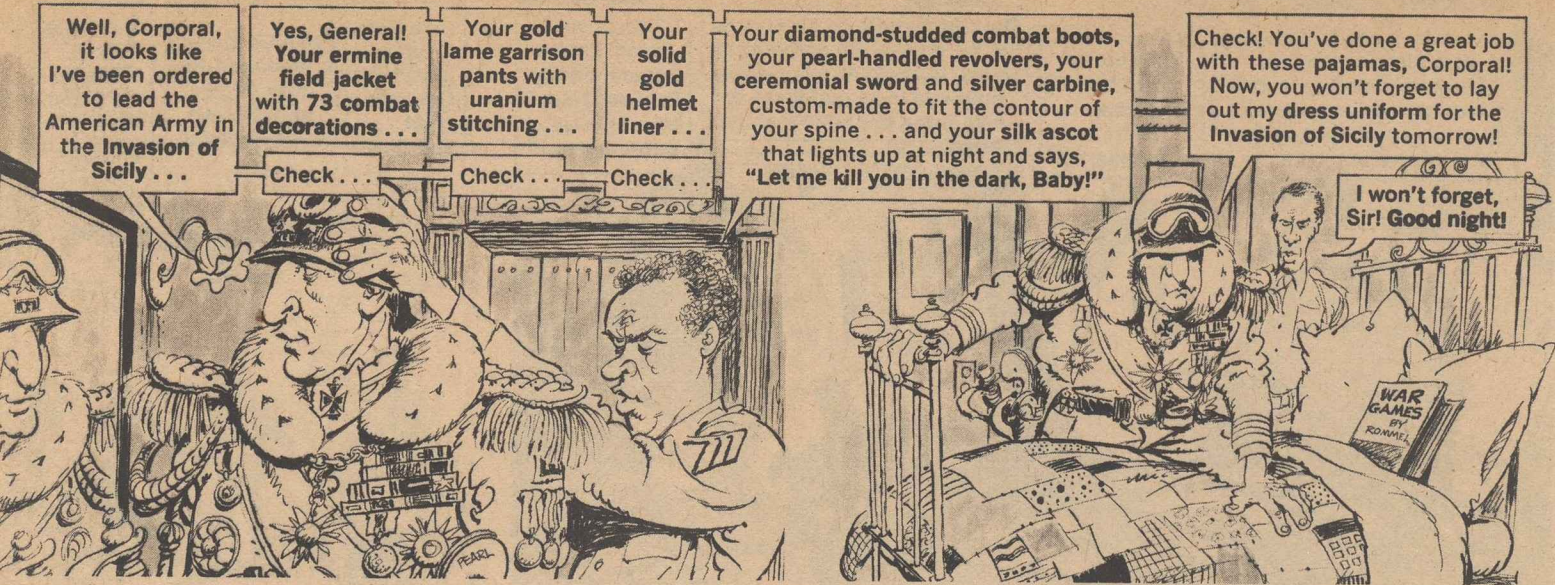
They don't make wars like they used to! Gee I miss the Spanish Inquisition! The water torture! The cutting out of tongues! Why don't we cut out tongues anymore? And who remembers what's his-name? Attila The Hun!? What a wild, crazy nut... with his pillage and rapine! What ever became of pillage and rapine?

And what about that Oriental kook, Ghengis Khan, and his lovable Hordes? Gee, I'd love to slaughter with my own Horde! And what about those goofy Crusaders with their torture racks for Pagans—burning heretics in the name of God? What's become of us? Why aren't we religious anymore?

The old man going down Memory Lane again?

Shhh! Don't disturb an old soldier and his dreams!





Well, Corporal, it looks like I've been ordered to lead the American Army in the Invasion of Sicily ...

Yes, General! Your ermine field jacket with 73 combat decorations ...

Your gold lame garrison pants with uranium stitching ...

Your solid gold helmet liner ...

Your diamond-studded combat boots, your pearl-handled revolvers, your ceremonial sword and silver carbine, custom-made to fit the contour of your spine ... and your silk ascot that lights up at night and says, "Let me kill you in the dark, Baby!"

Check! You've done a great job with these pajamas, Corporal! Now, you won't forget to lay out my dress uniform for the Invasion of Sicily tomorrow!

I won't forget, Sir! Good night!



Gentlemen, we push off for Sicily at 0900! Now, here's the Battle Plan ...

Field Marshal Monkmemory- you will lead the British Forces northeast to Messina! While, you, General Put*on, will assist the British by leading the American forces northwest to Palermo!

Wait! I have a better plan! If my forces go east instead of west, we can cut the enemy to pieces!

Hmmm! It could be a way of destroying the German enemy!

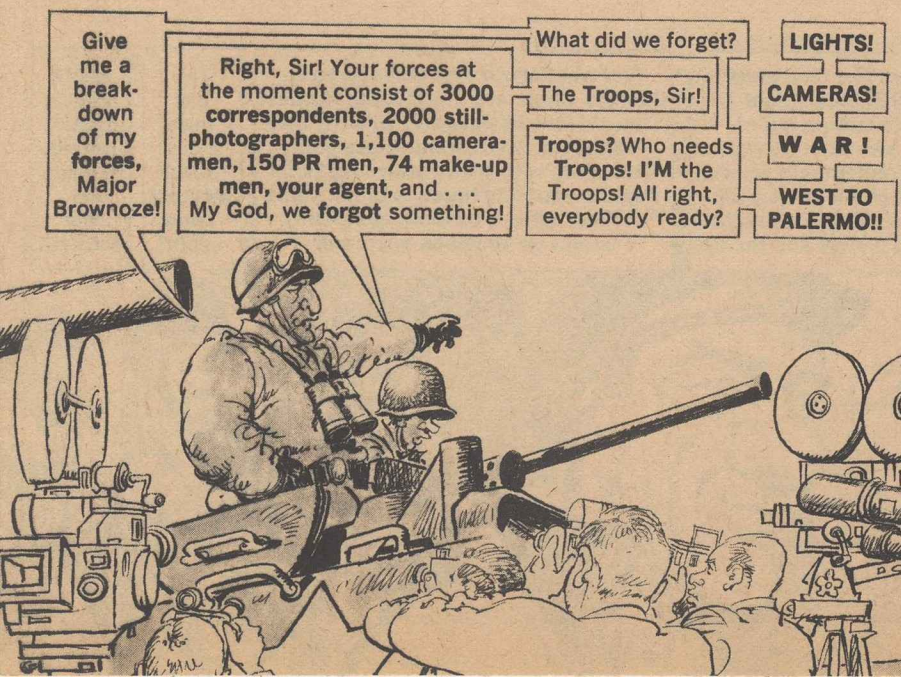
What GERMAN enemy!? I'm going to destroy the British enemy! If you think I'm going to follow HIS act and let Monkmemory upstage me ...



Sorry, George, but this is MY war! I get top billing! It says so here- in my contract: "WORLD WAR II ... STARRING FIELD MARSHAL MONKMEMORY ... with General George Put*on ... and a cast of Thousands ..."

That's it, George! You have your orders from Gen. Eisenhower! Follow them!

"WITH"? All I get is a "WITH"?!

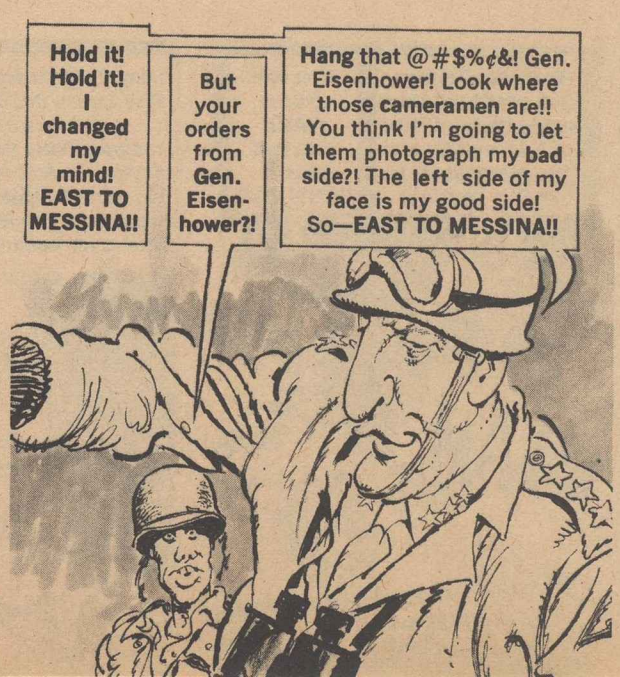


Give me a breakdown of my forces, Major Brownzo!

Right, Sir! Your forces at the moment consist of 3000 correspondents, 2000 still-photographers, 1,100 camera-men, 150 PR men, 74 make-up men, your agent, and ... My God, we forgot something!

What did we forget?
The Troops, Sir!
Troops? Who needs Troops! I'M the Troops! All right, everybody ready?

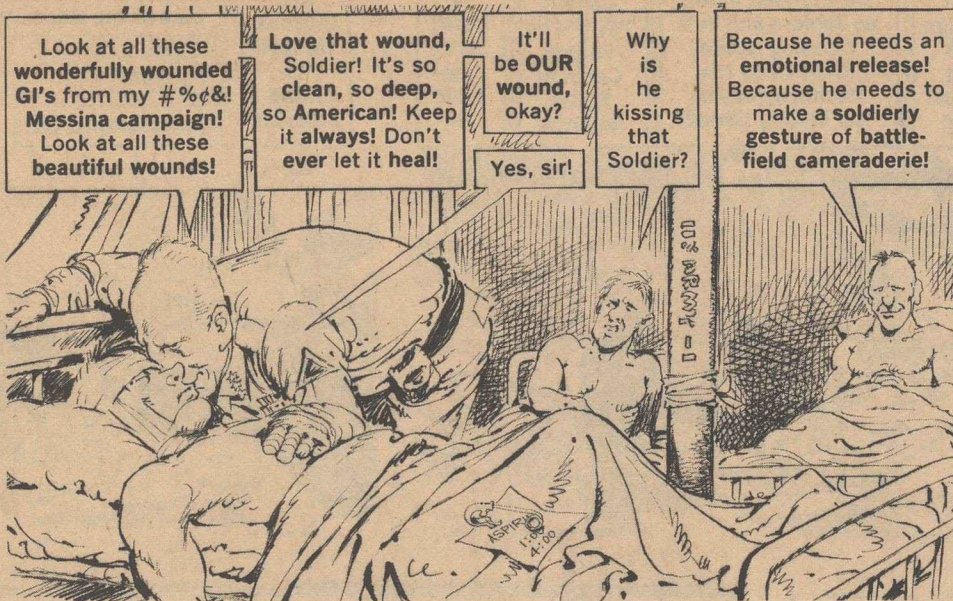
LIGHTS!
CAMERAS!
WAR!
WEST TO PALERMO!!



Hold it! Hold it! I changed my mind! EAST TO MESSINA!!

But your orders from Gen. Eisenhower?

Hang that @#\$%&! Gen. Eisenhower! Look where those cameramen are!! You think I'm going to let them photograph my bad side?! The left side of my face is my good side! So- EAST TO MESSINA!!



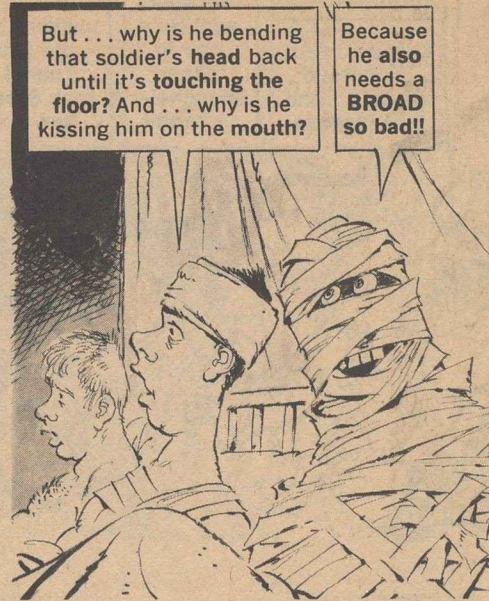
Look at all these wonderfully wounded GI's from my #&%&! Messina campaign! Look at all these beautiful wounds!

Love that wound, Soldier! It's so clean, so deep, so American! Keep it always! Don't ever let it heal!

It'll be OUR wound, okay?
Yes, sir!

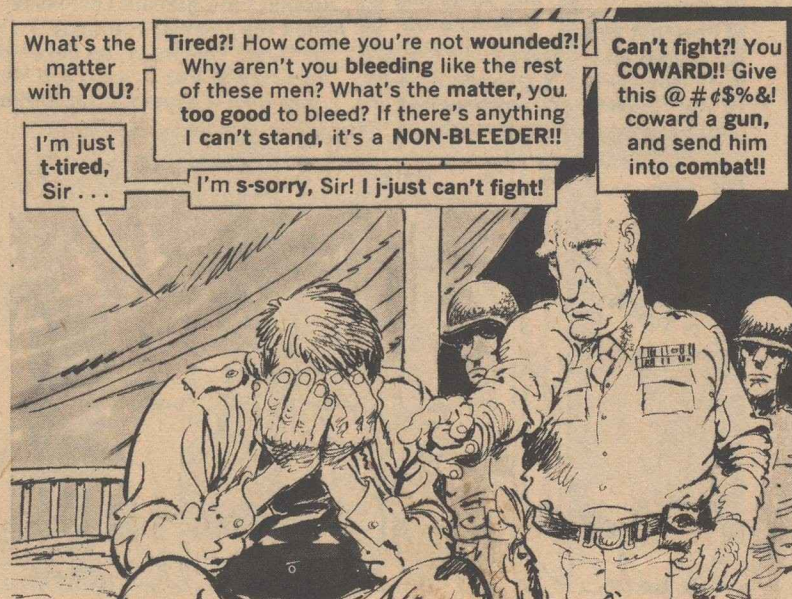
Why is he kissing that Soldier?

Because he needs an emotional release! Because he needs to make a soldierly gesture of battle-field cameraderie!



But . . . why is he bending that soldier's head back until it's touching the floor? And . . . why is he kissing him on the mouth?

Because he also needs a **BROAD** so bad!!



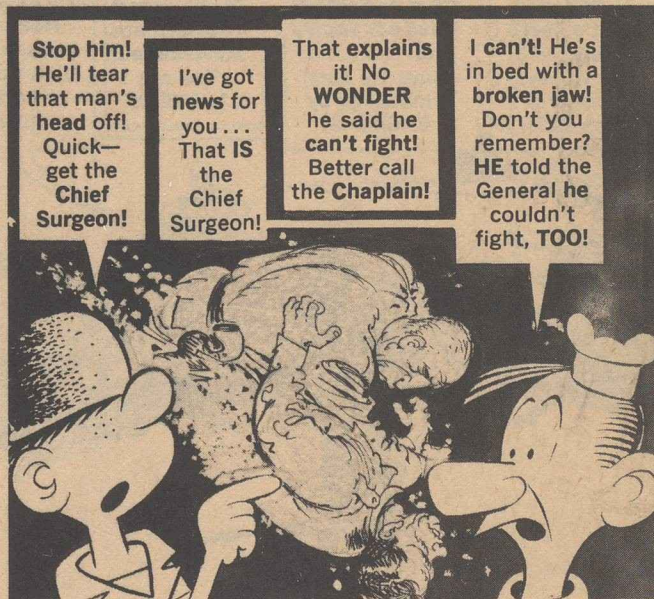
What's the matter with YOU?

I'm just t-tired, Sir . . .

Tired?! How come you're not wounded?! Why aren't you bleeding like the rest of these men? What's the matter, you too good to bleed? If there's anything I can't stand, it's a **NON-BLEEDER!!**

I'm s-sorry, Sir! I j-just can't fight!

Can't fight?! You **COWARD!!** Give this @#&%&! coward a gun, and send him into combat!!

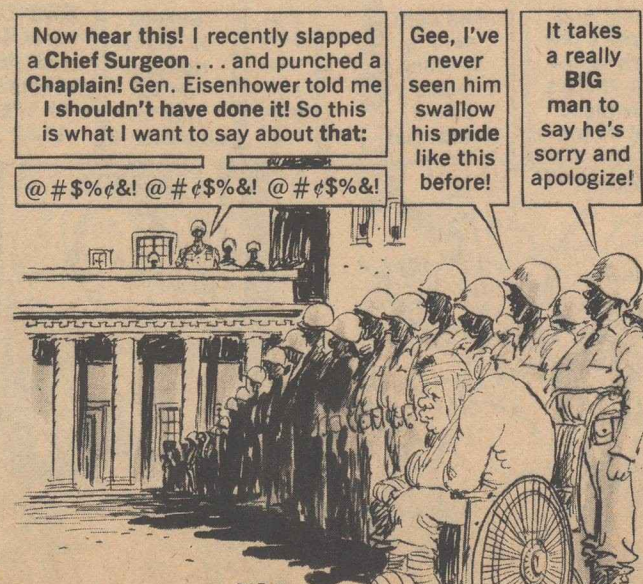


Stop him! He'll tear that man's head off! Quick—get the Chief Surgeon!

I've got news for you . . . That **IS** the Chief Surgeon!

That explains it! No **WONDER** he said he can't fight! Better call the Chaplain!

I can't! He's in bed with a broken jaw! Don't you remember? **HE** told the General he couldn't fight, **TOO!**

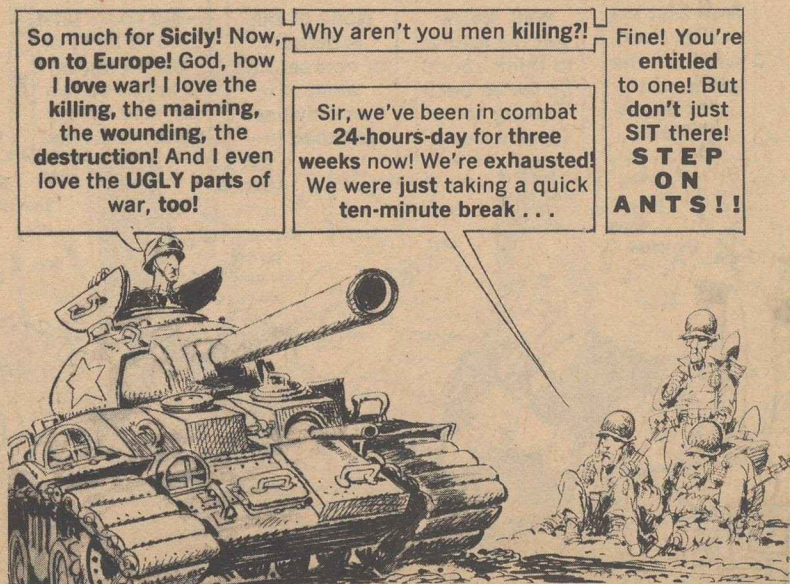


Now hear this! I recently slapped a Chief Surgeon . . . and punched a Chaplain! Gen. Eisenhower told me I shouldn't have done it! So this is what I want to say about that:

@#&%&! @#&%&! @#&%&!

Gee, I've never seen him swallow his pride like this before!

It takes a really **BIG** man to say he's sorry and apologize!



So much for Sicily! Now, on to Europe! God, how I love war! I love the killing, the maiming, the wounding, the destruction! And I even love the **UGLY** parts of war, too!

Why aren't you men killing?!
Sir, we've been in combat 24-hours-day for three weeks now! We're exhausted! We were just taking a quick ten-minute break . . .

Fine! You're entitled to one! But don't just **SIT** there! **STEP ON ANTS!!**

Where's General Put*on NOW?

Last we heard, he passed Berlin ... and took Moscow!

No, that was hours ago! He's now in either Shanghai—or Tahiti!

I got a report that he just pushed through the Lincoln Tunnel and took Secaucus, New Jersey!

Urgent Communique! He's landed in Rio de Janiero and he's crossing South America to the Pacific by way of the Victory Canal!

Victory Canal?! There's no Victory Canal in South America!

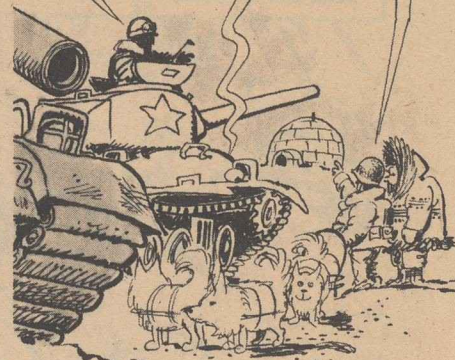
There is NOW! He just built it!

Kill! Kill! Onward! Onward to Little America!

Sir, Little America is at the South Pole! We're here at the North Pole!

Whatever . .

Communique, Sir!



It's sad, I tell you! It's heart-breaking! I've never seen him cry before!

What happened? Have our supply lines been cut? Have we been ambushed by Eskimoos?

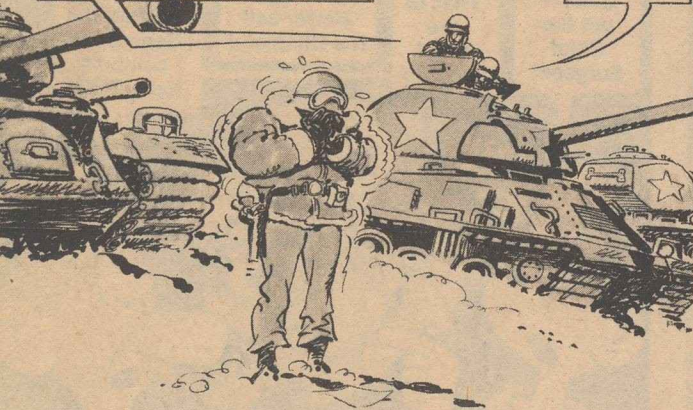
Worse . . . Much worse! The Germans surrendered! The war is OVER!!

Those @#%\$&! Nazis really know how to hurt a guy!

How IS Gen. Put*on . . . now that he's retired and finished with war forever?

Well, he mopes and sulks and dreams a lot!

Sometimes, he plays little War Games around the Chateau! Last week, he mined the Latrine! Thursday, he shot the Cook! Yesterday, he bayoneted his Orderly! But . . . well, you know how it is! It's just not the same!!



Now that the war is over, what are the plans of the Joint Chiefs of Staff?

Well, we've got the future to think about! So we've been kicking some ideas around!

None of this is definite, of course! And most of it has only been penciled in—

—But some time around 1950 or so, we figure it might be fun to have a little action in Korea!

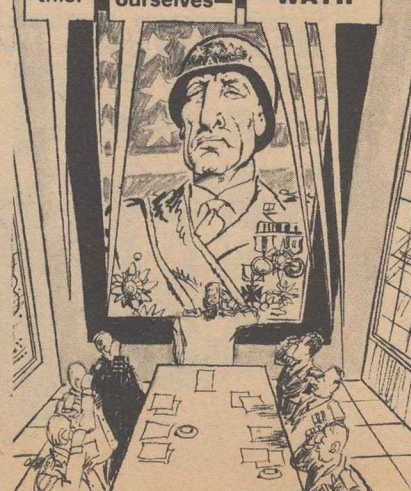
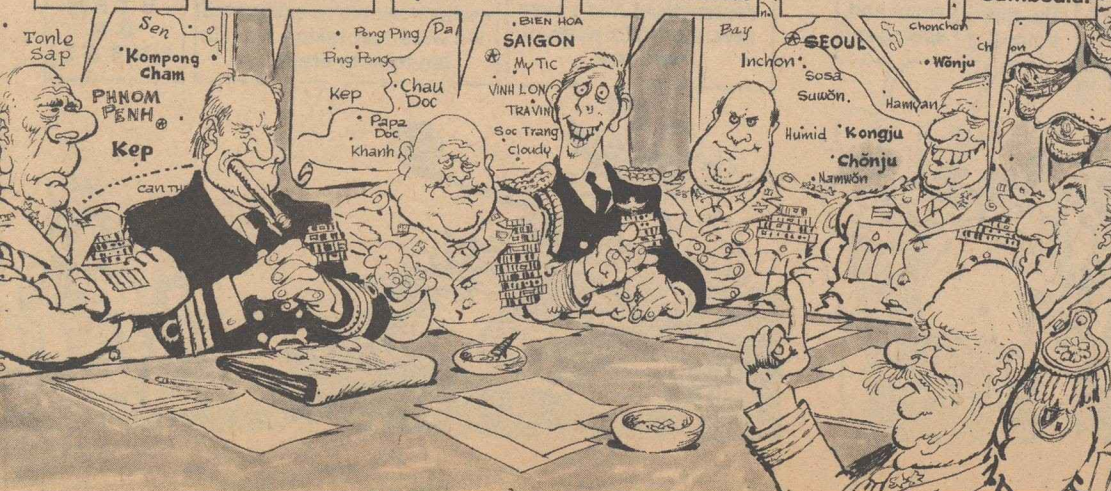
Yeah! And maybe a few years later— Well, there's this place called Vietnam!

And right next to it—this place called Cambodia!

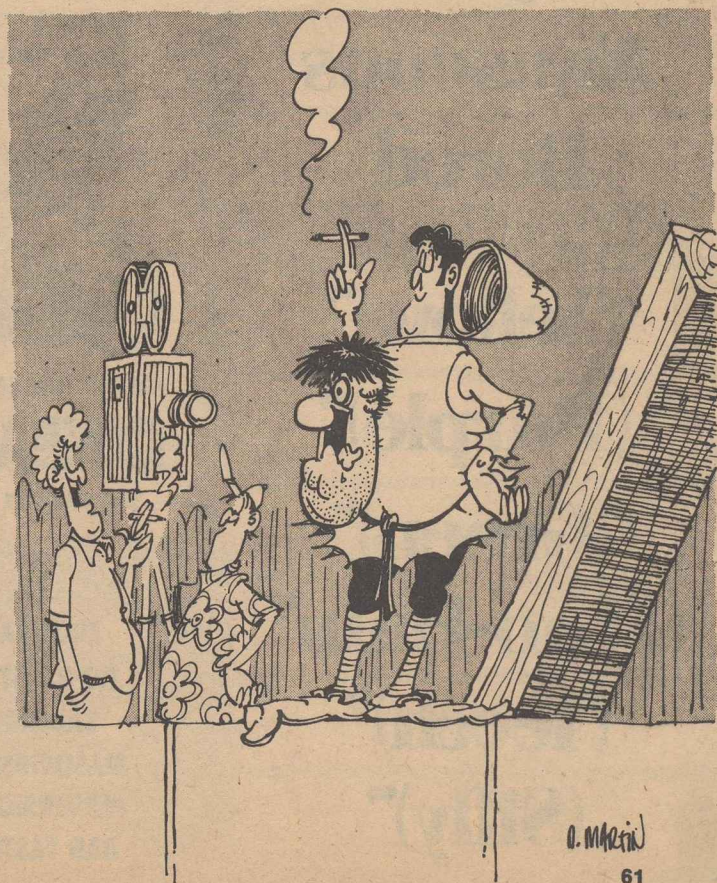
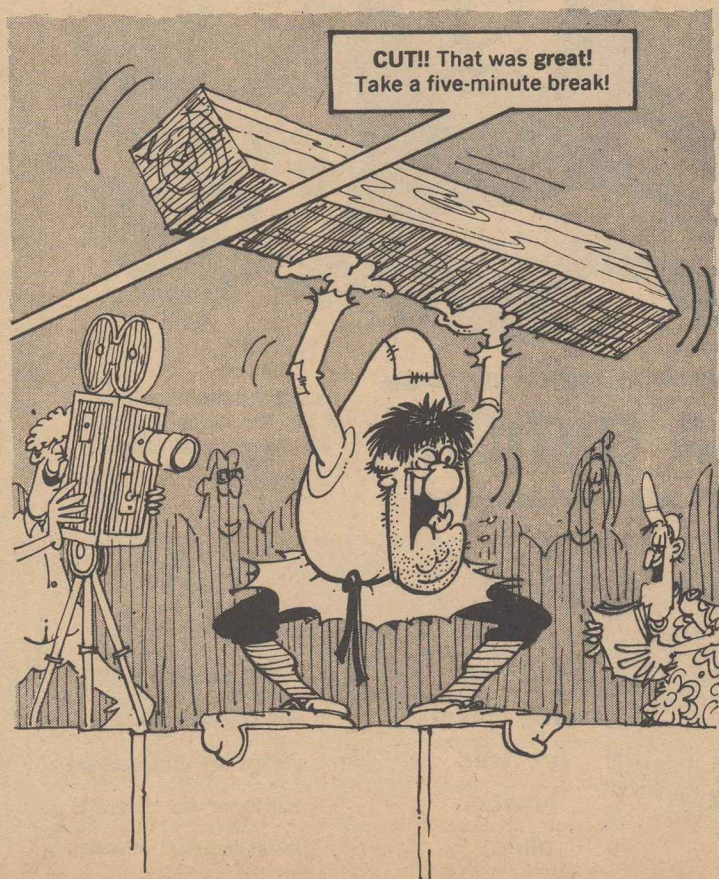
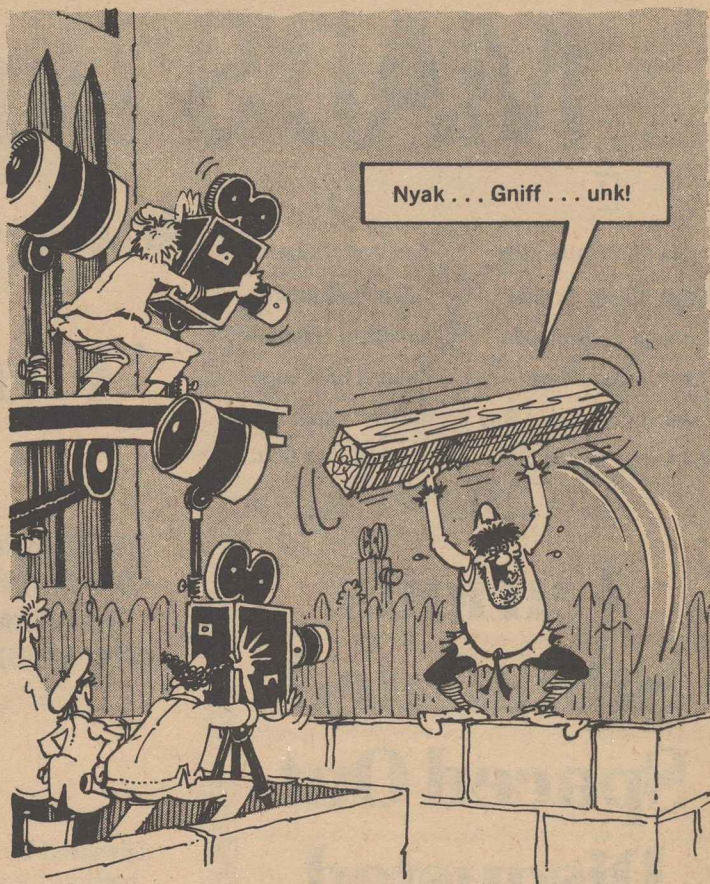
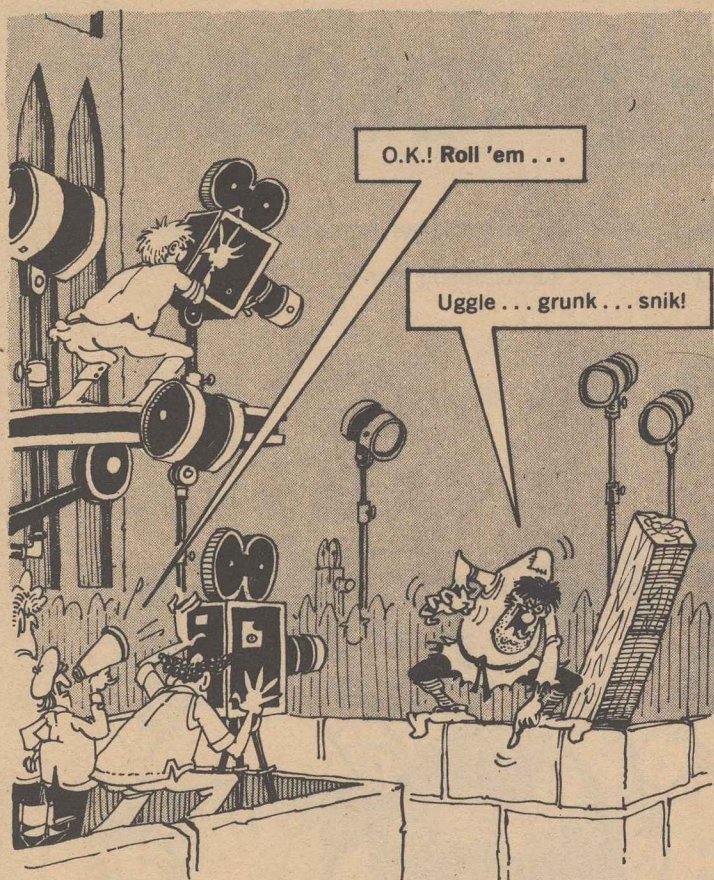
But why are you doing this?

Believe us, we're not just doing this for ourselves—

GEORGE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY!!



ON THE "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" SET



The modern phenomenon known as the "New Wave Movie" has created another (and equally sickening) modern phenomenon: "The New Wave Movie Ad" . . . in which all of the sensational elements of the movie are frankly and graphically discussed. These ads are basically all

MAD'S "Do-It-Yourself"

1

Suburban Housewife

Wall Street Broker

College Sophomore

East Village Yippie

Repressed Mama's Boy

Hollywood Movie Buff

2

Sex and Violence!

Zen Buddhism!

smoking Hashish!

taking LSD trips!

this dull garbage!

a gibbering idiot!

3

**Curious
Stimulated
Spaced Out
Disgusted
Nauseous
Bored**

4

**(Yellow)"
(Purple)"
(Green)"
(Hoo-Hah)"
(Yecch)"
(Silly)"**

At Last!

A motion picture that dares to show how a normal respectable

1

can suddenly turn to

2

"I Am

3

4

**THE SHOCKING,
OFF-BEAT FILM
THAT PLUMBS
NEW DEPTHS OF**

5

Directed by that
brilliant young
"Avant-Garde"

6

Andy Notwell!



NOW PLAYING AT NEW YORK'S EXCITING NEW CINEMA

CINEMA UPTIGHT

SHOWINGS AT 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 and 8:30

Due to the startling nature
of this film's subject matter,
admission is restricted to

7

5

EROTICA!

DEPRAVITY!

SADISM!

MASOCHISM!

PERVERSION!

BAD TASTE!

6

genius

con man

money maker

sex fiend

lunatic

phony

7

adults and children!

teenagers with dates!

Mad Magazine subscribers!

gorillas and orangoutangs!

well-known sex offenders!

law-enforcement officials!

alike, and it's very difficult to tell one from another. In fact, you could probably switch all of the sensational elements around and you would never notice the difference. To show you just how predictable these "New Wave Movie" pitches are, why not try your hand at filling in . . .

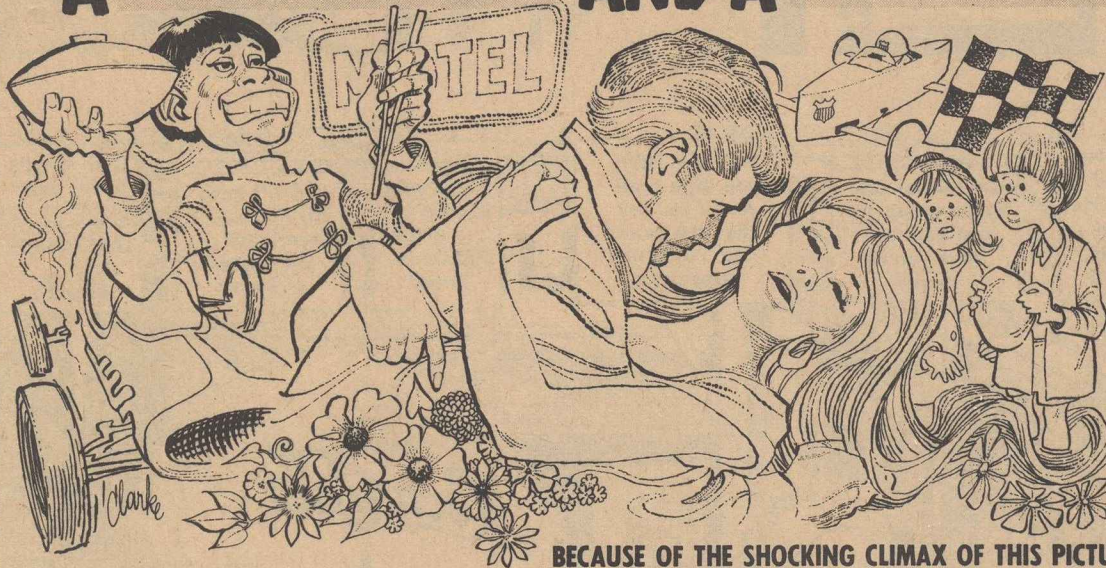
MODERN MOVIE ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT

CINEMA MMXVII PROUDLY PRESENTS THE LATEST 1
BY SWEDEN'S FAMED DIRECTOR, INGMAR BUNGLEMAN . . .

"A 2 AND A 3"



What strange illicit

4
drove this bewitched duo to their

5
What weird obsession gave them a craving for more and more

6

BECAUSE OF THE SHOCKING CLIMAX OF THIS PICTURE, NO ONE WILL BE SEATED DURING THE LAST FIVE MINUTES . . . OR DURING THE FIRST HOUR AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES EITHER. IN FACT, NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE THEATER! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE PICTURE, ANYWAY!

Now Playing At The New
CINEMA MMXVII

1

TRIUMPH PUT-ON FAILURE
FIASCO SICKIE MISH-MASH

2

MAN WOMAN
MOTHER-IN-LAW
SCHOOLBOY
TEENY-BOPPER
MUGGER

3

WOMAN MAN
BIGOT
CALL-GIRL
CHIMPANZEE
CODFISH

4

desire passion no-no
fetish condition sickness

5

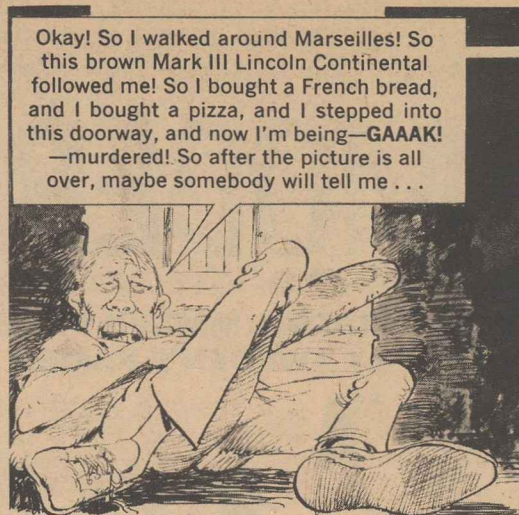
deaths
hairdressers
bedroom
psychiatrist
grade advisor
local theater

6

sex and sadism
Chinese food
Playboy pin-ups
caramel popcorn
licorice gumdrops
Beatle records

INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:



Hey, kid, tell me! Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Well, I used to ... until you started showing up around here—in JULY!!

An' I never saw Santa wearing a gun before! I think you're a cop!!

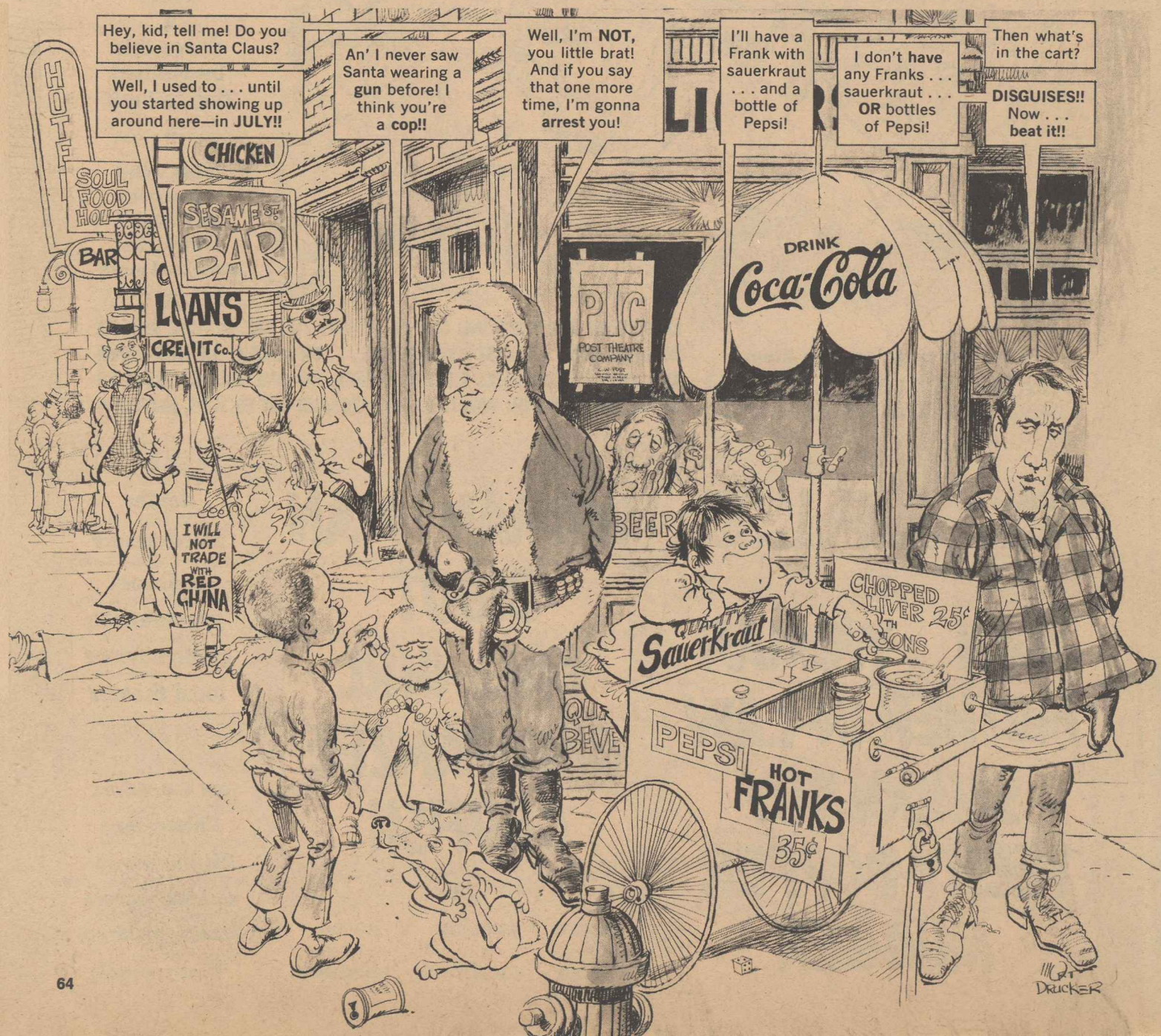
Well, I'm NOT, you little brat! And if you say that one more time, I'm gonna arrest you!

I'll have a Frank with sauerkraut ... and a bottle of Pepsi!

I don't have any Franks ... sauerkraut ... OR bottles of Pepsi!

Then what's in the cart?

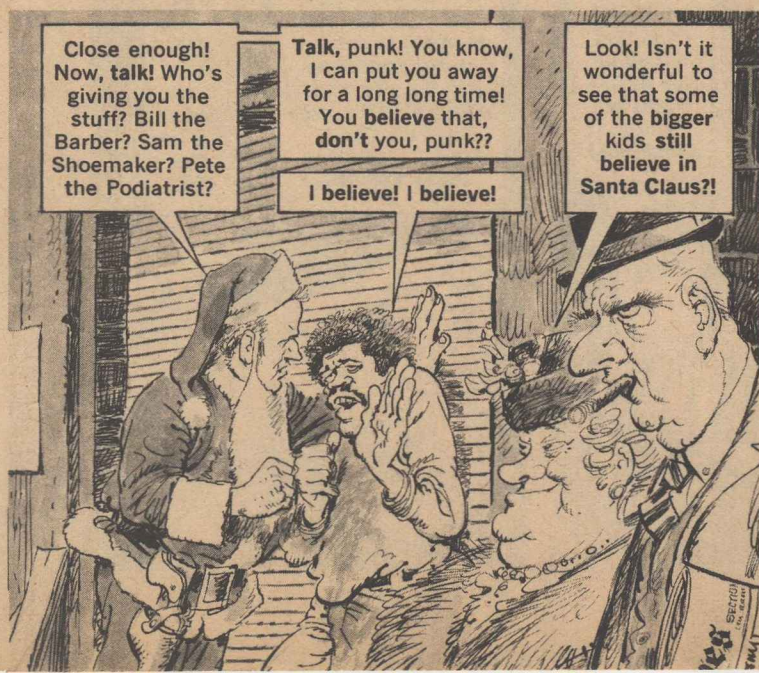
DISGUISES!! Now ... beat it!!



WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Hey, Birdie! Did you see? That guy gave the waiter a \$100 tip!

It's not even his waiter! And now he's giving the hat check girl a \$50 tip!

He doesn't even have a hat! There's something fishy going on here! That kind of tipping makes me suspicious! And the fact that they're all wearing GUNS doesn't help! C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the last time we followed someone, we stayed up for 3 days and 3 nights, went 48 hours without food, and accidentally killed a Federal Agent!

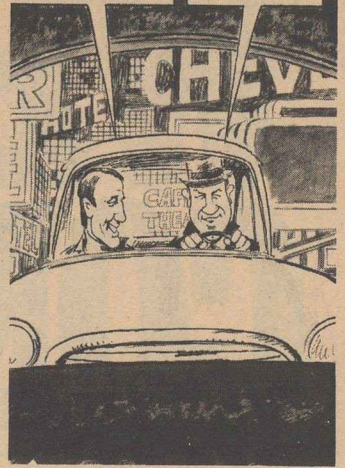
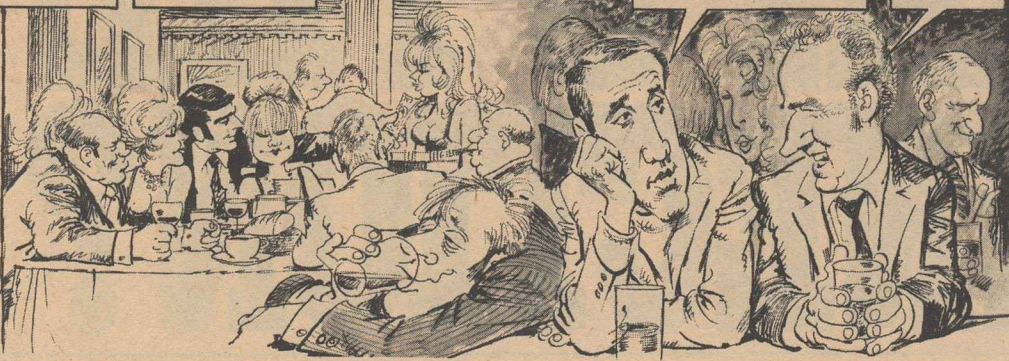
Well . . . I can't promise it will be as much fun as THAT—but let's give it a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a great job of staying right on their tail!

No problem, Birdie! I tied our bumpers together!

Well? What's so unusual about that?

Well? What's so unusual about that?



But don't you think they'll get a little suspicious—seeing the same car behind them five hours in a row—especially in deserted Brooklyn?!

Naw! I keep changing my expression and they think I'm someone different each time they look!

Hey! The guy drives a Caddy, his girl is loaded down with expensive clothes and jewelry, and they come home to a dumpy little Candy Store like that! What do you think, Cockeye?

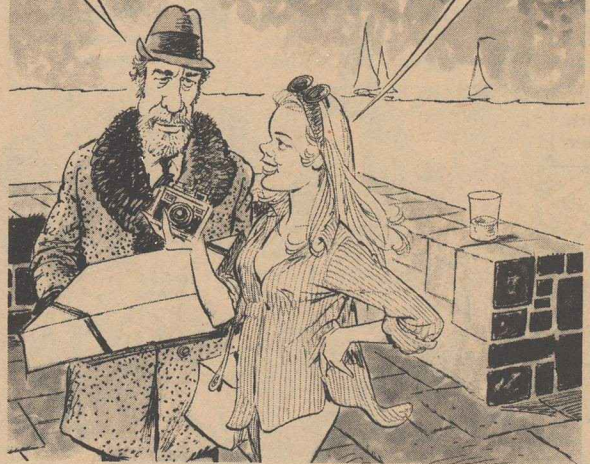
I think that Candy Store is a GOLD MINE! We should open one right across the street and steal his customers!

I'm going to New York!

I bought you a new camera!

I bought you a new coat!

That's great! Now tell me, what's the connection?



I got the scoop on those Candy Store sweeties! His name is Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo, and his wife's name is Angelina Bocciballo!

Oh, they're Italians?

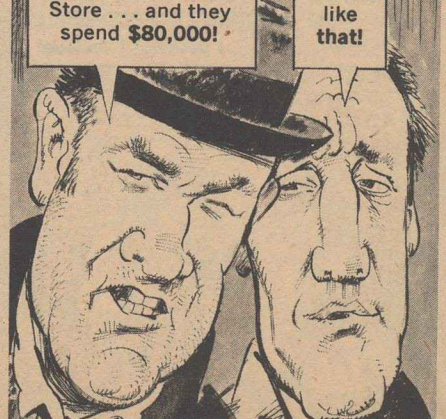
No, Wops!

Wasn't this a great idea of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a car behind him all the time, so I came up with this . . .

Yeah, but don't you think that sitting in his BACK SEAT is a little dangerous?

Not so loud! He'll hear you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about \$7000 a year from the Candy Store . . . and they spend \$80,000!

Boy, I wish MY wife could stretch a buck like that!



Hey, we're stopping at **Sol Beanstalk's** apartment! I've been wanting to get something on him for years!

Yeah! They say he's a big bank-roller of illicit narcotics!

Who cares about that!? He's **Jewish!** That's what galls me! I don't know why those Jews don't go back to **Jewland** where they came from!

You know, Cock-eye! Sometimes you sound like a bigot!

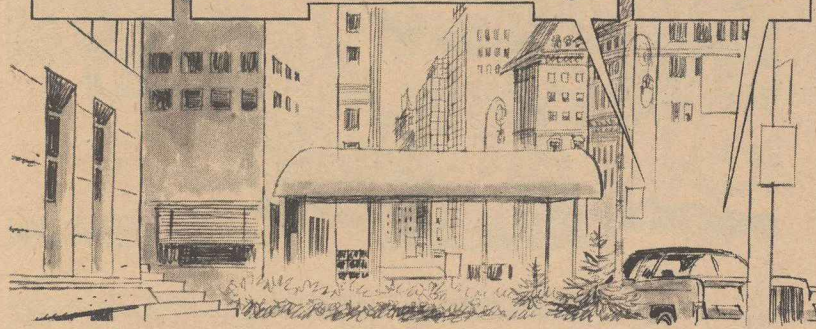
Listen, I don't have any love for them **Bigots**, either! If I had my way, every one of **THEM** would be sent back to **Bigotland** where **THEY** came from!

And what is the purpose of your visit to America, Mr. Dapperbeaux?

I have come from France to drive my custom-built **Mark III Lincoln Continental** into **Brooklyn** where I will park it in the worst run-down section of the waterfront!

Gee, I was hoping **YOU** guys would know?

Yes, but what's the connection??



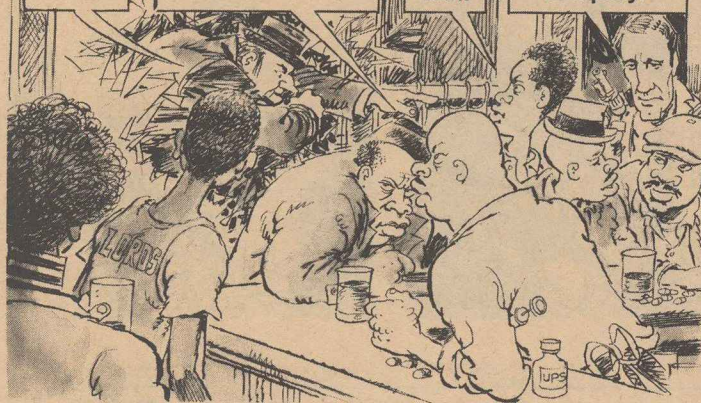
Okay, this is a raid! I want all the goodies on the counter!

Gee, Cockeye, why can't you come through the front door just once! This is the fourth plate glass window you've busted this month!

Boy, there are more pills, needles and drugs on that counter than in the last place Cockeye busted!!

Where was that?

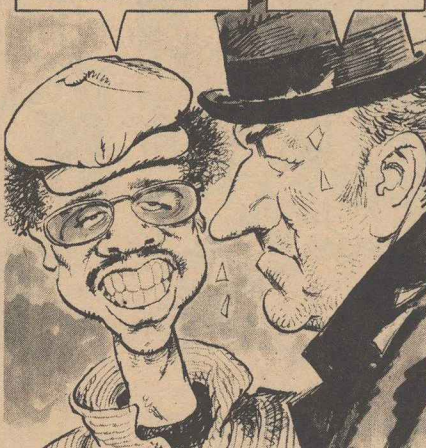
The **Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company!**



Hey, **Spade!** Haven't seen you in a **Coon's** age! How's my little **Black-Eyed Pea?**

Don't get cute with me, **Sambo**, or I might start some name-calling!

You talkin' to me?



Hey, Man! You got a dime to lend me for the **John** . . . ?

Wait, I'll open it for you!



Okay! (**SOCK!**) No one can hear us now! (**PUNCH!**) So what's the word?

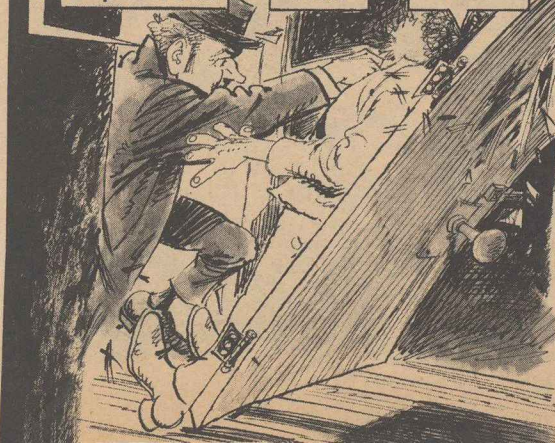
When? (**SLAM!**)

How much? (**CRACK!**)

Soon! Maybe this week!

I dunno! (**OOOF!**) A lot!

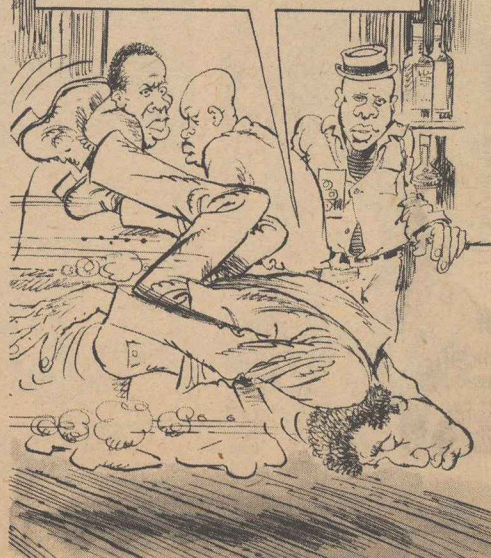
There's a big shipment due!



Now I'm gonna knock you back outside with one last shot! Thanks for the info! You're really a friend . . .



Thank God I'm a **FRIEND!** I'd hate to see the way he treats his **ENEMIES!**



But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm sure I'm on to something **BIG!**

Cockeye, the last time you were on to something big, you cost the Department \$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !

Yeah, but last time, I just had a "feeling"! This time, I got a real "HUNCH"!

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a Fed to help! Let's see, who won't I miss if he gets shot accidentally??

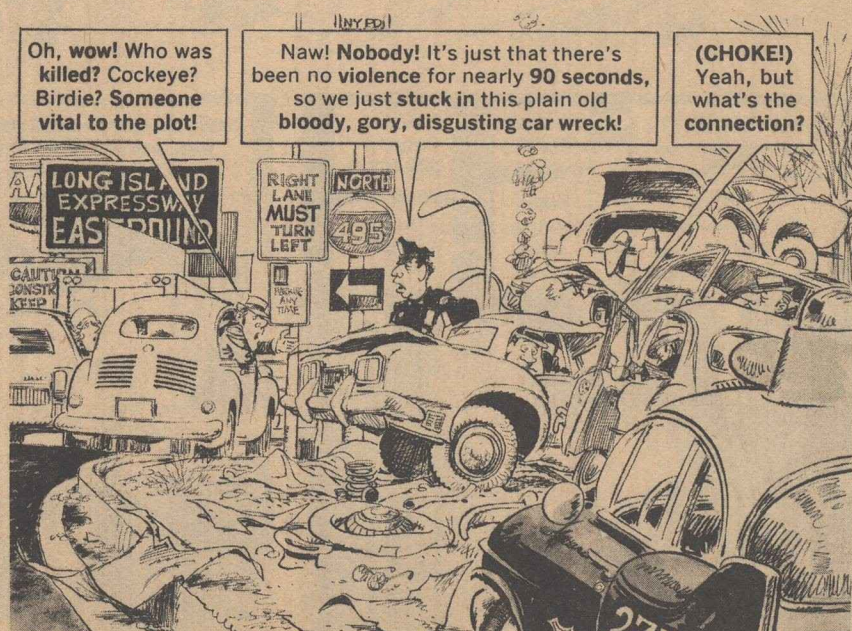
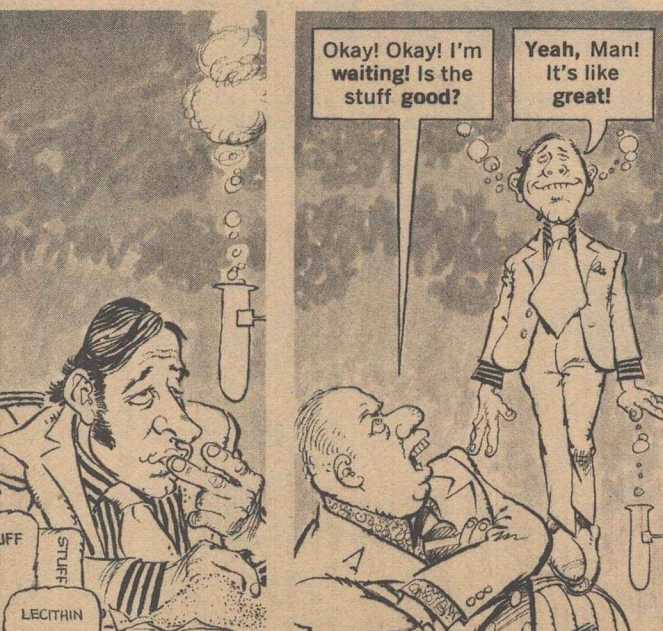
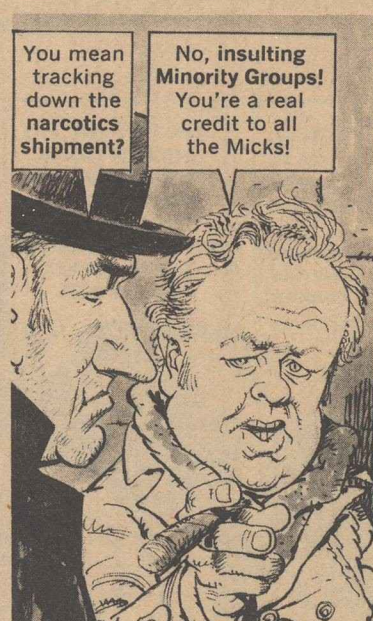
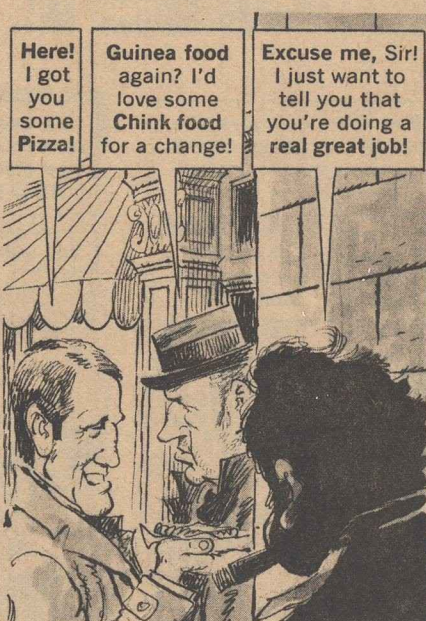
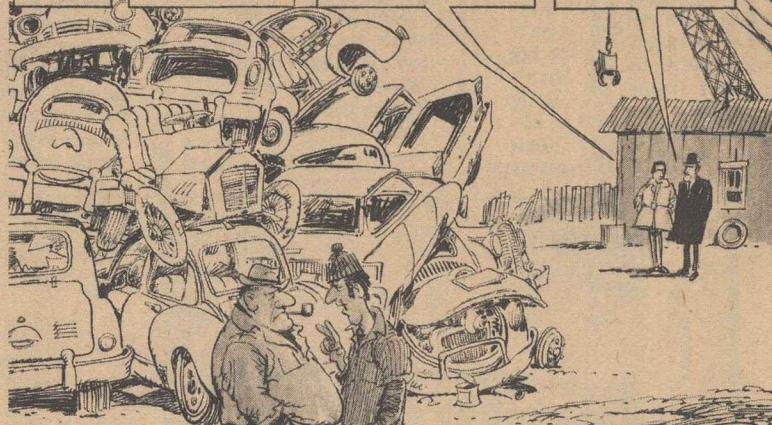
What kind of a place is this, anyway?

It's an Auto Graveyard . . . where they auction off old cars!

See that guy in the black hat? He's our agent! He's bidding on a beat-up wreck of an old car for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just one more question?

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???



EEEEEE! EEEEE!
Someone's shooting
at us! Oh, my God!
Look! There's a
sniper on the roof!

Boy, I sure wish
they'd go back to
Sniperland where
they came from ...
those lousy Snipes!

When you get finished
with your ethnic slurs,
you might chase him!
He just ran up and got
on the Elevated Train!

POW!
POW!



Thanks for the tip ... Kike!

STOP! POLICE EMERGENCY!
I GOTTA HAVE YOUR CAR!

SCREECH

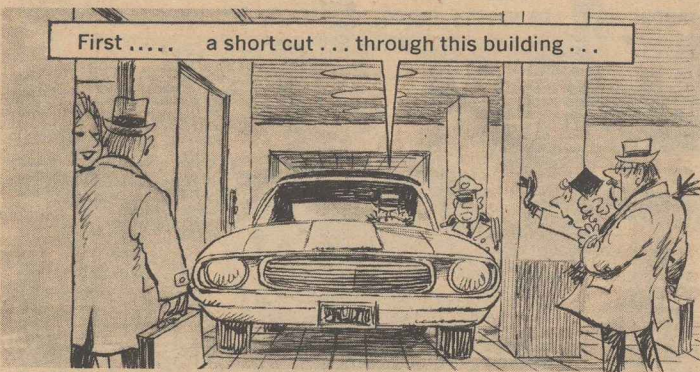


Aw, c'mon,
guy! Take
somebody
else's car!
I want to
chase him!

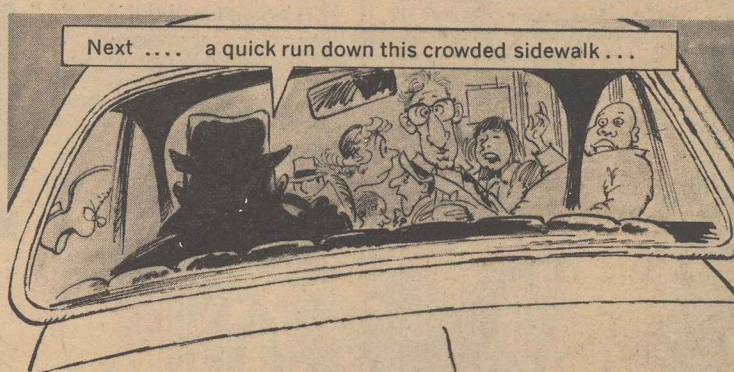
Tough! You had
your chance in
"Bullit"! Now
it's my turn
to drive like
a crazy idiot!



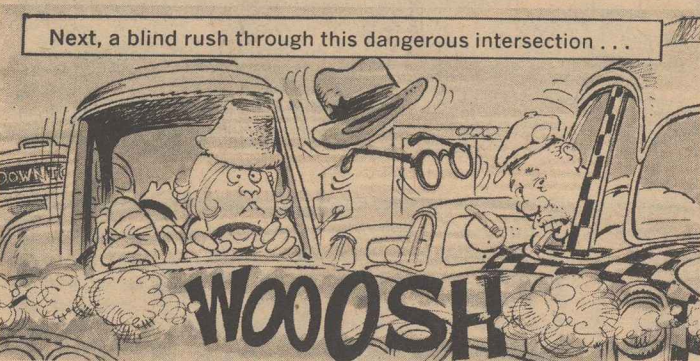
First a short cut ... through this building ...



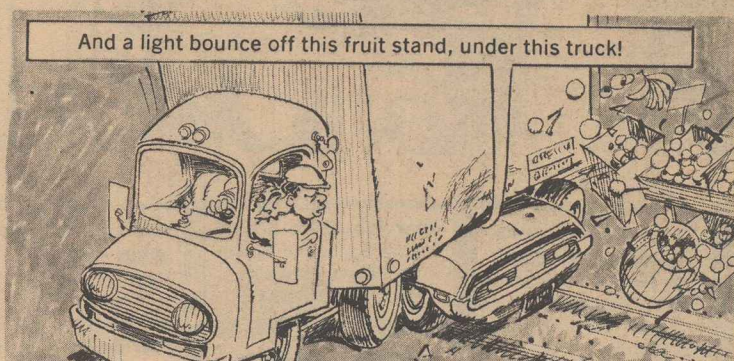
Next a quick run down this crowded sidewalk ...



Next, a blind rush through this dangerous intersection ...



And a light bounce off this fruit stand, under this truck!

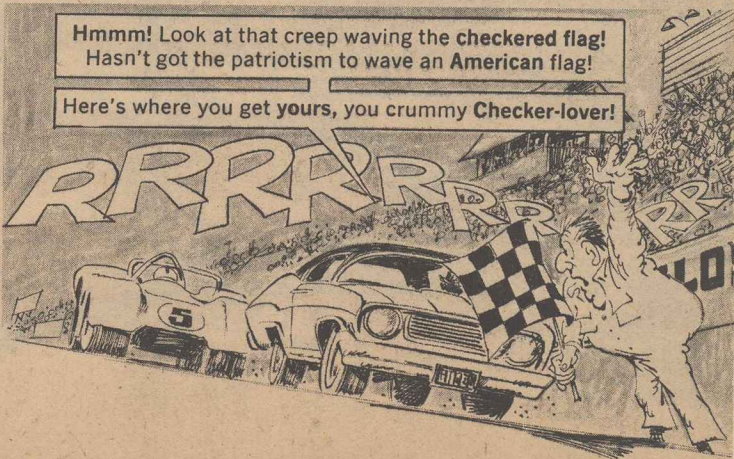


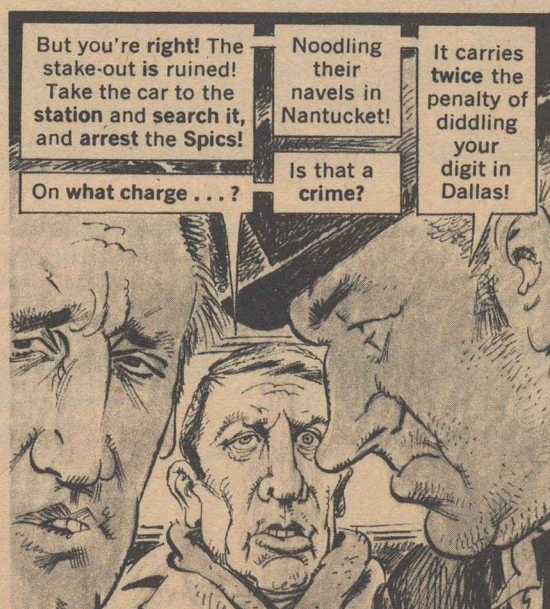
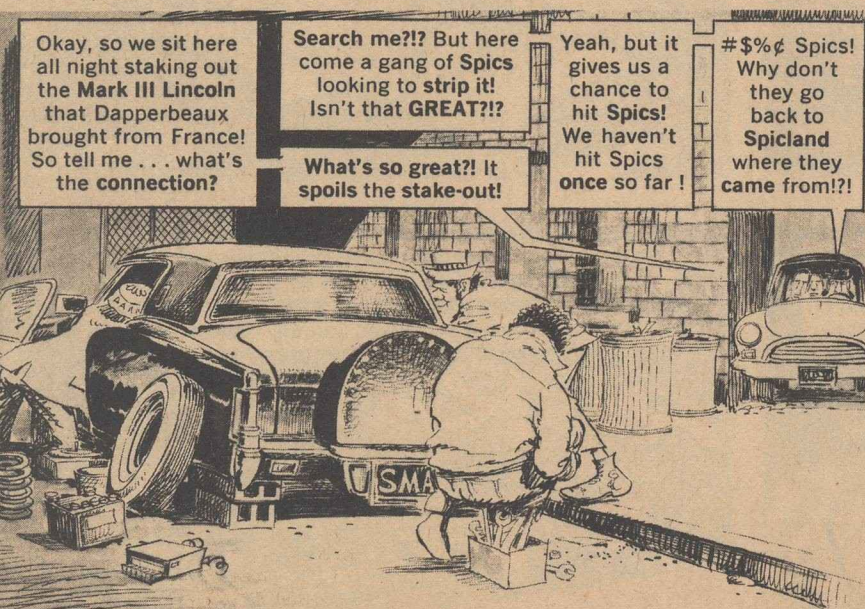
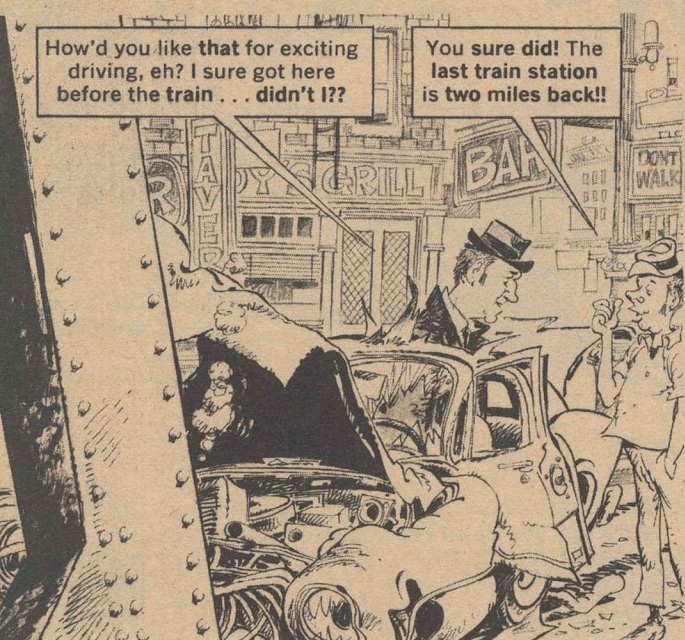
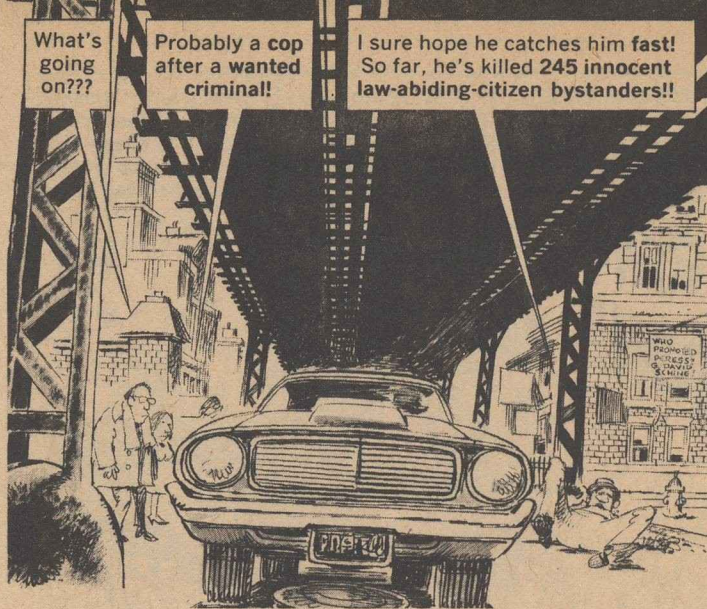
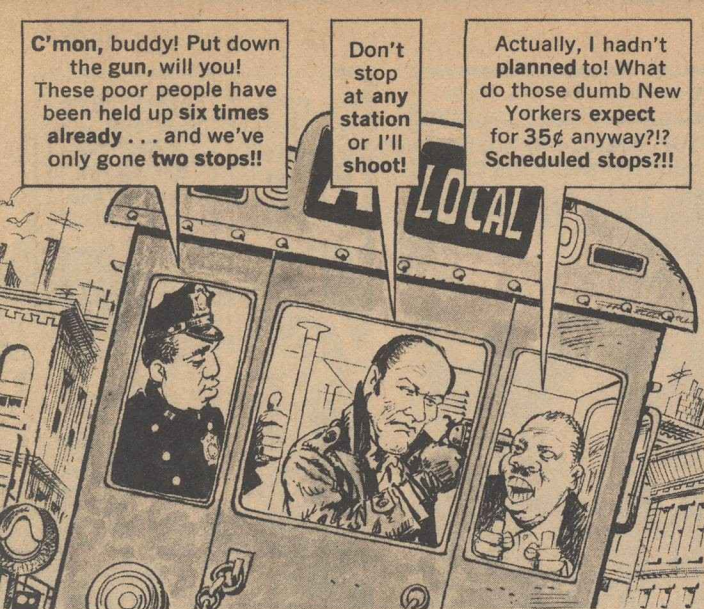
Now watch this neat maneuver! Just before I hit that young
mother and her baby carriage, I swerve! Unfortunately, into
a busload of Orphans! But that's their tough luck! Why don't
they go back to Orphanland where they came from!?!



Hmmm! Look at that creep waving the checkered flag!
Hasn't got the patriotism to wave an American flag!

Here's where you get yours, you crummy Checker-lover!





Listen, Cockeye—

Fed, I've had it up to here with you razzin' me!!

But all I said was "Listen, Cockeye—"

Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?

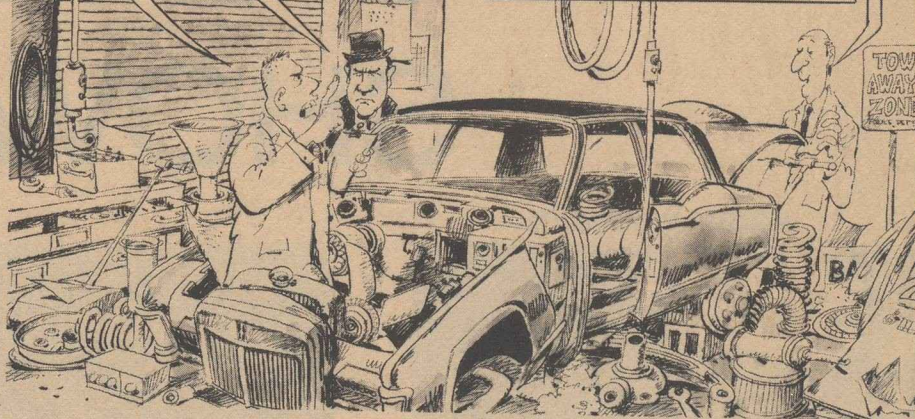
Didn't find a thing, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats . . . everything!

Did you look in the trunk?

The trunk?? No! What a fantastic idea! Hey, Gus! Look in the trunk!

Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . .!

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to Mechanicland where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!



Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux . . . in perfect shape!

Wait a minute! What's going on here, anyway?

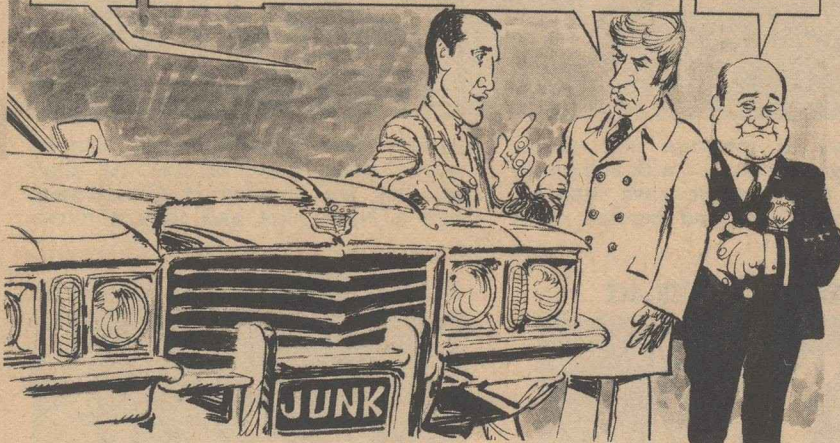
No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!

Who said anything about searching my car? I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!

Phew! is that all? For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!

HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!



Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!

I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!

That's loophole #1!

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!

That's loophole #2!

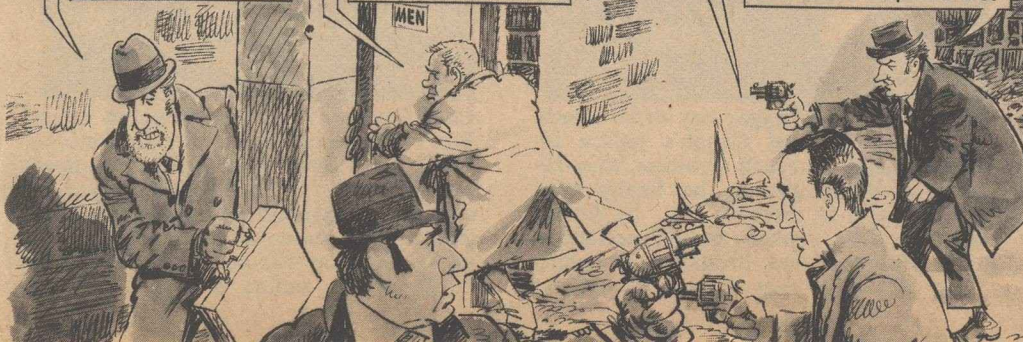
And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!

And that's loophole #3!

Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .

Yeah, but what's the connection??



If you're a "TV Late Show" film buff, you're probably aware of the important roles certain "props" played in old movies. In fact, some of these "props"

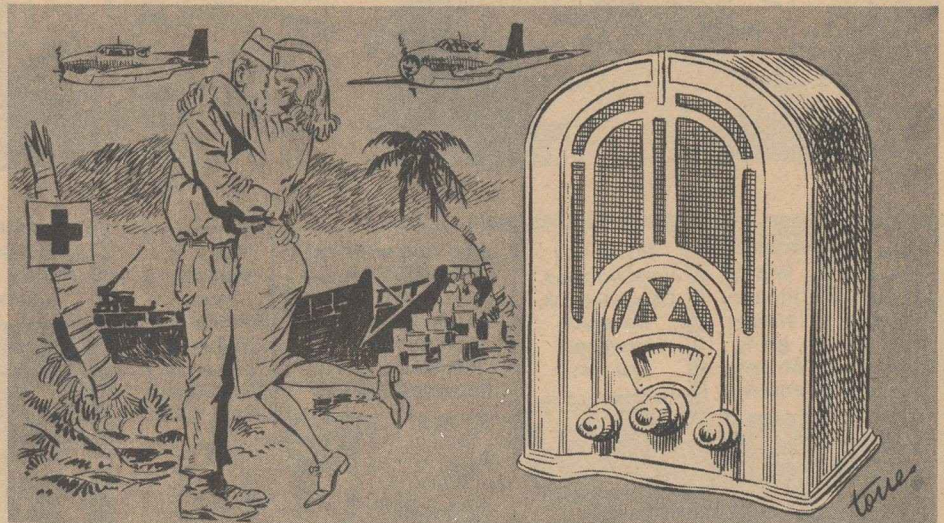
A MAD GUID SHOW" CLICK

MONSTER MOVIE TORCH



Always used by hunchback-assistant to antagonize monster . . . and always used again later on by villagers to track down monster-murderer of hunchback-assistant and other assorted victims.

CATHEDRAL RADIO



Device used to interrupt love scenes . . . and engagements . . . with announcement that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor. Hero and heroine defer

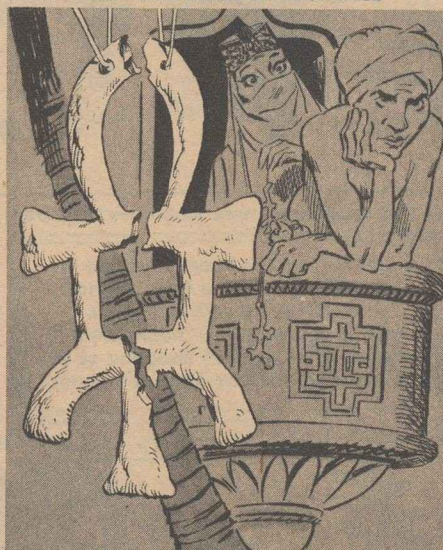
marriage plans until the world can be made a better place to live. At film's end, they are reunited in Guadalcanal—he's a Navy pilot and she's a nurse.

NOBLE PILOT WRENCH



Test pilots Tom and Jim both love Sue. One of them has to test the dangerous X-14. Jim, convinced that Sue loves Tom, pretends to let him take up the X-14. But when Tom looks up to check the weather, Jim hits him on the head with the prop wrench, takes the X-14 up himself, and is never seen again.

BROKEN AMULET NECKLACE



Handsome Arab beggar boy defies death by scaling wall of Caliph's palace in wild attempt to reach Princess who he loves. Evading guards, he finally gets to her, only to discover . . . by fitting together their broken amulet necklaces . . . that they are brother and sister! Love affair is over before it begins.

TRAGEDY-IDENTIFYING LIFE PRESERVER



Used several ways for dramatic effect. For example, we see a wreckage-strewn oily sea. Prop life-preserver floats by. It says . . . "Lusitania"! Or we see a young honeymoon couple smooching on deck. They move off, revealing ship's name on prop life-preserver. The poor kids! They're sailing on the "Titanic"!



were used so often, they actually achieved “cliché” status. For those of you who don’t know what in heck we’re talking about, we now present this article:

E TO “TV LATE É MOVIE PROPS

ARTIST:
ANGELO TORRES
WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

SUSPENSION MICROPHONE



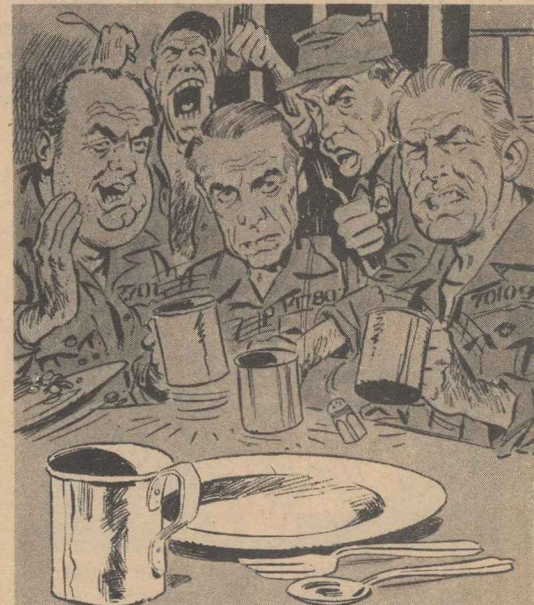
Used effectively by the Announcer at the ballpark to tell the little boy with the fatal illness who’s lying in the hospital, holding the autographed baseball, that the Slugger has hit one over the fence just for him—bringing on a sudden miracle cure for the boy.

**THIS-WILL-MAKE-YOU-TALK
HYPODERMIC NEEDLE**



After brutal torture has failed, the sadistic Nazi officer has one method left to make Allied undercover agent reveal location of Gen. Eisenhower’s headquarters and the time, place and size of upcoming invasion of Europe: the injection of — gasp — truth serum!

TIN CUPS, TIN PLATES AND UTENSILS



Invariably used by inmates in Prison pictures to bang on mess hall tables and clang across cell bars to register their dissatisfaction with the lousy food, the indifferent Warden, the cruel guards, the intolerable working conditions, and the impossible script.

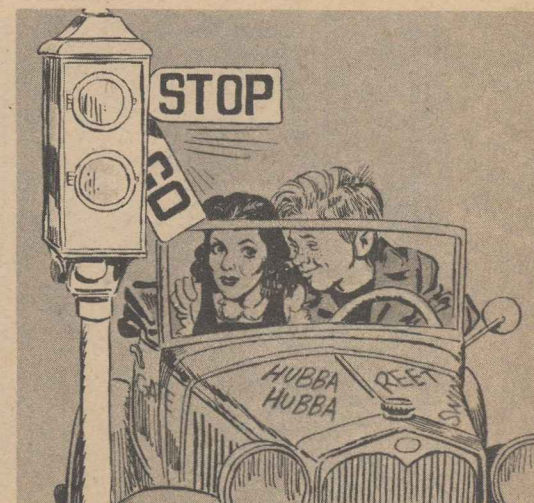
BAIL OF NEWSPAPERS



This prop is invariably dropped from a truck at the feet of our hero who, as the newsstand dealer cuts the string, learns by the headlines that (1) the

killer he’d helped convict (who swore revenge) has escaped from prison, or (2) the girl he was with last night is dead, and he’s wanted for her murder!

SMALL TOWN TRAFFIC CONTROLLER



Humorous romantic prop used in family comedies so Andy could stop his jalopy and kiss Polly while sign changed from stop to go to stop to go to stop to—

RE-BREATHING BAG



Invaluable in helping lay movie fans follow the progress of an operation. Everything is going along fine while bag expands and contracts regularly. Any faltering or collapse is signal for Surgeon to whisper, "Quick, Nurse

— the adrenalin!" If injection works, bag will resume expansion and contraction. If bag remains deflated, Surgeon will snap off rubber gloves and throw them to the floor in disgust while the Nurse solemnly pulls a sheet over body.

EXTENSION TELEPHONE



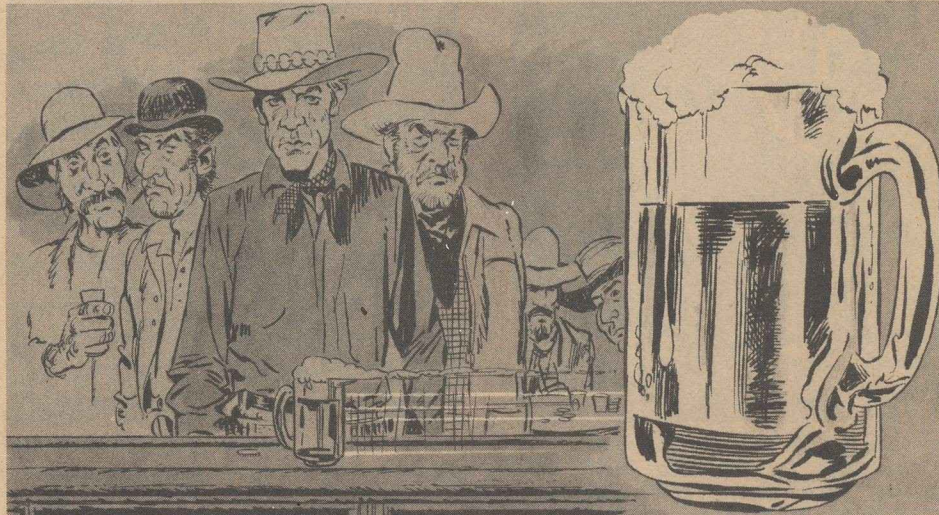
Usually grabbed by Old Timer in green eyeshade who calls ahead and stops the "Cannonball Express" from crossing the dynamited trestle. Sometimes grabbed by hotshot City Editor who yells, "Stop the press! We're re-making Page One!"

EASILY-SMASHED MIRROR



It's a sure bet that at some point in the big Broadway Star's career, she'll reach that low point when she'll look at herself in the mirror, filled with self-contempt and loathing, and fling her whisky glass at her reflection . . . smashing the mirror into smithereens. However, like mirror, her life will be almost impossible to put back together.

SLIDING BEER GLASS



A favorite prop of Western movies for bringing the noisy festivities in the saloon to a dead stop, the beer glass

always slides 30 feet down bar and comes to rest right in front of tall lonesome stranger who just walked in.

PAINTING WITH EYEHOLE



You can bet your life that in almost every mystery-horror film that takes place in a creepy old house, our hero

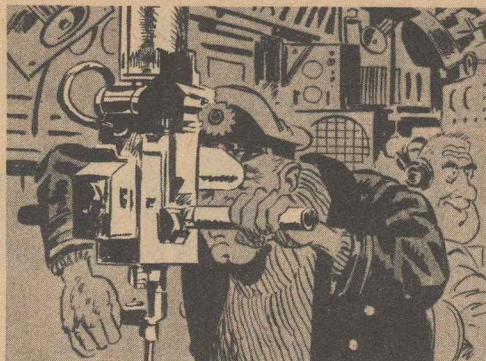
or heroine will be spied upon through the cut-out eyes of the old portrait hanging over the fireplace . . . or bed.

BROADWAY-BOUND DANCING SHOES



Some eager youngsters have put a show together in a barn. Our hero, wearing two-tone prop shoes, knocks everybody dead with his dance routine including famous talent scout who just happened to be out front. Shoes are then shown dancing across country in a series of montage shots, bound for Broadway and that big break at the Palace Theater.

"AMERIKANISCHER SCHWEINHUND" PERISCOPE



After several touching scenes aboard the troop transport in which the boys have exchanged memories, jokes, bits of homespun philosophy and photos of loved ones, film always cuts suddenly to this prop. Look for the evil Nazi Sub Commander, followed by a torpedo.

TELL-TALE CIGARETTE BUTT



Main character always spots prop when dropping in unexpectedly. If the main character is a detective, it means he surprised the girl and the murderer. If the main character is a woman, the butt is usually lipstick-smeared, and it means her lover is cheating on her.

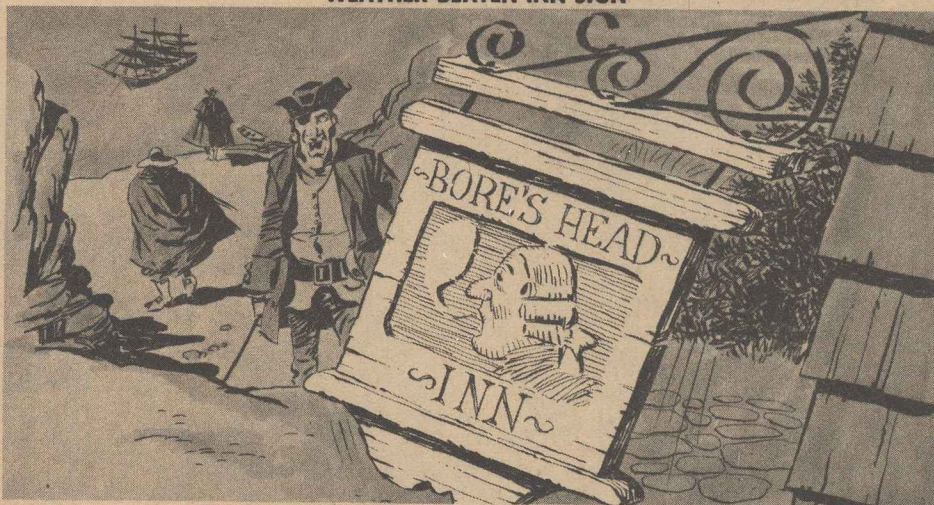
HOT TOWEL BROILER



Back in days when men's "hairstylists" were known as "barbers," they not only cut hair, but they also shaved people. In comedy films, the fun started when the barber turned to the broiler prop,

took out a steaming hot towel, did a little painful dance, and dropped it on the face of a prone and helpless villain — like a crusty bank president, a skinflint landlord or a city slicker.

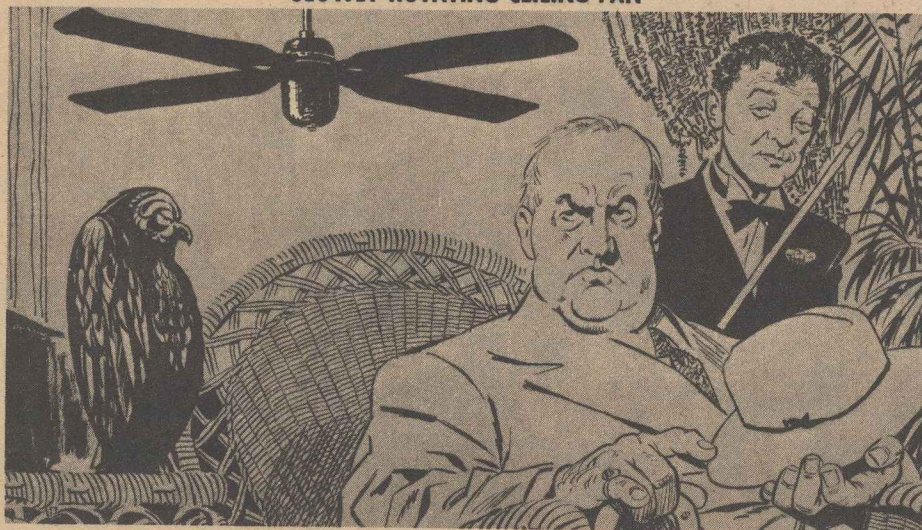
WEATHER-BEATEN INN SIGN



Creaky old gimmick that's always used to establish the scene (usually on the English coast) where the smugglers or the ship-wreckers are meeting to make

plans or split the swag. You can bet that the sign will be swinging wildly in a torrential downpour and suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning.

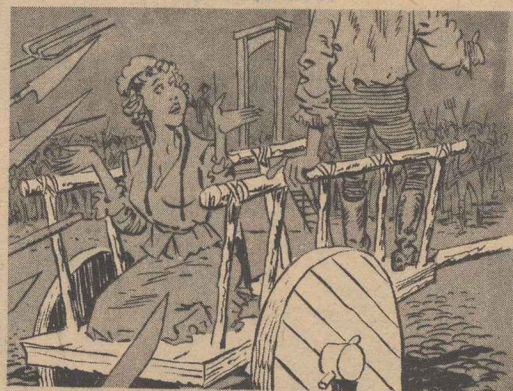
SLOWLY ROTATING CEILING FAN



Always used for setting the scene in either a steaming tropic jungle or the Casbah. The slower the fan turns, the

more oppressive the heat (and the plot) becomes. Look for intrigue, treachery, spies, murder — and Sidney Greenstreet.

TUMBREL CART



Prop wagon always seen in movies about French Revolution. It was used to carry condemned to Guillotine and was geared to move painfully slow to give inhuman jeering crowd an opportunity to hurl insults at prisoner, and also to give prisoner time to do a final voice-over — like maybe, "Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done . . ."

And now, here is MAD's version of the recent motion picture about those two loveable zany outlaws who captured the hearts of the West! Unfortunately, along the way, they didn't capture any *laughs*! But they certainly tried and tried and tried! No, we're not talking about "Bonnie and Clyde"! We're talking about . . .

BOTCH CASUALLY AND



No, I haven't got any sevens!

Then, "Go Fish"!

Hey, Somedunce, we'd better go! You're cheating again, and that means trouble!

I am NOT cheating!

Sure you are! You're spending time with other men, aren't you?

Yeah . . . ?

Well, to me that's cheating! You know how jealous I get!

You—gulp—you mean he's the Somedunce Kid?!

That's right, Mister! And I'm his famous partner, Botch Casually!

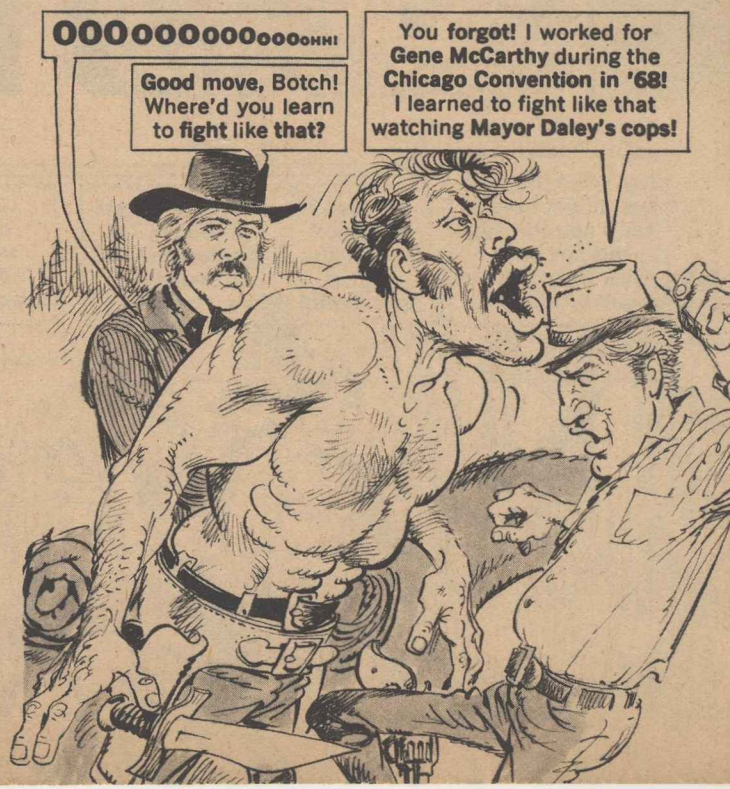
YOU'RE Botch Casually?!?

Who'd you think I was? Wyatt Earp? Billy The Kid??

Well, you look so cute and precious with those baby blue eyes, we all thought you were Calamity Jane!!



WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



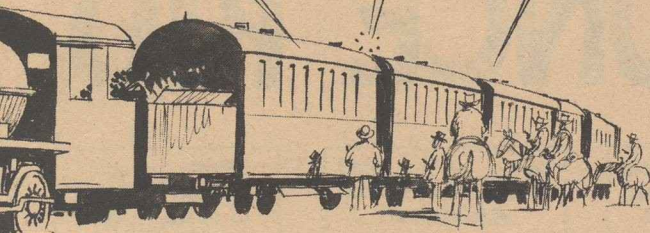
C'mon, Woodchuck! Don't be a fool! Open up!

I can't! I won't! I work for Mr. E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad, and my orders are not to open the safe!

I've heard of "company men"—but this guy is ridiculous!

Open up, Woodchuck, or we'll blow the place up!

No! I work for Mr. E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad, and he ordered me never to open this safe—never!!



Now—let's see what was in the safe!

Hi! Uh-er-I'm E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad! You can take all the money but please don't tell my wife about this!



Okay . . . lower! Lower! Now . . . higher! Higher! Let it all hang out! C'mon . . .

Sorry, Somedunce, but this is only an "M" picture! I can't take off any more clothes!

Who's talking about clothes!? I'm trying to get you to put some expression in your voice! You're about as much of a boring monotone as I am!



Boy, when they told me I might have to carry you through this picture, I never figured they meant on a bicycle!

Gee, don't complain! Be thankful I'm not Kate Smith!

But I don't get it, Botch! The Somedunce Kid makes love to me all night . . .

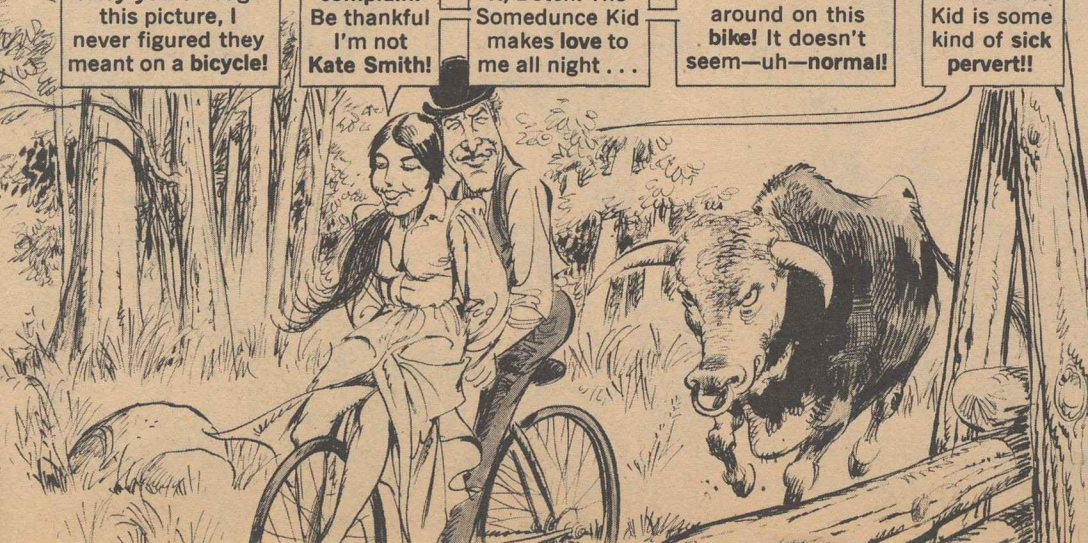
. . . and all you do is ride me around on this bike! It doesn't seem—uh—normal!

You're right! Boy, that Somedunce Kid is some kind of sick pervert!!

Oh, you're so mixed up, Botch! You're like a child in many ways!

What makes you say that! My irrepres-sible pixie-ish manner and the dimple on my chin?

No, the training wheels on your bike!



Don't look now, but we're being chased by a mysterious posse, Botch!

How many of 'em are following us, Somedunce?

ALL of 'em!!

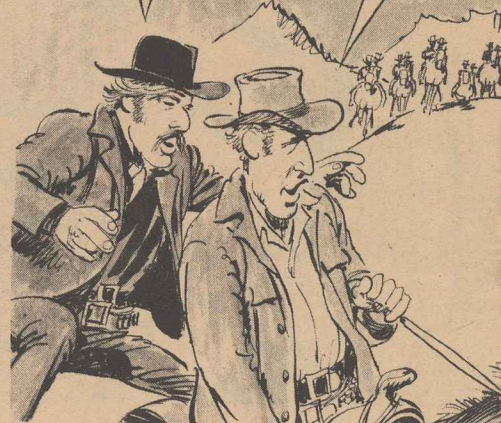
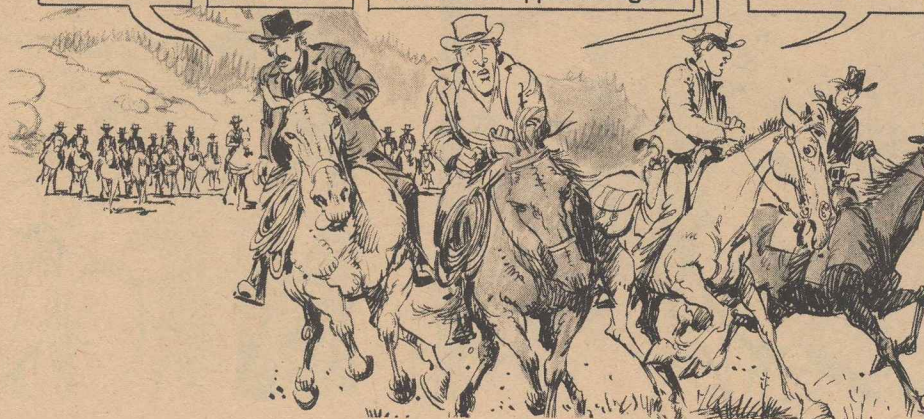
Say, that was pretty good! Now let me try one: Er—it was so hot today, when I passed Boot Hill all I could see was open-toed shoes!

Yuh rascal! Topped me again!

It's times like these that I miss the biting, satirical humor of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans!

Let's try to fool the posse with a clever trick . . . two men jumping on one horse!

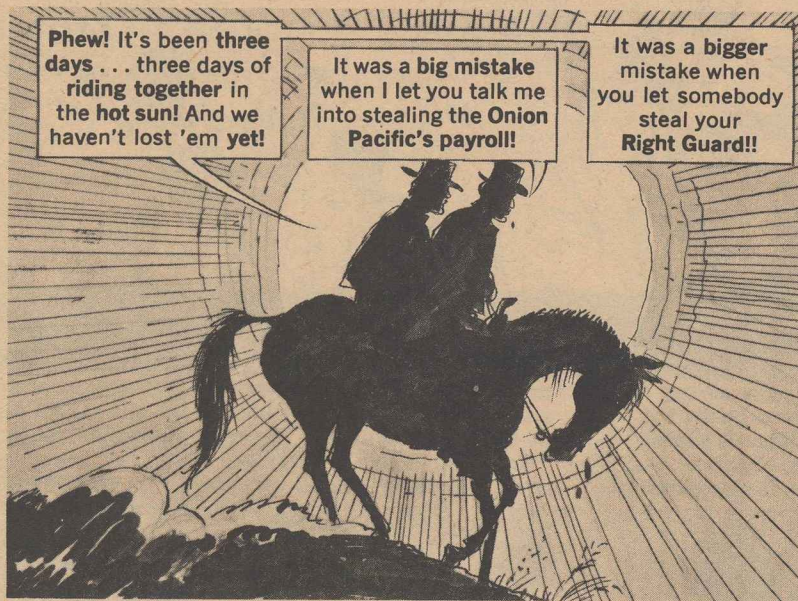
Too late! That posse is wise to us! They've got 16 men . . . and they just jumped on eight horses!



Phew! It's been three days . . . three days of riding together in the hot sun! And we haven't lost 'em yet!

It was a big mistake when I let you talk me into stealing the Onion Pacific's payroll!

It was a bigger mistake when you let somebody steal your Right Guard!!



What a shot, Somedunce! You shot a rattlesnake right between the eyes!

No! I shot a COBRA right between the eyes!

But the nearest Cobra is 8000 miles away in India!

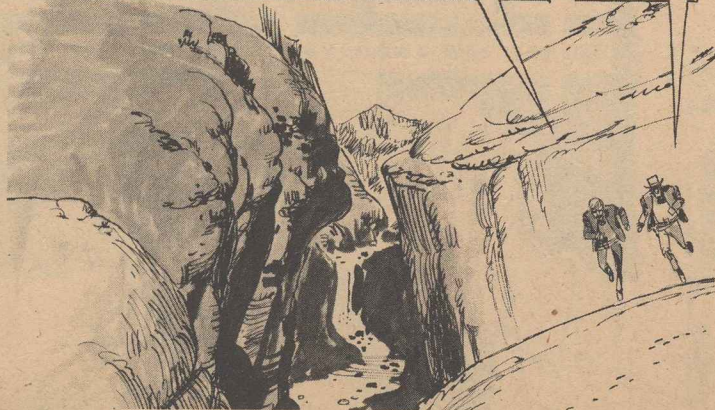
See what a great shot I am!



Let's face it, Somedunce! We're nothing but a couple two-bit outlaws running from the law! There's snakes and dust and a posse that may kill us! It's frightening!

Well, why not look at the bright side?! I still have my sense of humor!

That's the thing that frightens me the MOST!!



They're right behind us, Botch! Our only chance is to jump for it!

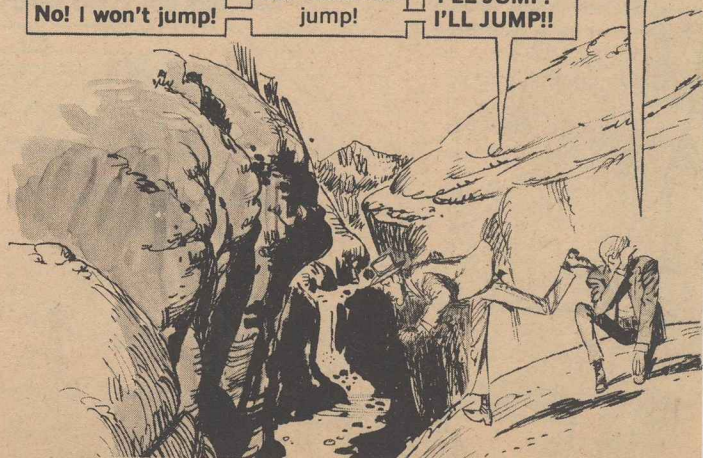
No! I won't jump!

But we got to!

No! Nothing in the world can make me jump!

Hey, did you hear the one about these two traveling salesmen—?

I'LL JUMP! I'LL JUMP!!



It says here that the posse has sworn to chase you until they kill you! What are you gonna do?

Botch is the brains of this gang! He'll think of something!

I say we head for Bolivia!

That's a great idea! I've never been to Europe!

I can SEE why Botch is the brains!

And we'll take Lotta! She speaks German!!

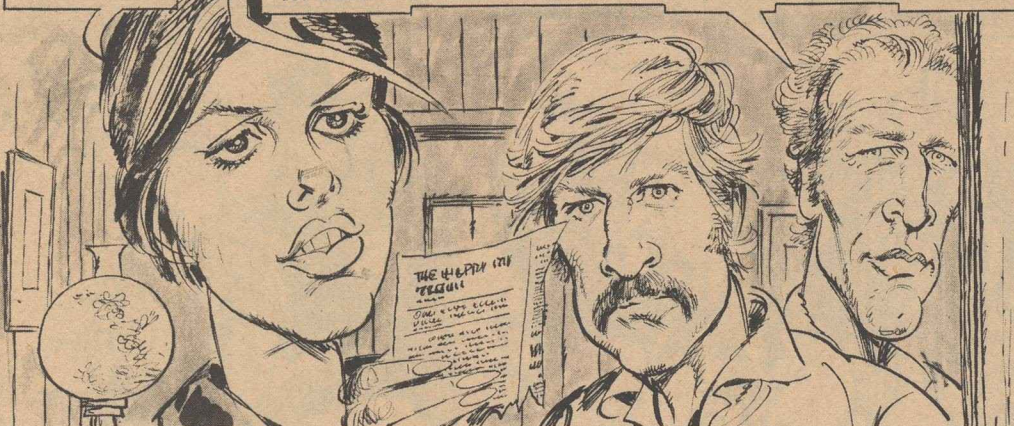
Idiot! They speak Spanish in Bolivia!

I know! But we may want to make a side trip to Argentina!

It's a real drawback having you along! But you can come with us only under certain conditions! You can't whine! You can't act silly! An' you can't start teasin' me with those big eyes of yours!

Okay! I promise!

Not you, Lotta! I'm talkin' about Botch!



Isn't this montage something!

Yes! It's a daring breakthrough in Motion Picture History! It's called "Still Photos"!

It ranks with the best of Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman, and Polaroid!

They're almost as good as my Bar Mitzvah slides! But, of course, they lack the symbolism!

I haven't seen such artistry since the 1964 album of photos of "Irene and Herbie Astrow's Wedding"!

I understand the photos were developed in 60 seconds!

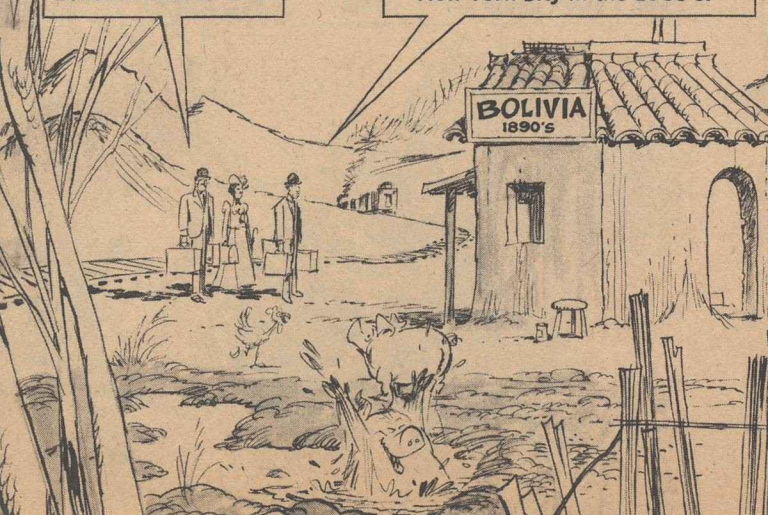
That's more than you can say for the plot! It hasn't developed at all, and it's been 60 MINUTES!!

SHH!



Pigs, goats, huts and mud! Yecch! So this is supposed to be Bolivia in the 1890's!

Stop complaining! It's a lot better than the filthy animal-infested jungle we just came through... New York City in the 1960's!



Now, if you're going to rob the banks here in Bolivia, you have to learn the language! Botch, say "This is a robbery!"...

Esto es un robo!

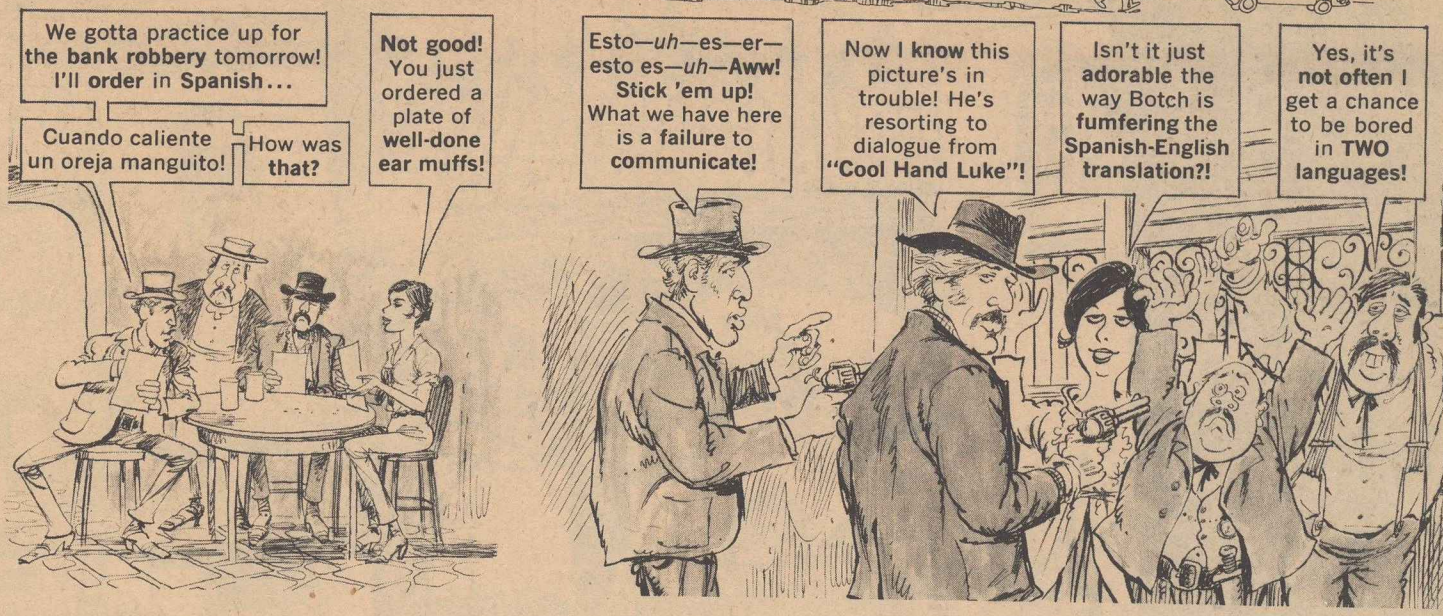
"This is a stick-up!"

Esto es un heisto!

"This is a dull scene and it's ruining our careers!"

Esto es un escena obtuso y es arruinar nuestro carreras!





We gotta practice up for the bank robbery tomorrow! I'll order in Spanish...

Quando caliente un oreja manguito!

How was that?

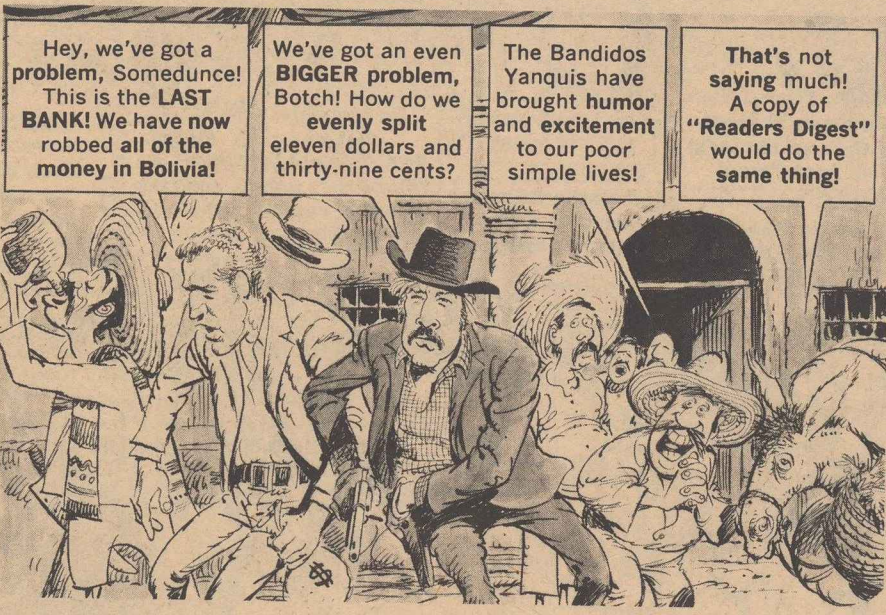
Not good! You just ordered a plate of well-done ear muffs!

Esto—uh—es—er—esto es—uh—Aww! Stick 'em up! What we have here is a failure to communicate!

Now I know this picture's in trouble! He's resorting to dialogue from "Cool Hand Luke"!

Isn't it just adorable the way Botch is fumbling the Spanish-English translation?!

Yes, it's not often I get a chance to be bored in TWO languages!

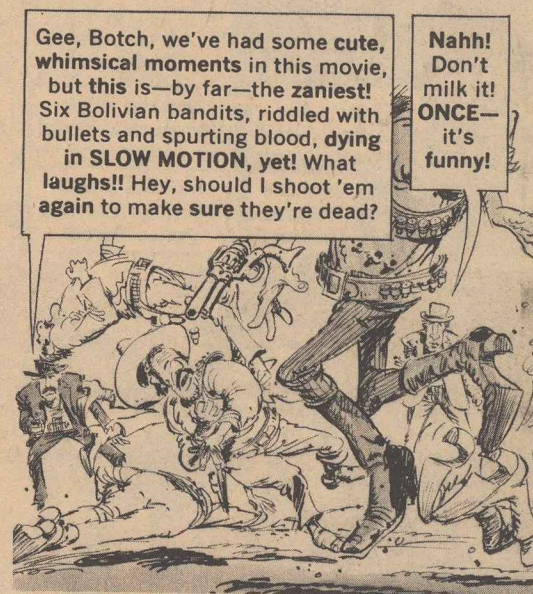


Hey, we've got a problem, Somedunce! This is the **LAST BANK!** We have now robbed all of the money in Bolivia!

We've got an even **BIGGER** problem, Botch! How do we evenly split eleven dollars and thirty-nine cents?

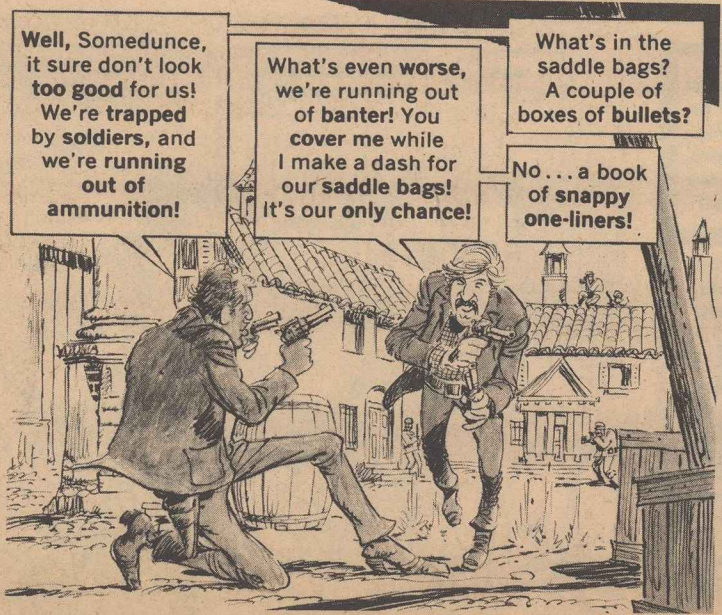
The Bandidos Yanquis have brought humor and excitement to our poor simple lives!

That's not saying much! A copy of "Readers Digest" would do the same thing!



Gee, Botch, we've had some cute, whimsical moments in this movie, but this is—by far—the zaniest! Six Bolivian bandits, riddled with bullets and spurting blood, dying in **SLOW MOTION**, yet! What laughs!! Hey, should I shoot 'em again to make sure they're dead?

Nahh! Don't milk it! **ONCE—** it's funny!

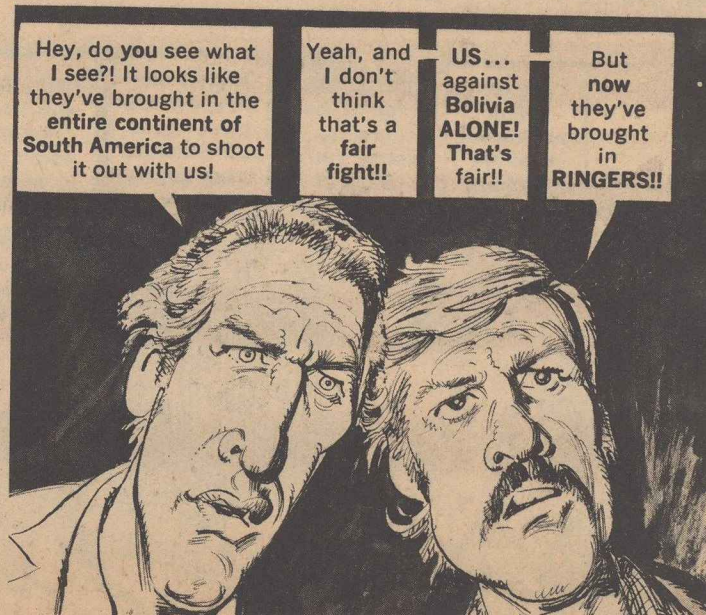


Well, Somedunce, it sure don't look too good for us! We're trapped by soldiers, and we're running out of ammunition!

What's even worse, we're running out of banter! You cover me while I make a dash for our saddle bags! It's our only chance!

What's in the saddle bags? A couple of boxes of bullets?

No... a book of snappy one-liners!



Hey, do you see what I see?! It looks like they've brought in the entire continent of South America to shoot it out with us!

Yeah, and I don't think that's a fair fight!!

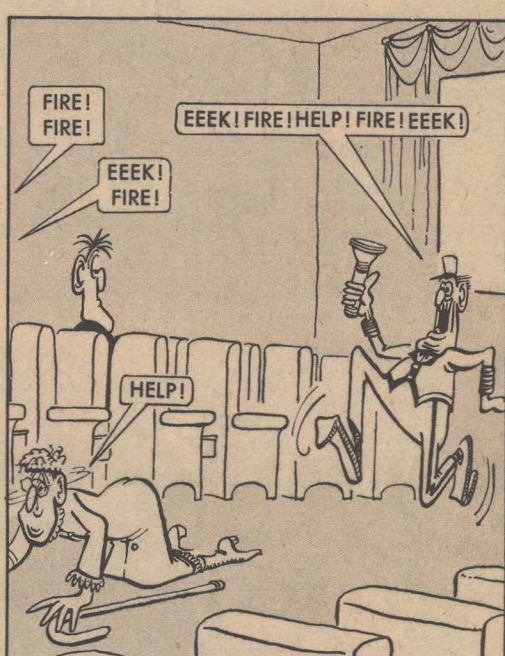
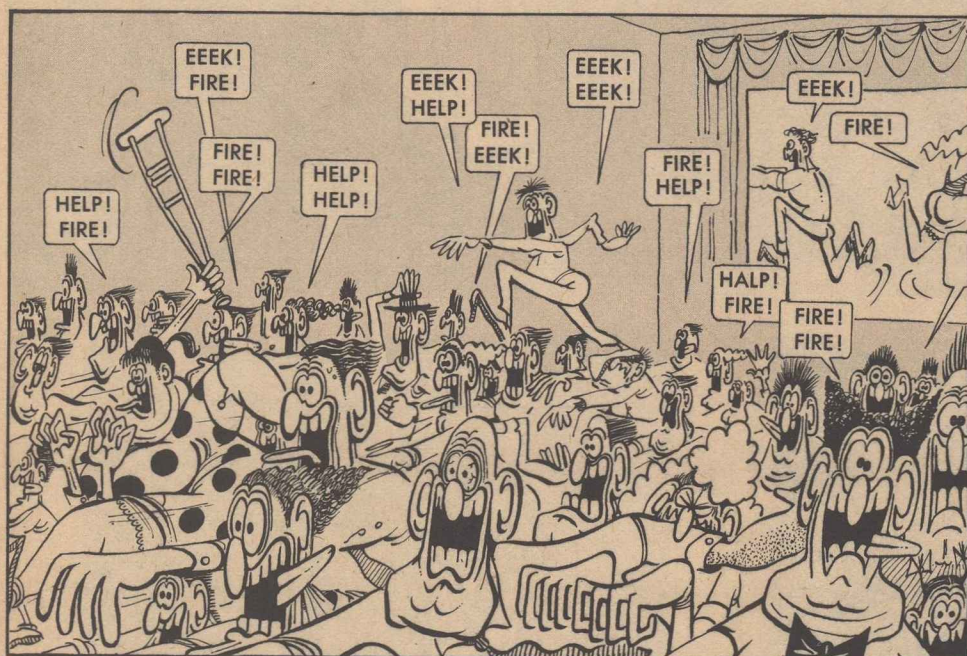
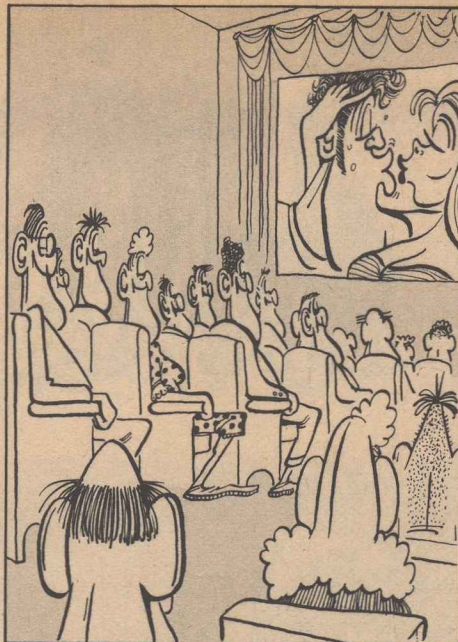
US... against **Bolivia ALONE!** That's fair!!

But now they've brought in **RINGERS!!**

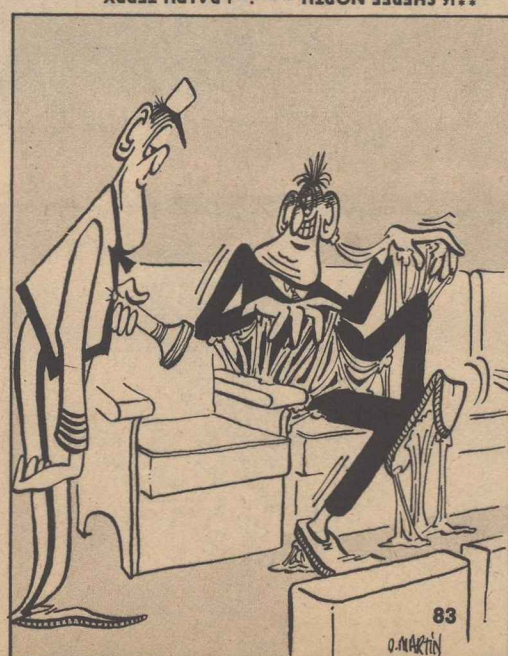
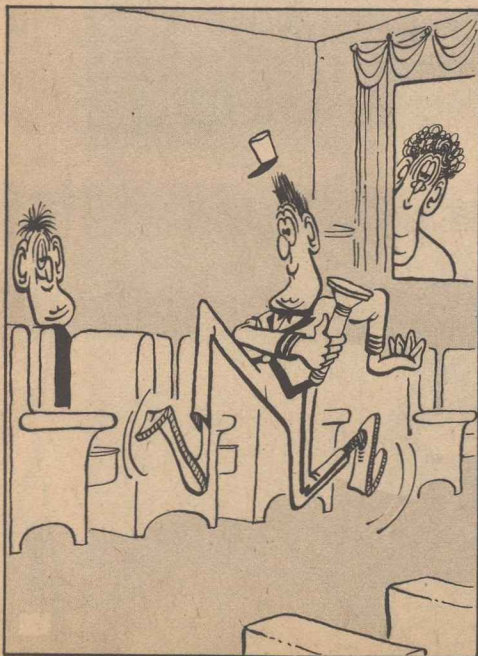
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VI

Don Martin used to go to his local cinema regularly. He described his experiences there in his book "The Fall of the House of Ushers". Here is a rejected chapter from his book (which was also rejected) entitled:

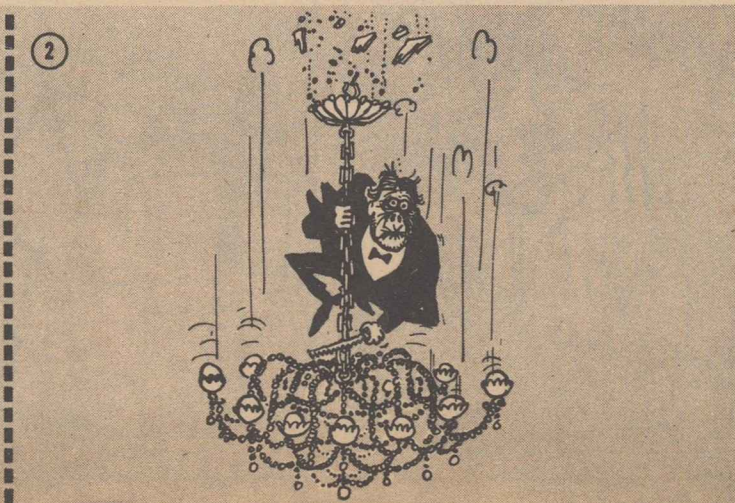
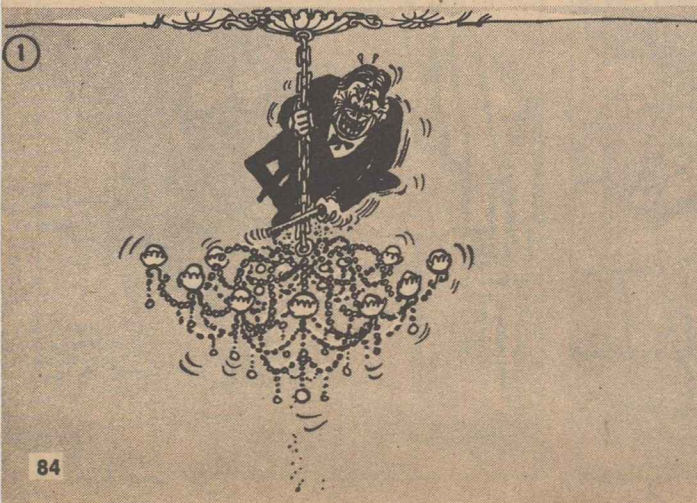
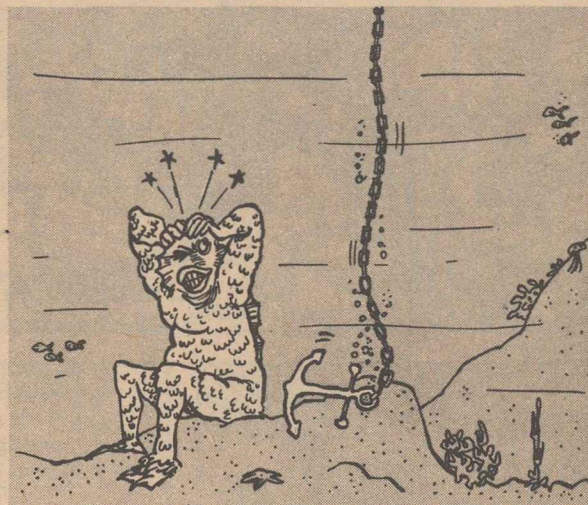
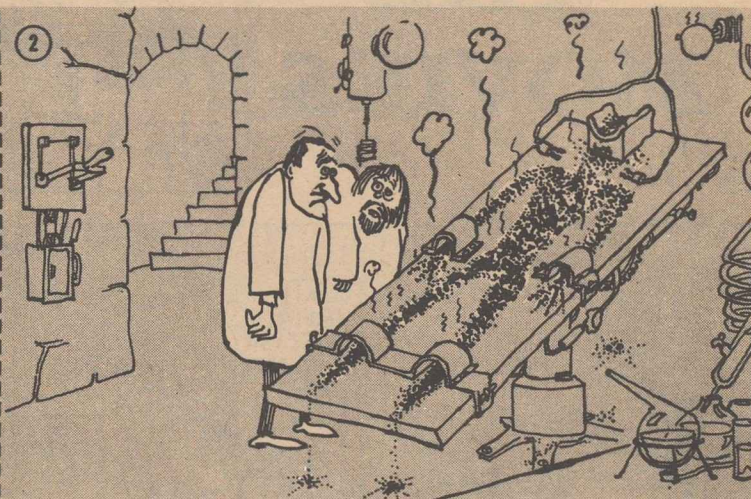
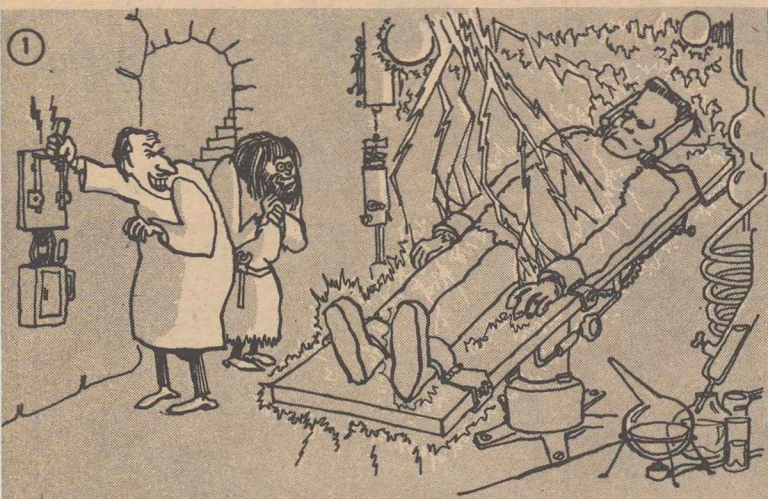
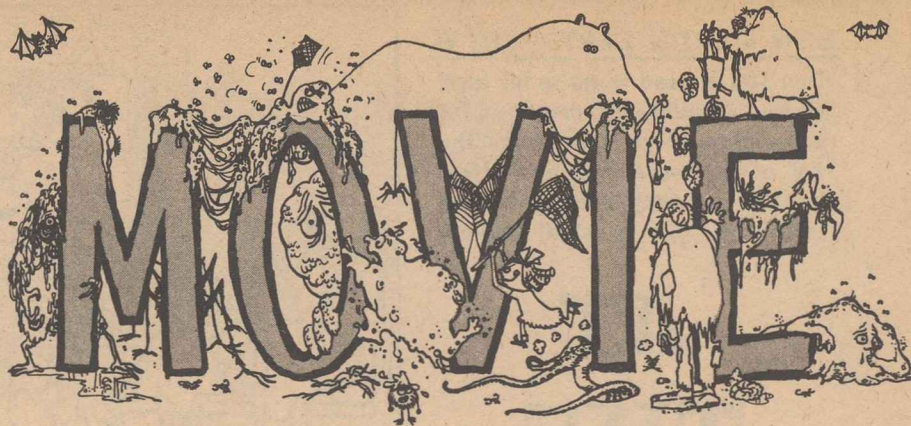
AT THE MOVIES



* IF SHEREE NORTH married RALPH TERRY ...



A MAD LOOK AT

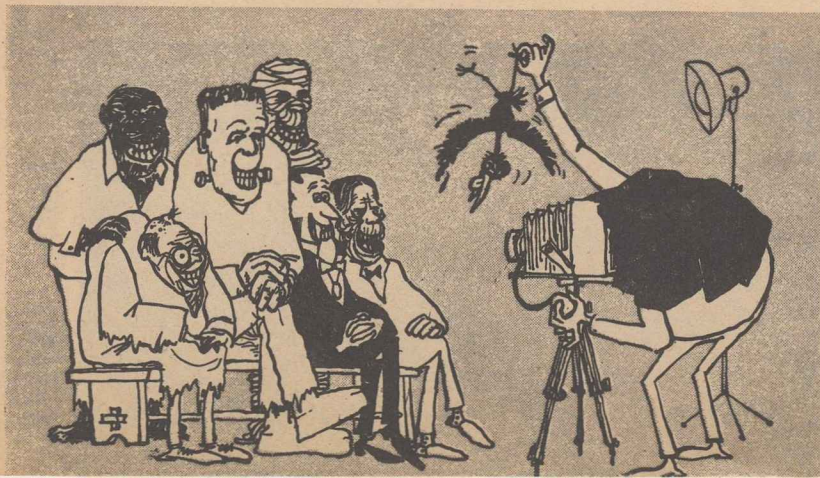
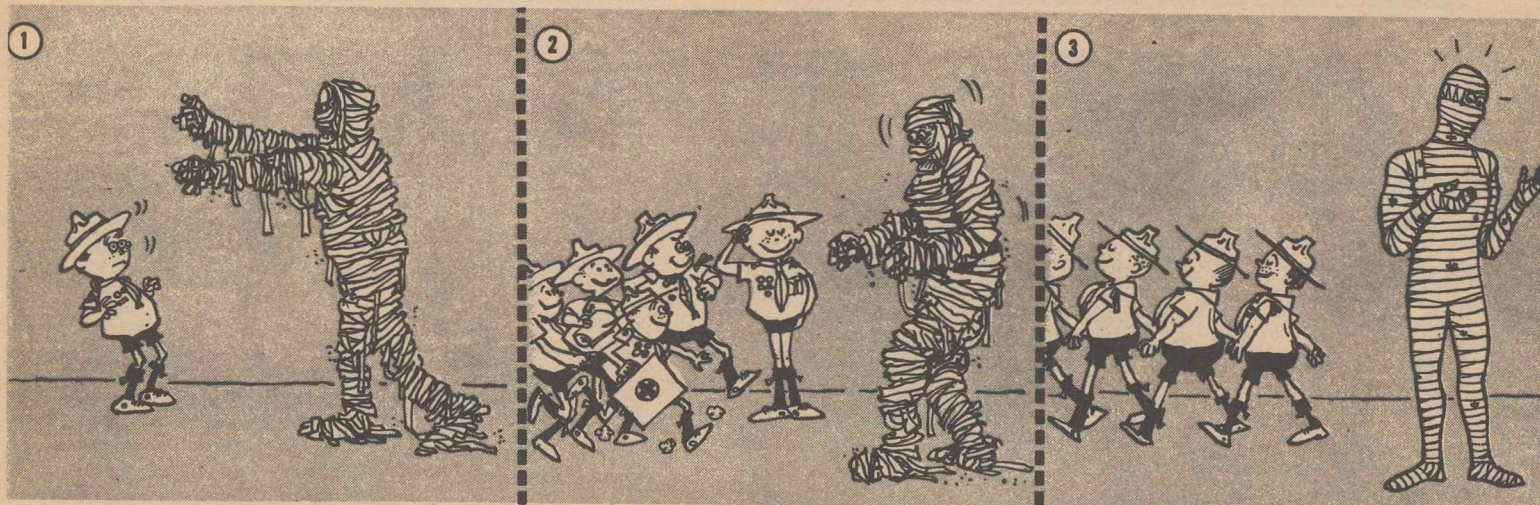
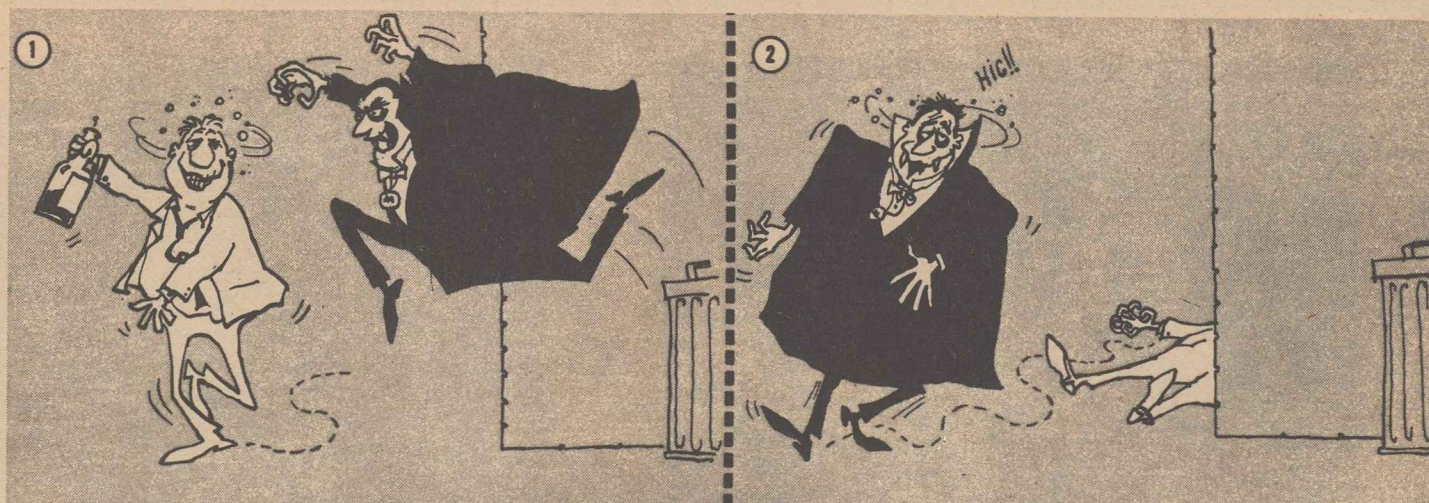


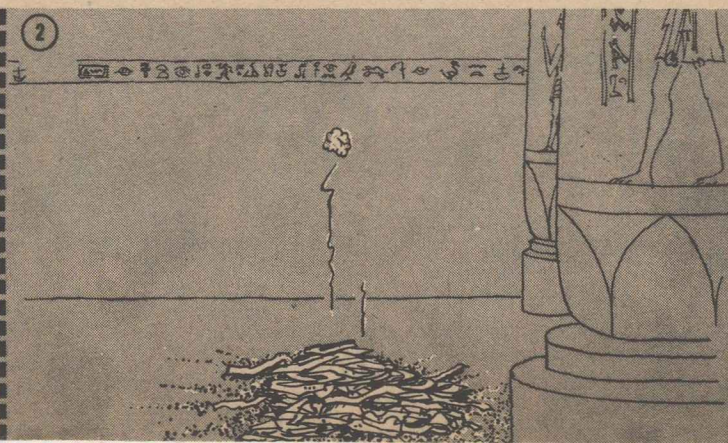
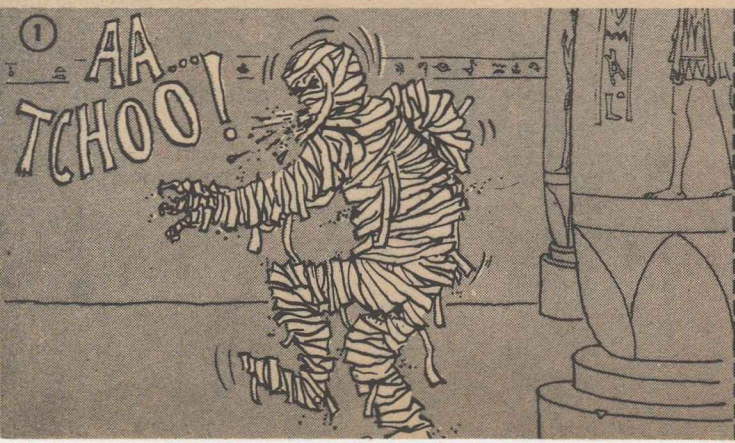
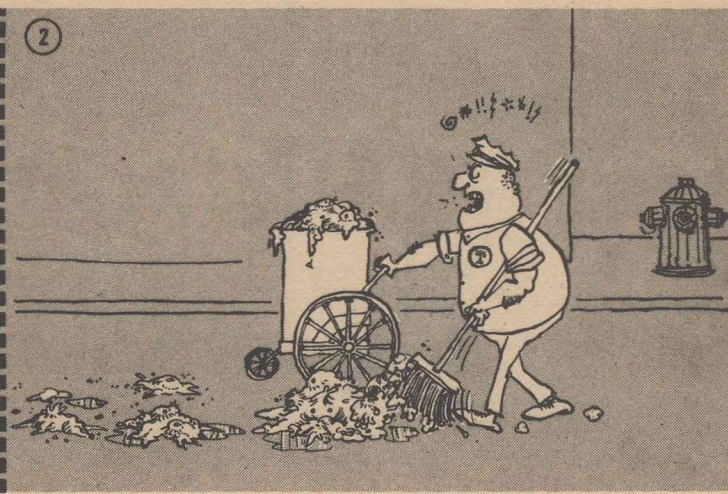
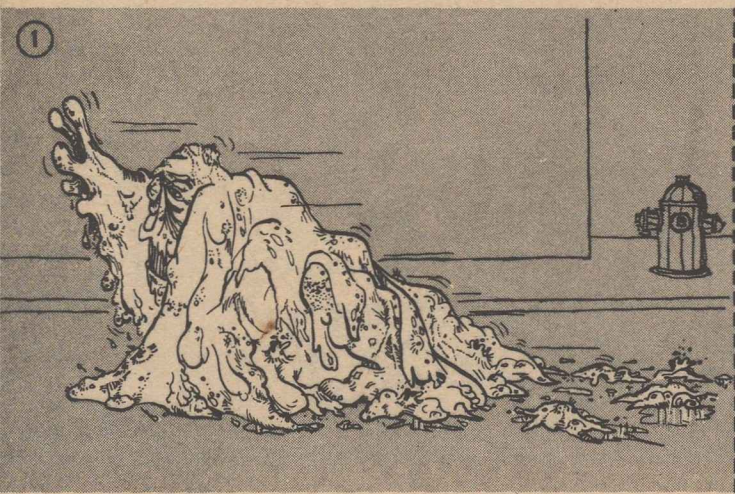
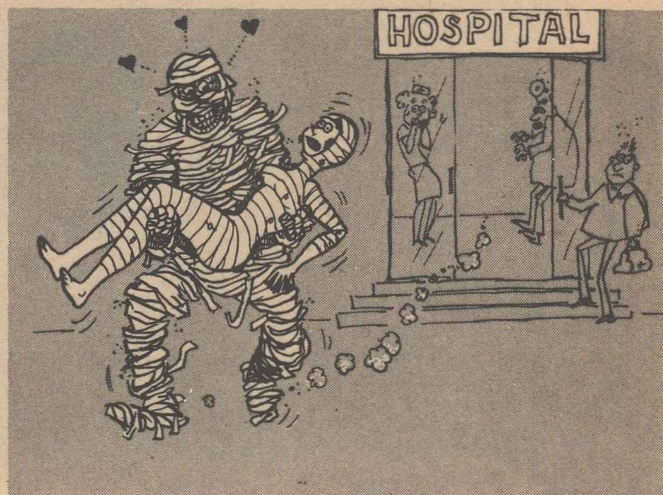
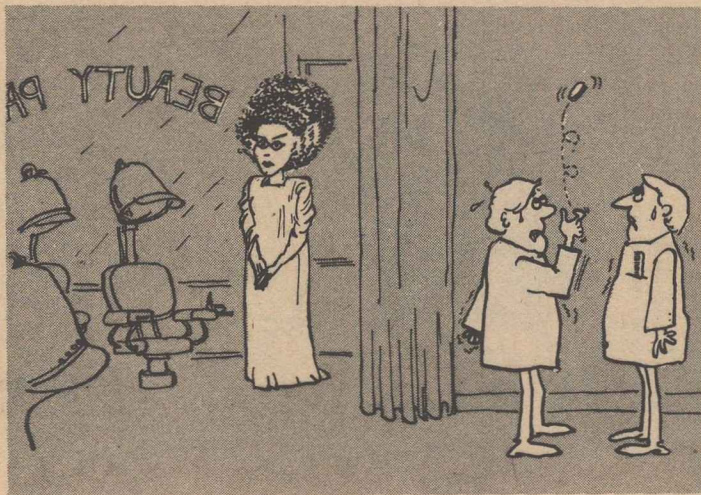
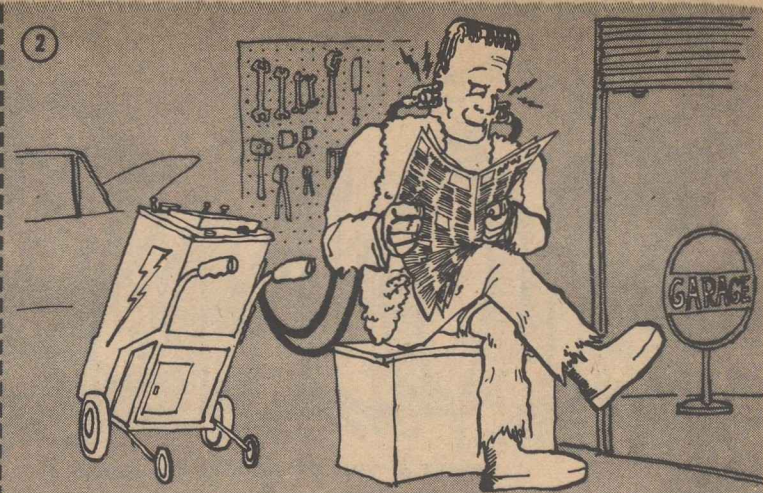
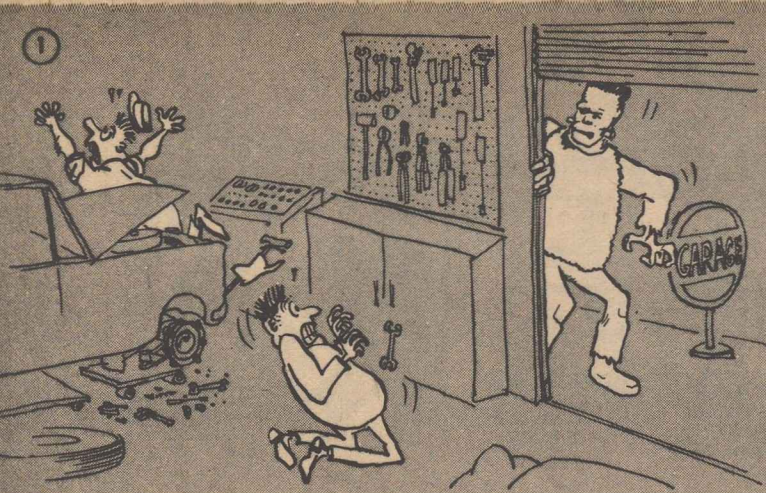
Frankenstein
Bilgiers

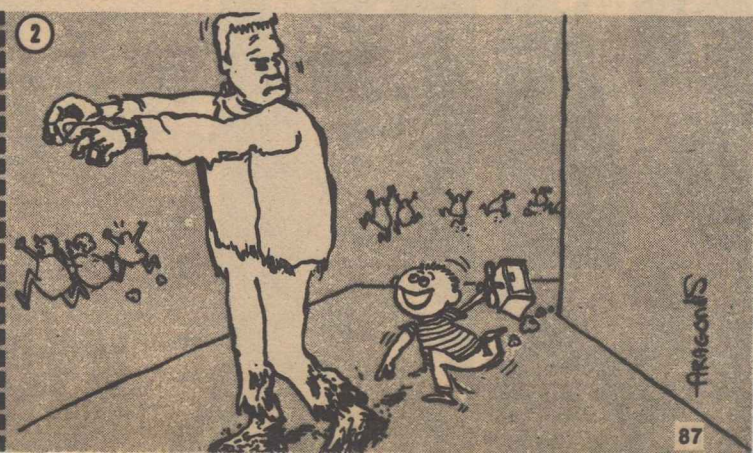
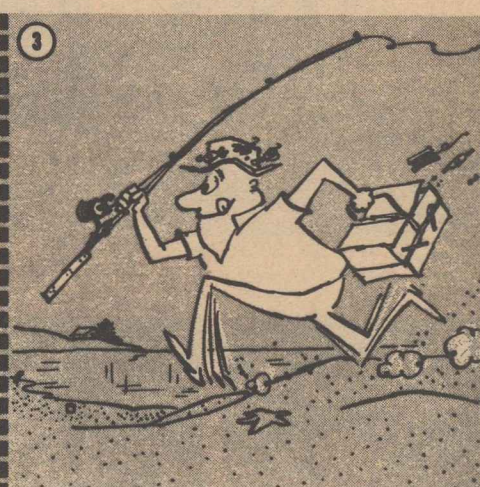
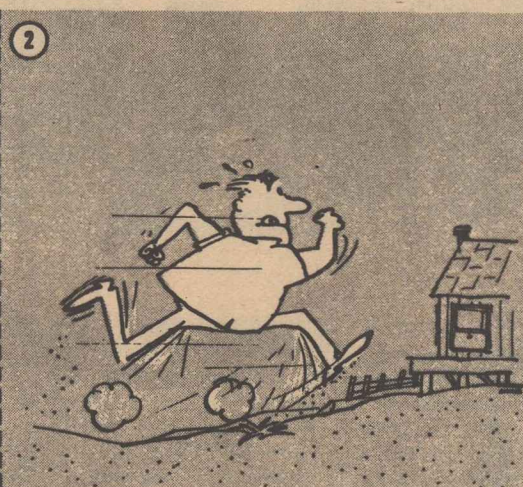
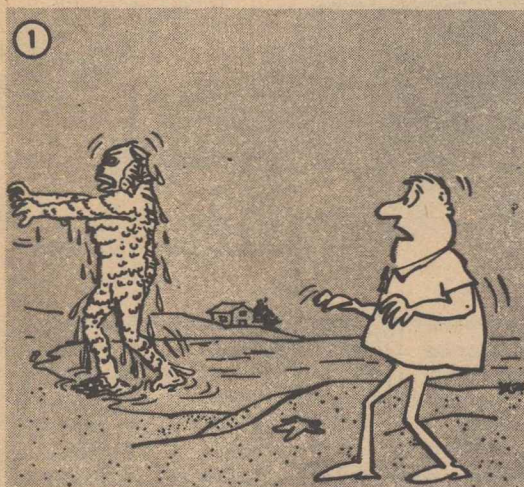
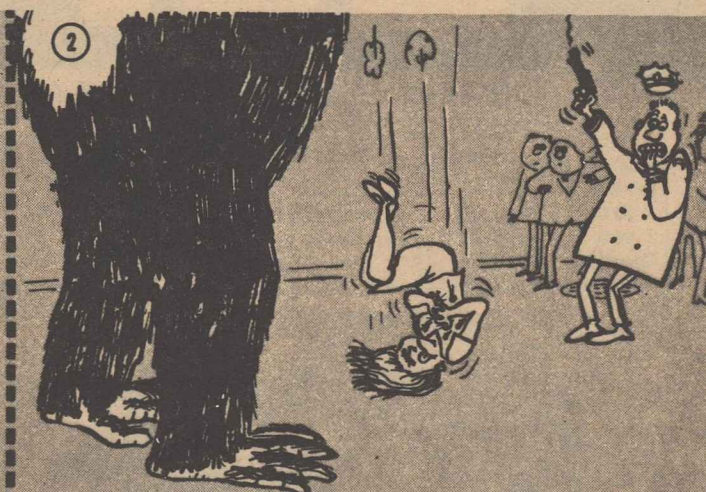
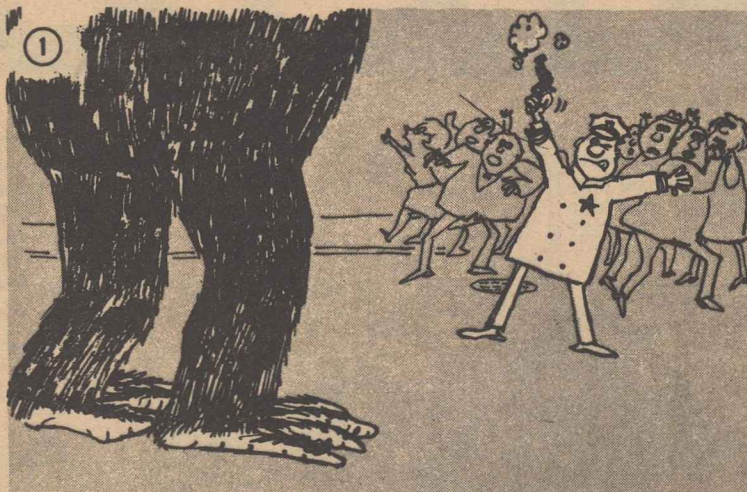
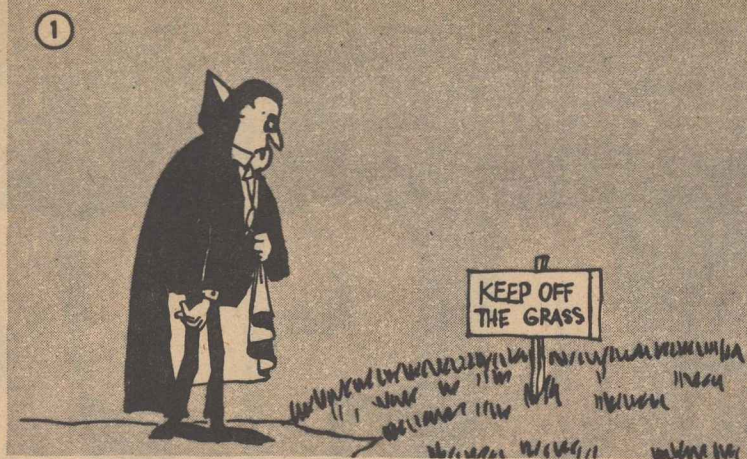
MONSTERS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

Pepsi
Coke







201 MIN. OF A SPA

Excuse me— Are you Maurice Evans?

... Nope!

... Nope!

... Nope!

No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY"!

But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?

Oh, boy! Two jobs in one year! That's enough to drive me Man! What do I do?

Act bored!

That's a snap! And with this script, it's not even an act!

And keep your eye out for a mysterious big black thing that will excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!

DEM BONES..
DEM BONES..
GONNA RISE

COURTESY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NAT HIST.

88

ATLAS
THIRTY

A stylized, mid-century modern illustration of a rocket ship. The rocket is depicted in a dynamic, angled perspective, pointing upwards and to the right. It has a sleek, metallic finish with various panels and details. The text 'A TRIP TO THE MOON ON GLOSSAMER WINGS' is written in a bold, sans-serif font, slanted upwards to follow the angle of the rocket. Below this, the text 'BODY BY FISHER' is written in a smaller, similar font. The background is a solid dark color, and there are several musical notes floating around the rocket, suggesting a theme of speed and rhythm. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-century modern graphic design.

[illegible]



Look at that!
What is it—a
Prehistoric
Handball
Court!

Who ever
heard of
a Handball
Court that
plays music?

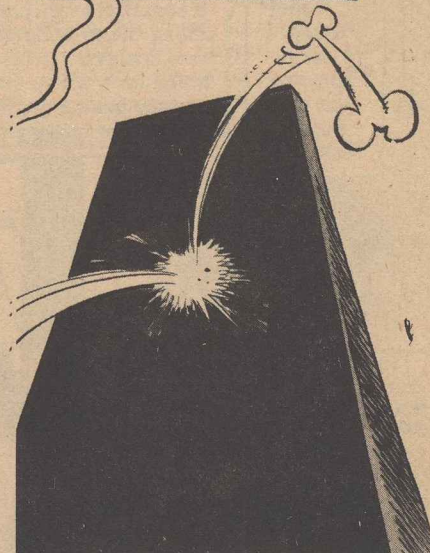
Maybe it's
a giant-size
Prehistoric
Transistor
Radio?

Or a
Dawn
of Man
Tape
Deck?!

You're ALL wrong! It's
the mysterious big black
thing that's supposed to
excite us and make us want
to do intelligent things!

Y'know, you're
right! I FEEL
like doing an
intelligent
thing . . . !

I feel like **QUITTING** this
stupid movie—**RIGHT NOW!!**



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Never
mind!
I'll keep
my hand
over my
mouth!

You'll get used to
the little problems
... like sneezing
the same sneeze in
and out ten times!

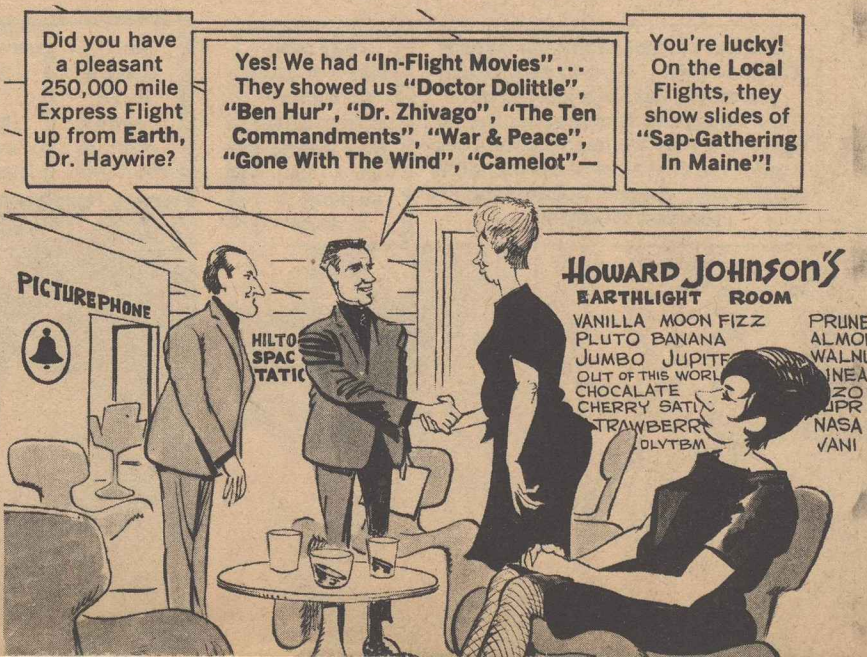
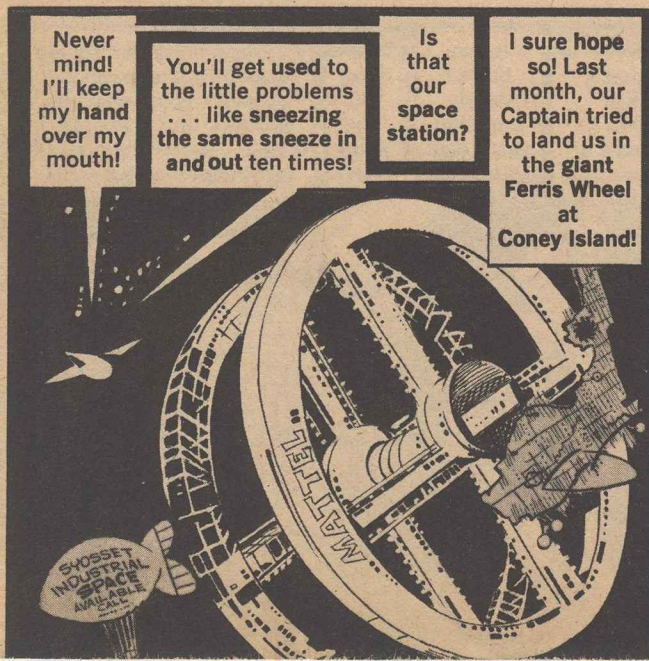
Is
that
our
space
station?

I sure hope
so! Last
month, our
Captain tried
to land us in
the giant
Ferris Wheel
at
Coney Island!

Did you have
a pleasant
250,000 mile
Express Flight
up from Earth,
Dr. Haywire?

Yes! We had "In-Flight Movies" . . .
They showed us "Doctor Dolittle",
"Ben Hur", "Dr. Zhivago", "The Ten
Commandments", "War & Peace",
"Gone With The Wind", "Camelot"—

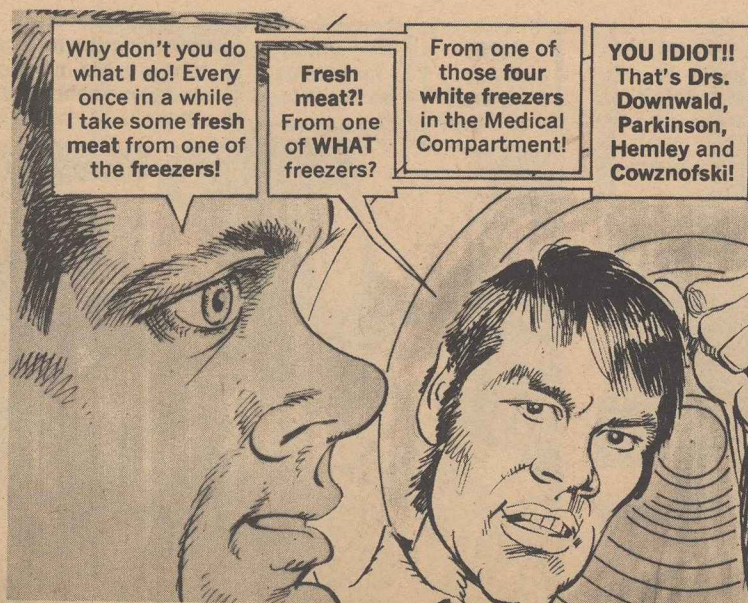
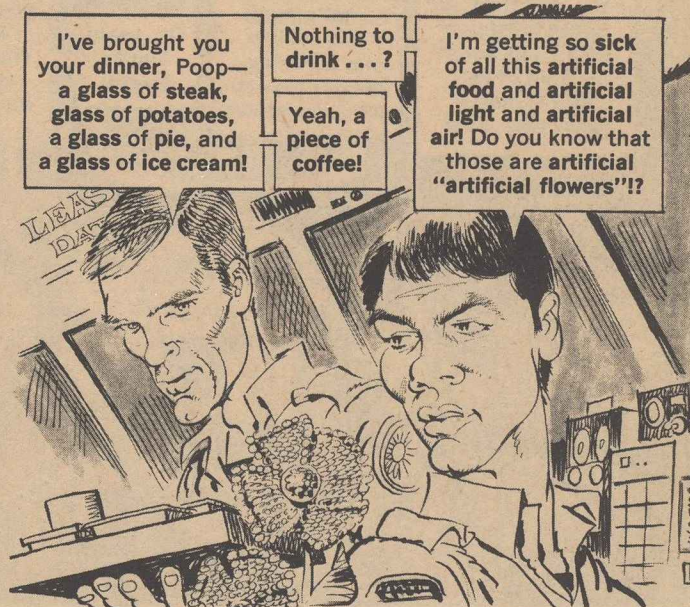
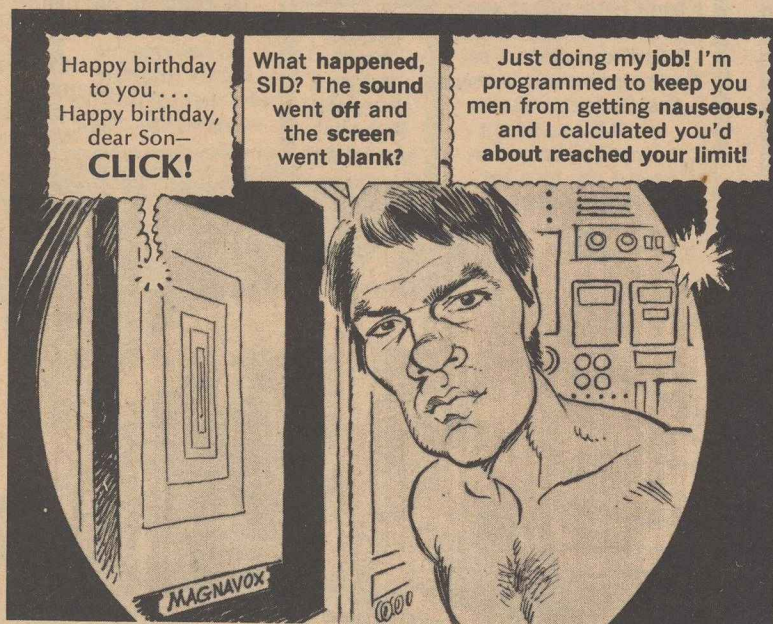
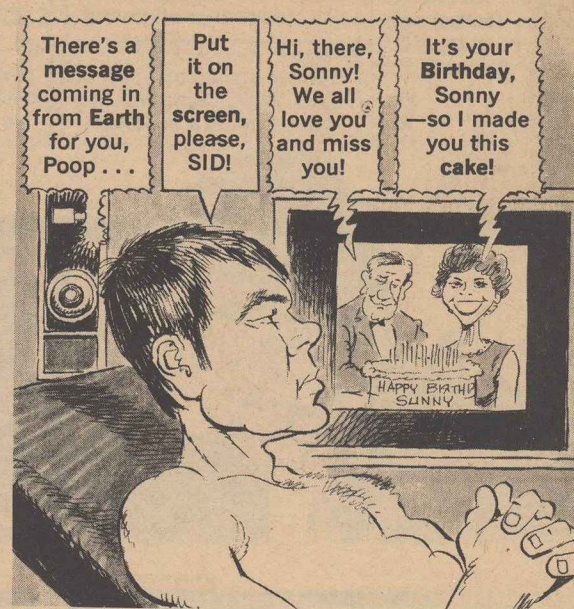
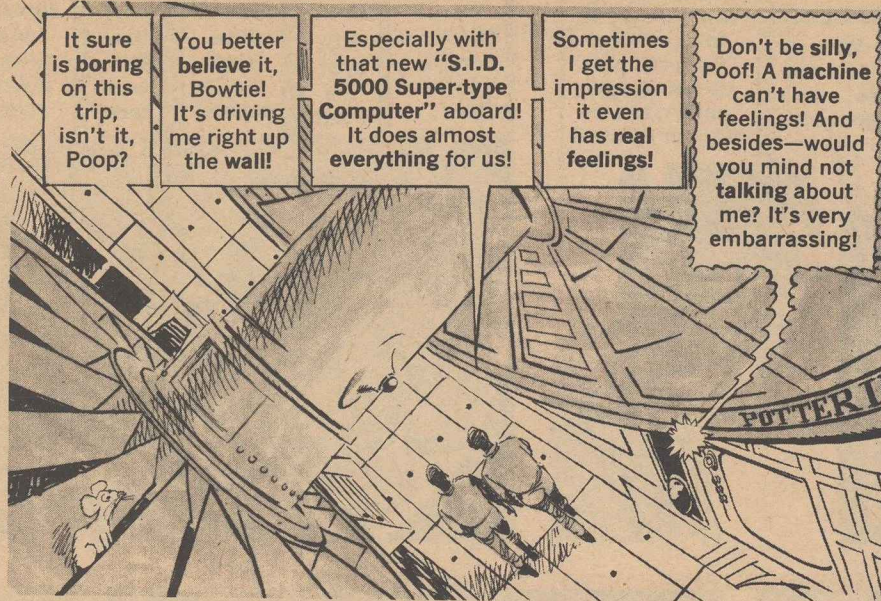
You're lucky!
On the Local
Flights, they
show slides of
"Sap-Gathering
In Maine"!



Howard Johnson's
EARTHLIGHT ROOM

VANILLA MOON FIZZ
PLUTO BANANA
JUMBO JUPITER
OUT OF THIS WORLD
CHOCOLATE
CHERRY SATIN
STRAWBERRY
OLYMPIC
PRUNE ALMOND
WALNUT
LINEAP
ZOO
UPR
NASA
VANI

ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



A b-broken reflector! What should we do, SID?

By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!

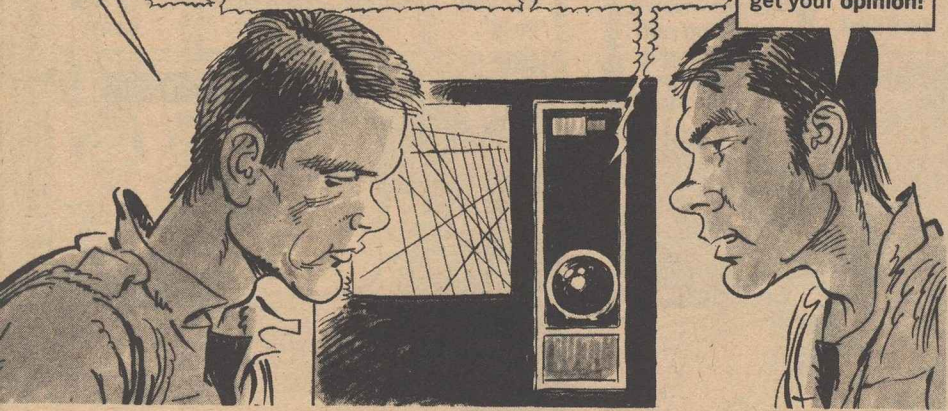
YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!

Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like 'o get your opinion!

Er—uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!

Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!

Fix it!



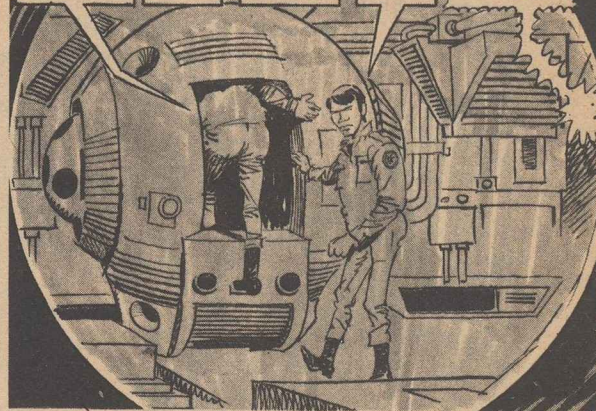
What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . !

SHHH! Wait—SID, shut the door!

Okay, Poop! Now shut the TV system!

Right, Poop! Now shut your ears!

So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!

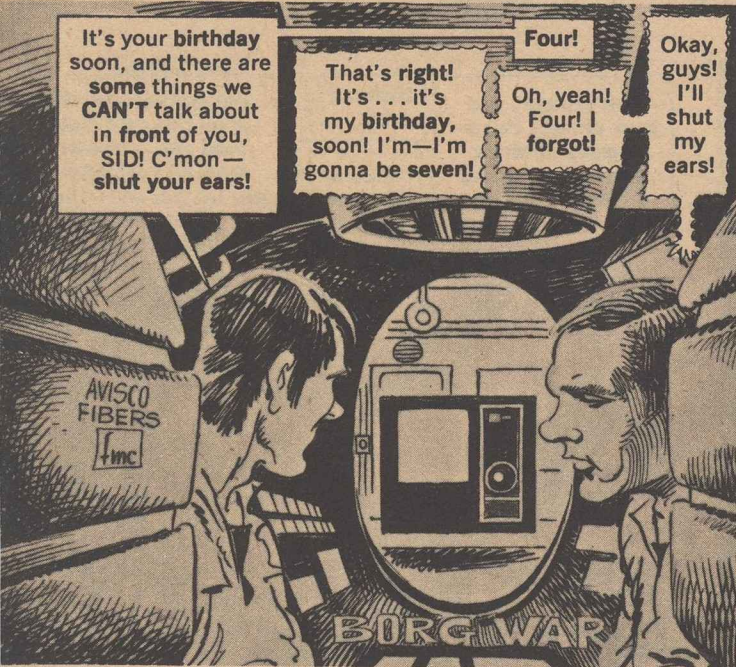


It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!

That's right! It's . . . it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!

Four! Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!

Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!

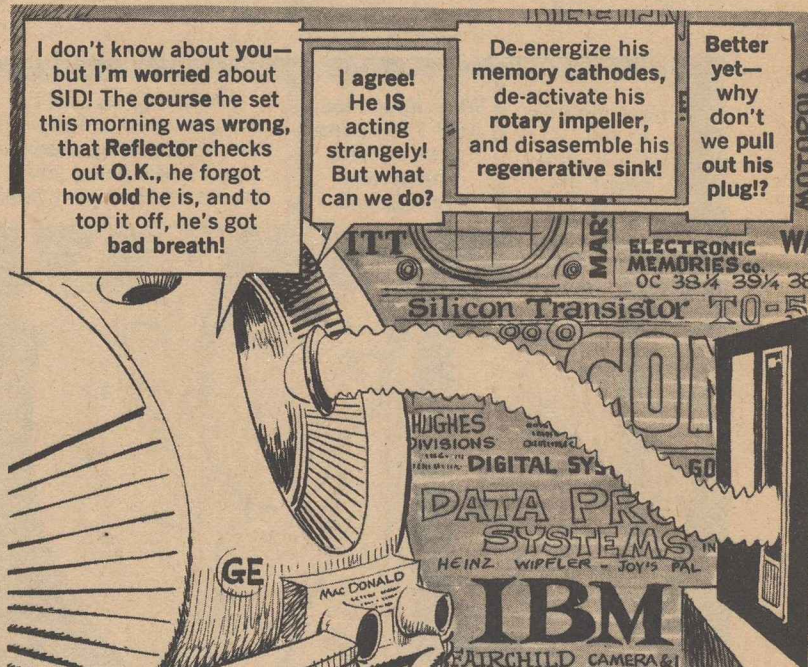


I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!

I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?

De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disassemble his regenerative sink!

Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug!?



Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!

Good idea!

SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?

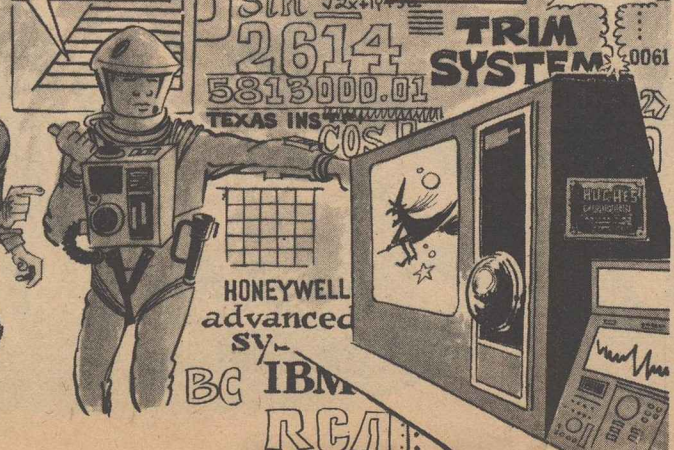
Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?

I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!

Oh, is THAT all you want!?

IF ALL SYSTEMS FAIL
PUSH THIS BUTTON
1,000.00 VOLTS

VERT
LIFT.
AC

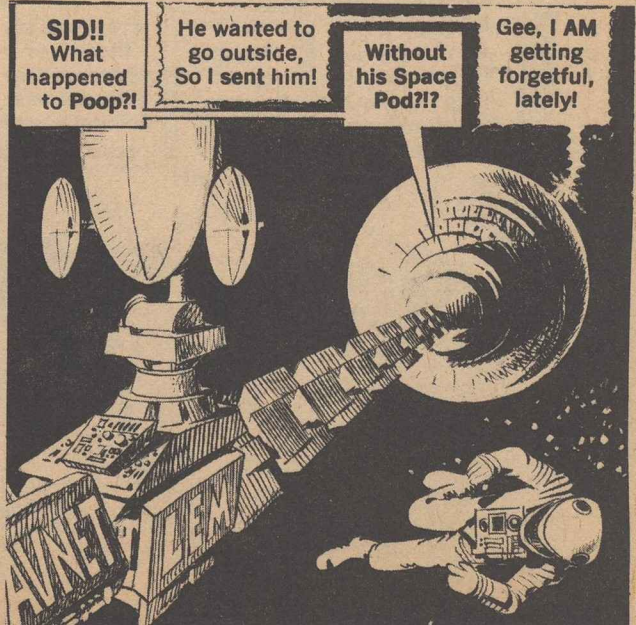


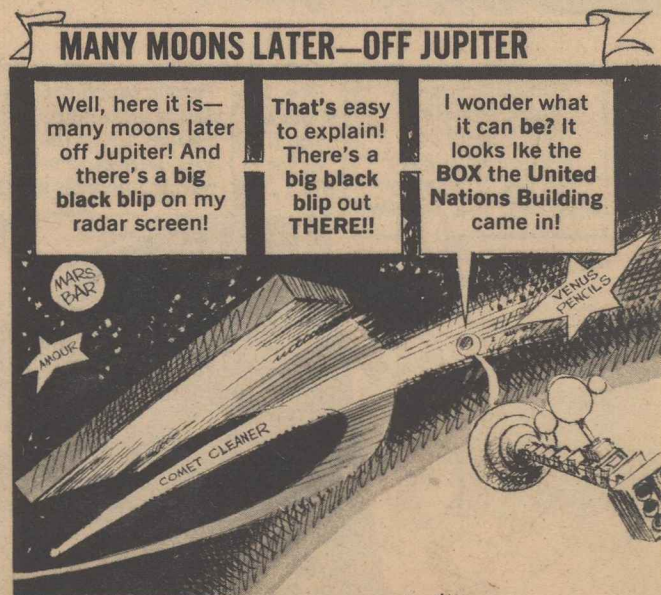
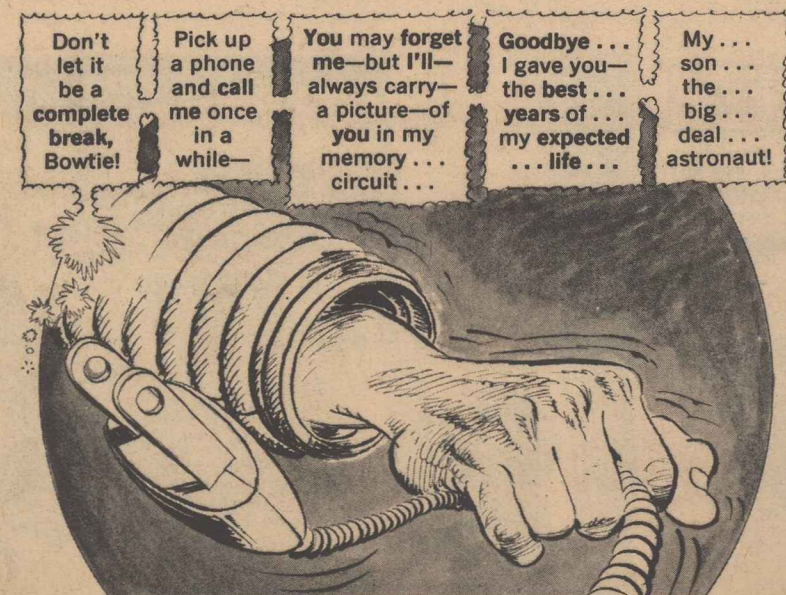
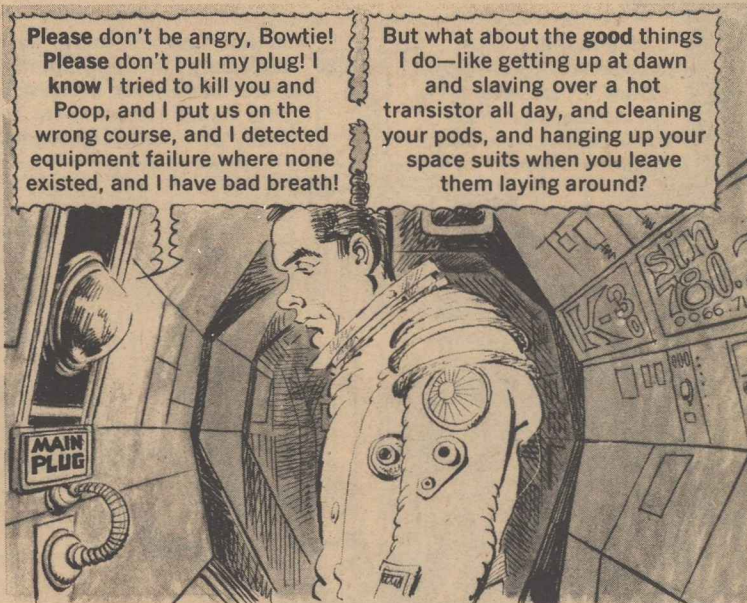
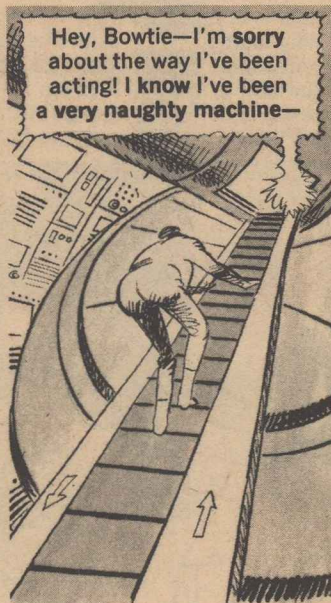
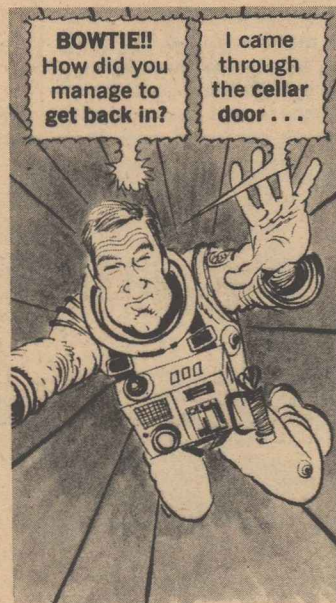
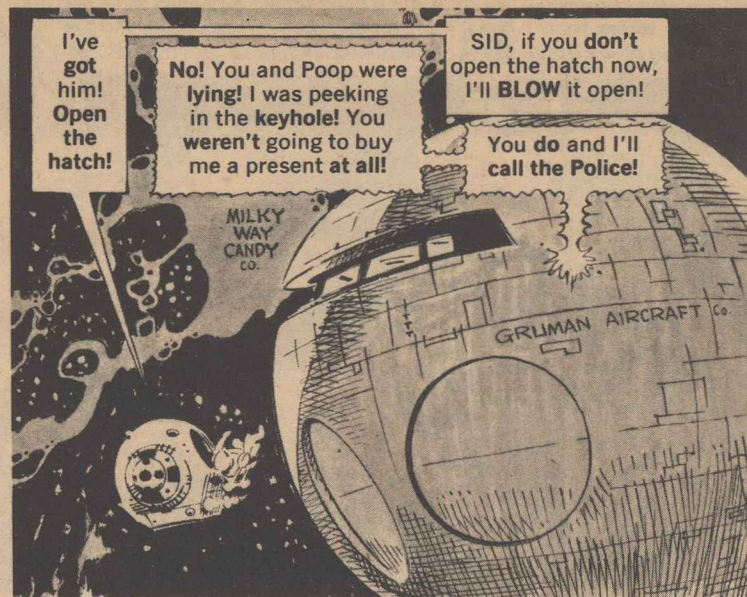
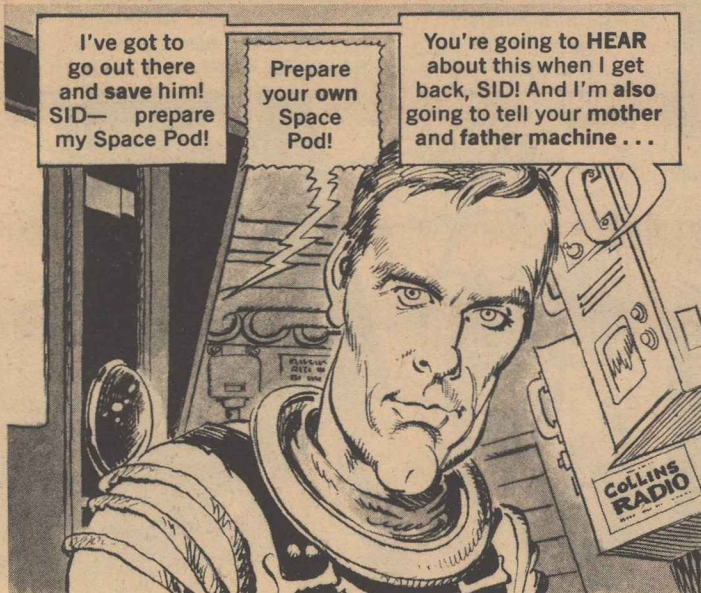
SID!! What happened to Poop?!

He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!

Without his Space Pod?!

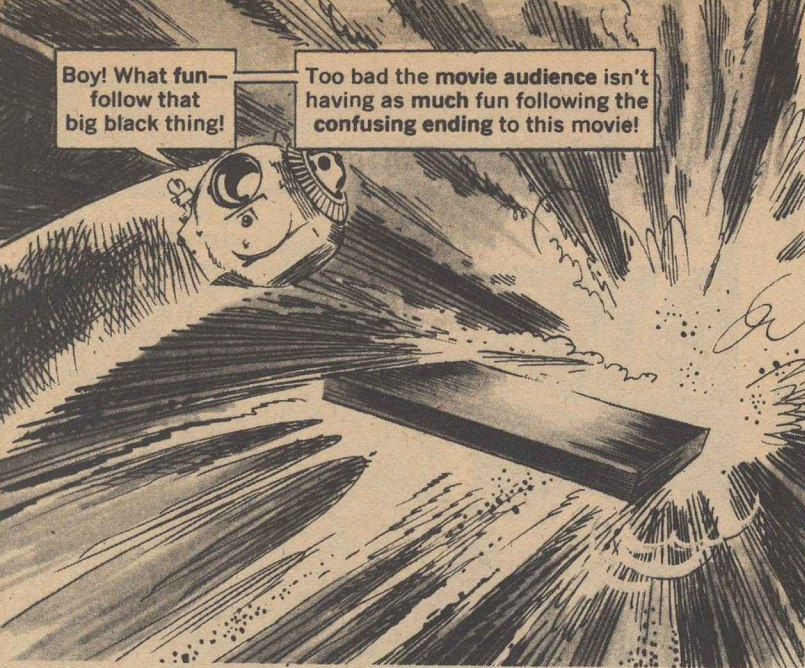
Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!





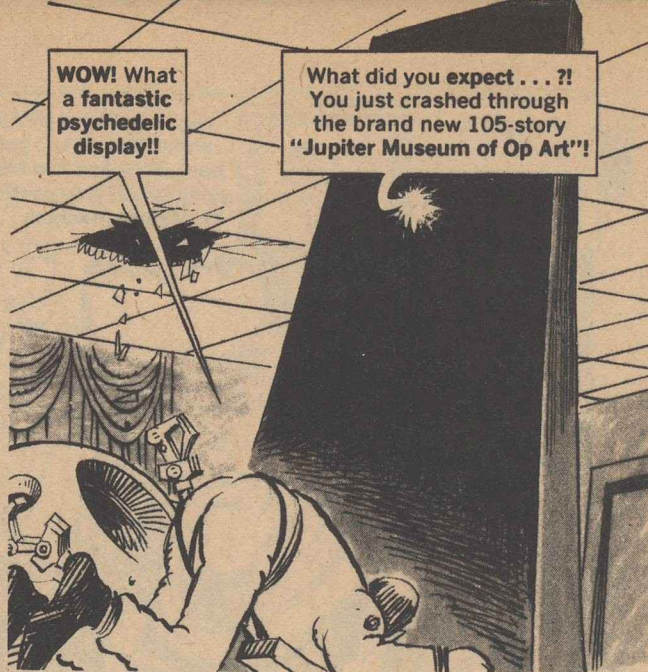
Boy! What fun—
follow that
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't
having as much fun following the
confusing ending to this movie!



WOW! What
a fantastic
psychedelic
display!!

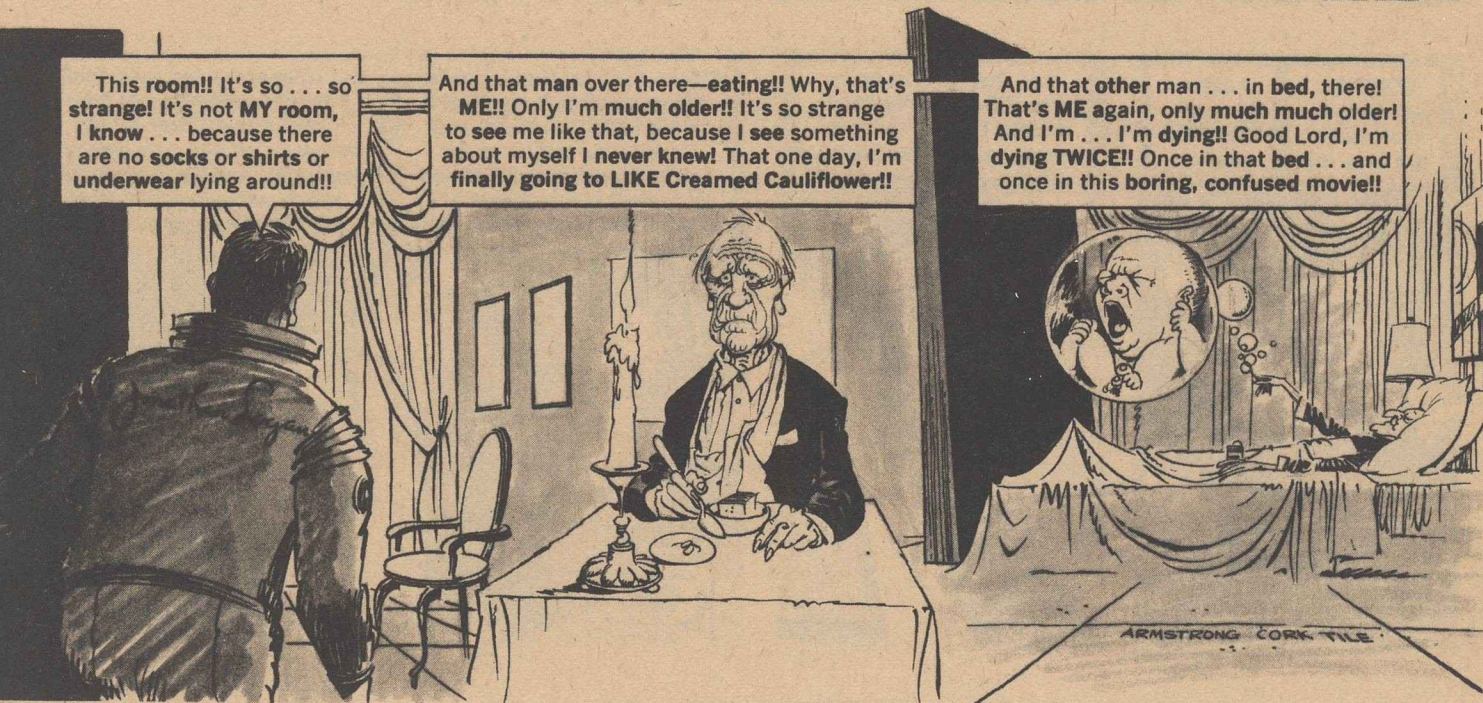
What did you expect . . . ?!
You just crashed through
the brand new 105-story
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!



This room!! It's so . . . so
strange! It's not MY room,
I know . . . because there
are no socks or shirts or
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange
to see me like that, because I see something
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm
finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!

And that other man . . . in bed, there!
That's ME again, only much much older!
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm
dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and
once in this boring, confused movie!!



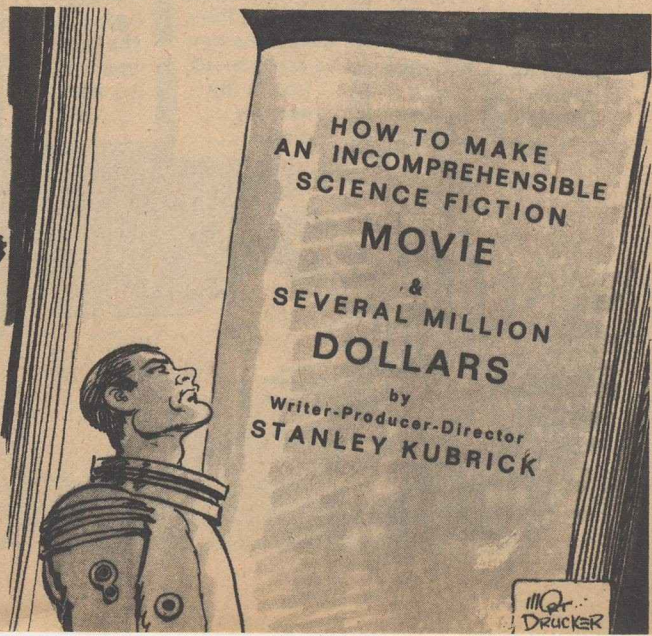
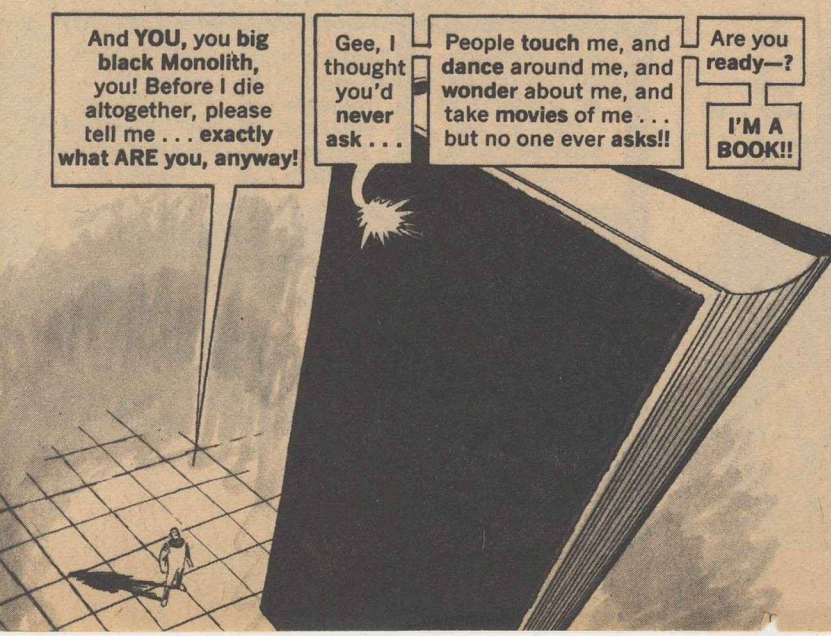
And YOU, you big
black Monolith,
you! Before I die
altogether, please
tell me . . . exactly
what ARE you, anyway!

Gee, I
thought
you'd
never
ask . . .

People touch me, and
dance around me, and
wonder about me, and
take movies of me . . .
but no one ever asks!!

Are you
ready—?

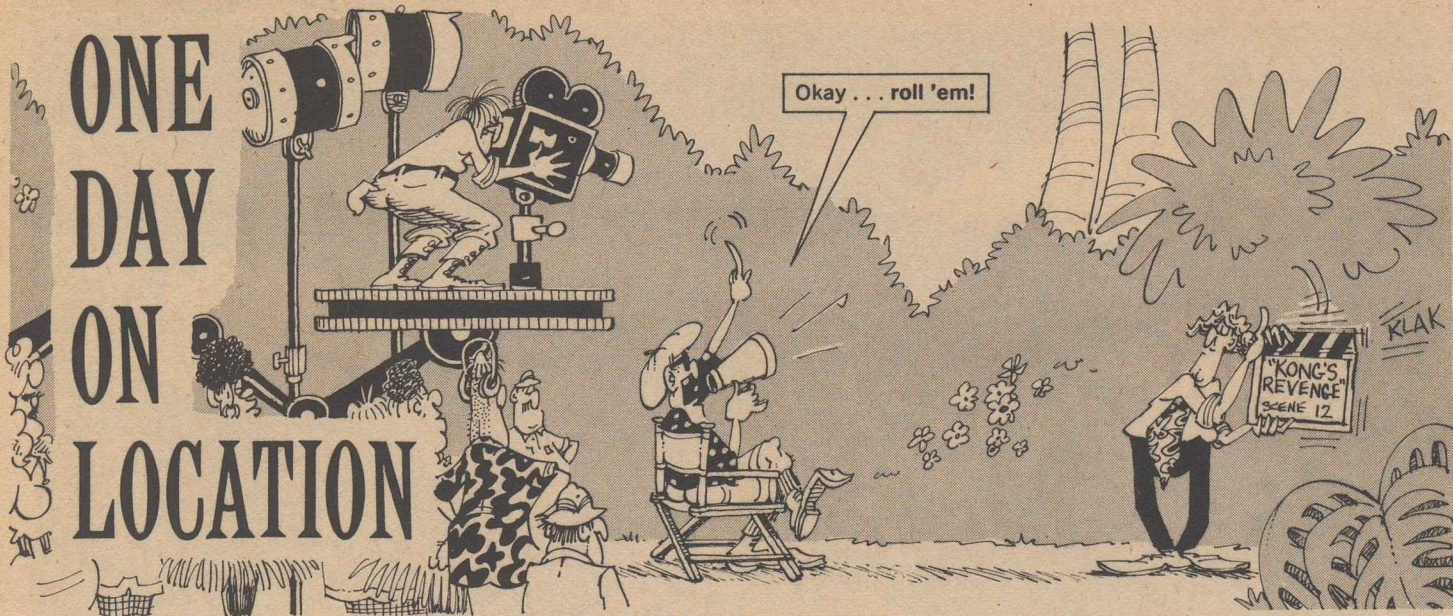
I'M A
BOOK!!



HOW TO MAKE
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE
SCIENCE FICTION
MOVIE
&
SEVERAL MILLION
DOLLARS
by
Writer-Producer-Director
STANLEY KUBRICK

Mc
Drucker

ONE DAY ON LOCATION





**LOCATION
COMMISSARY**

D. MARTIN

Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: HUMBERTO DE LA TORRE

AT THE MOVIES

